NOV 2 7 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST
December 1, 1956 — 15¢

Are You Eating Your Way to a Heart Attack?

Basketball's Biggest Menace: WILT THE STILT

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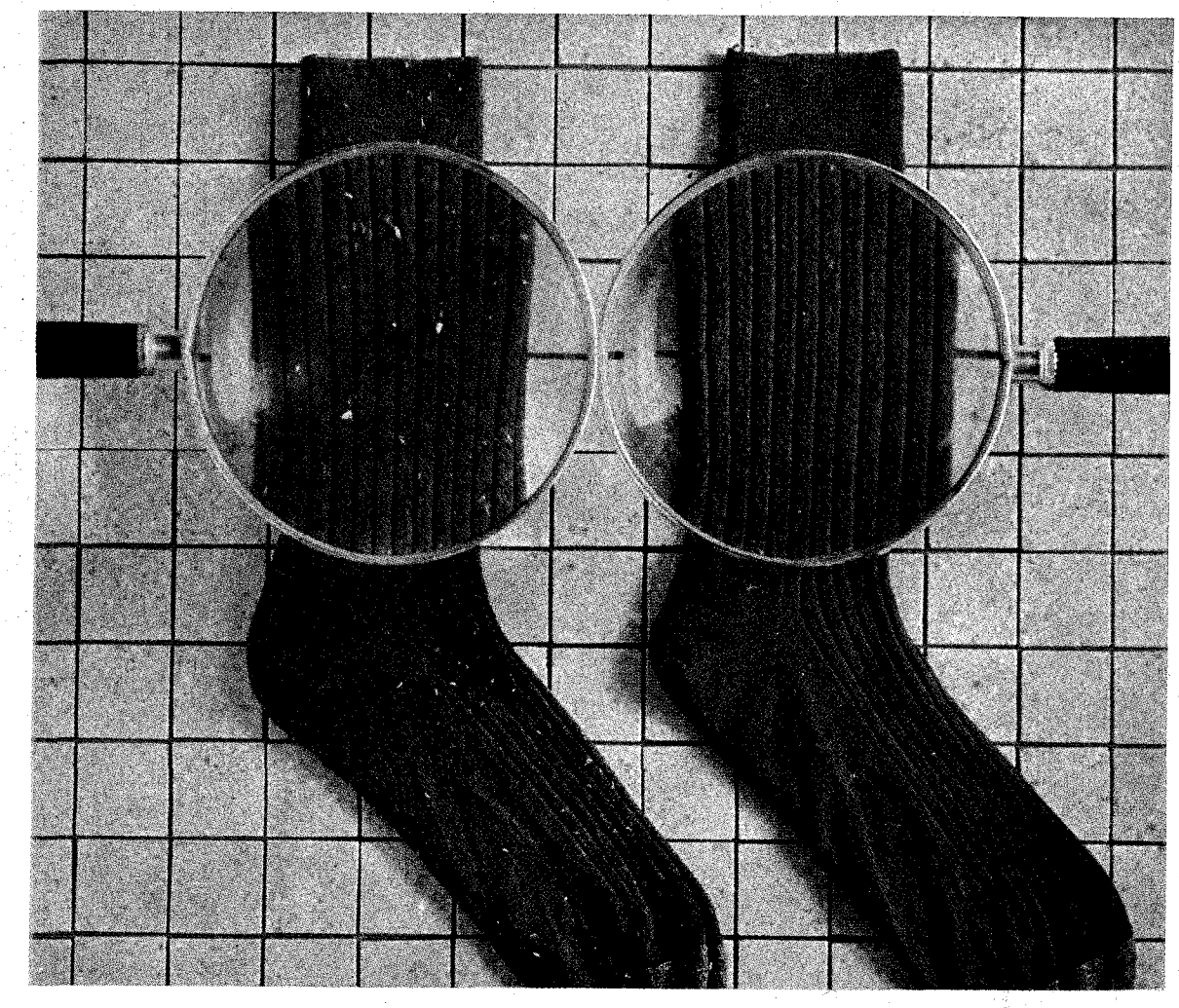
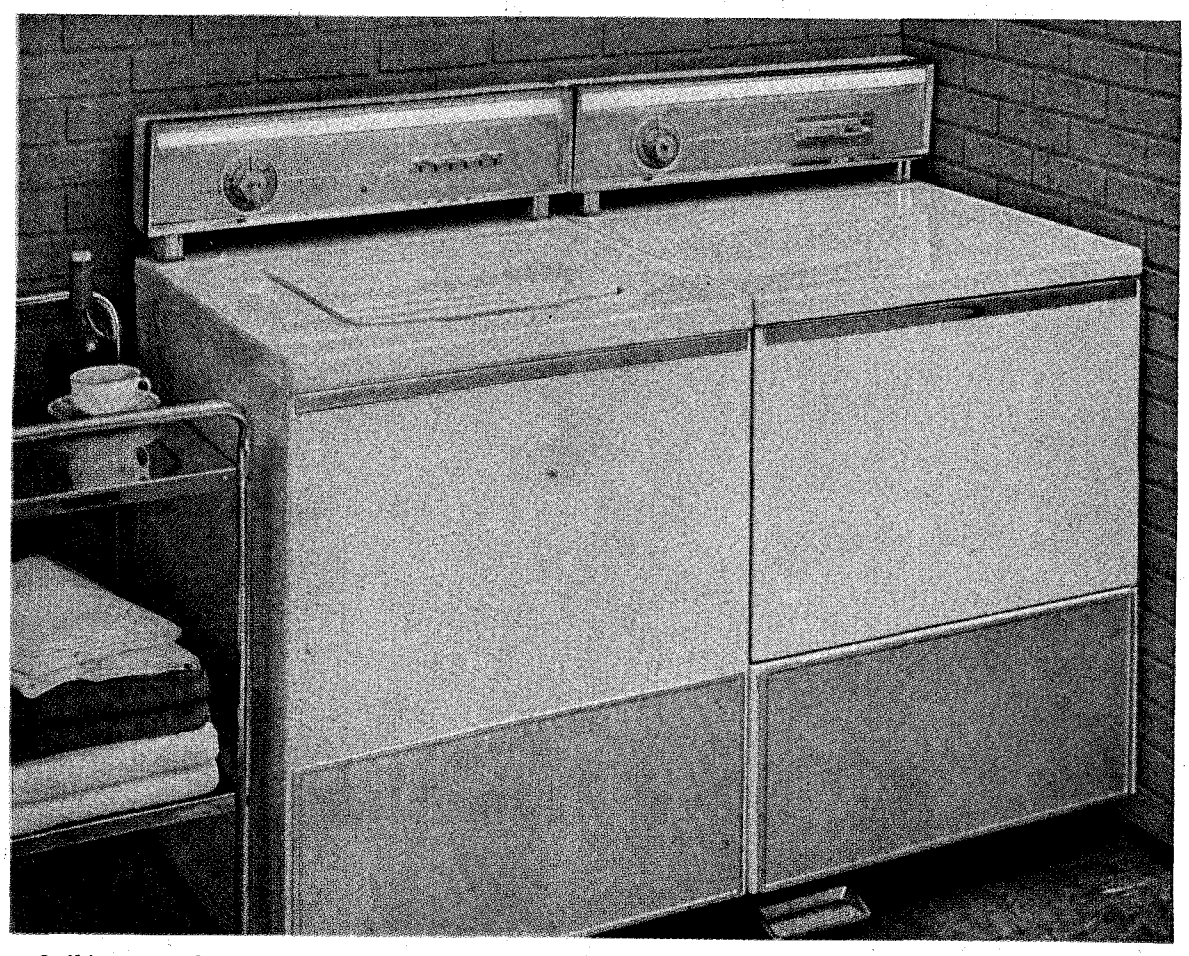
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES!



Not the "linty water" way . . . This sock looked like this—dulled and discolored by lint fuzz after seven washings in an ordinary washer. Unsightly lint is hard to brush off dark clothes.

But the "clean water" way . . . This identical sock looked like this after seven washings the General Electric Filter-Flo Washer way in an identical washload. *Practically no lint!*



Striking new design. Fingertip Selectors for wash speeds, temperature, water savings. Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics. Five-year written warranty on transmission. Filter-Flo Washer, about $3.35* weekly. With Suds Return System, slightly higher. Matching Automatic Dryer about $2.70 weekly. Buy pair, take 36 months to pay. Mix-or-Match colors or white.

1957 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer cleans and recleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes

Lint is caught in the filter—not on your socks, linens and cottons. Sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

As you wash, the marvelous General Electric Filter-Flo Washing System circulates and filters the wash water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute. Before lint can settle on clothes, it is caught in the filter which lets cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Your family wash comes out wonderfully clean and bright! You'll marvel at the results!

Removable filter—easy to clean. Fits into place after clothes are placed in washer; slips out after wash is over for easy cleaning. Also dispenses detergent evenly dissolved throughout the wash.

2 wash speeds . . . 2 spin speeds—You can select either Normal or Slow Activator® Washing Speeds . . . either Normal or Slow Spin Speeds . . . to suit all types of fabrics. Flexible settings let you wash everything "just right." Nylon without setting wrinkles. "Fragiles" without fraying. Blankets without "felting." Saves you hand washing.

3-Way Water Saving—Water Saver Control can save over 20 gallons on small loads. Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses. And General Electric's new optional Automatic Suds Return System lets you set aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash, if you wish. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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What kind of headaches do YOU have ?

Your physician will tell you there are many different kinds

Cold miseries are apt to hang on and may require prolonged treatment. Take Bufferin to relieve these discomforts. Even in continuous doses over long periods of time, Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

Tension—Do you pay the price of headaches as the result of the tensions of today's living? Then you should discover Bufferin, the modern, faster-acting headache remedy.

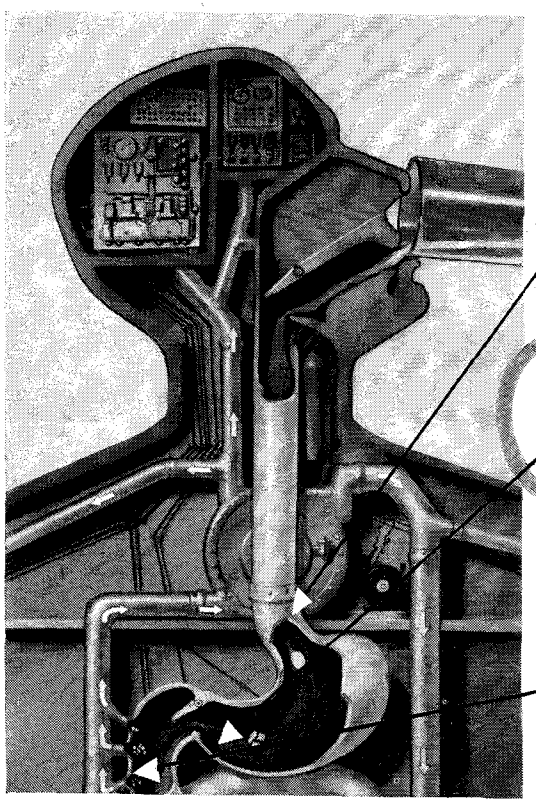
Over-indulgence frequently causes headaches. When this happens, it's the perfect time to take Bufferin because Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to bring prompt relief.

If you take aspirin for any of these ailments, remember

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin !

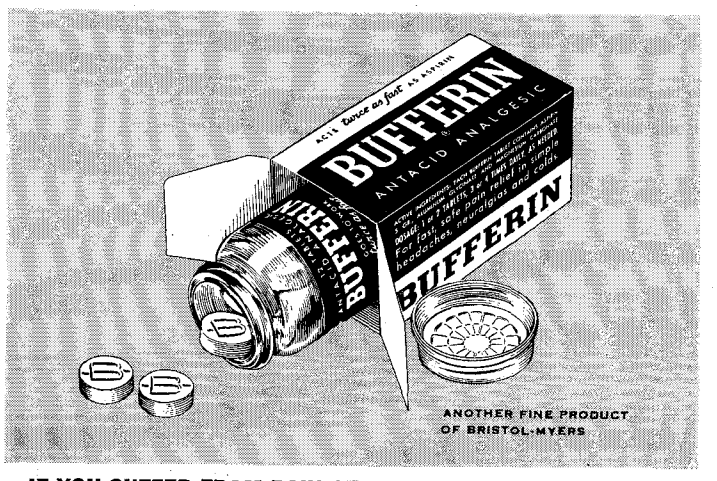
and won't upset your stomach the way aspirin often does



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach the way aspirin often does.



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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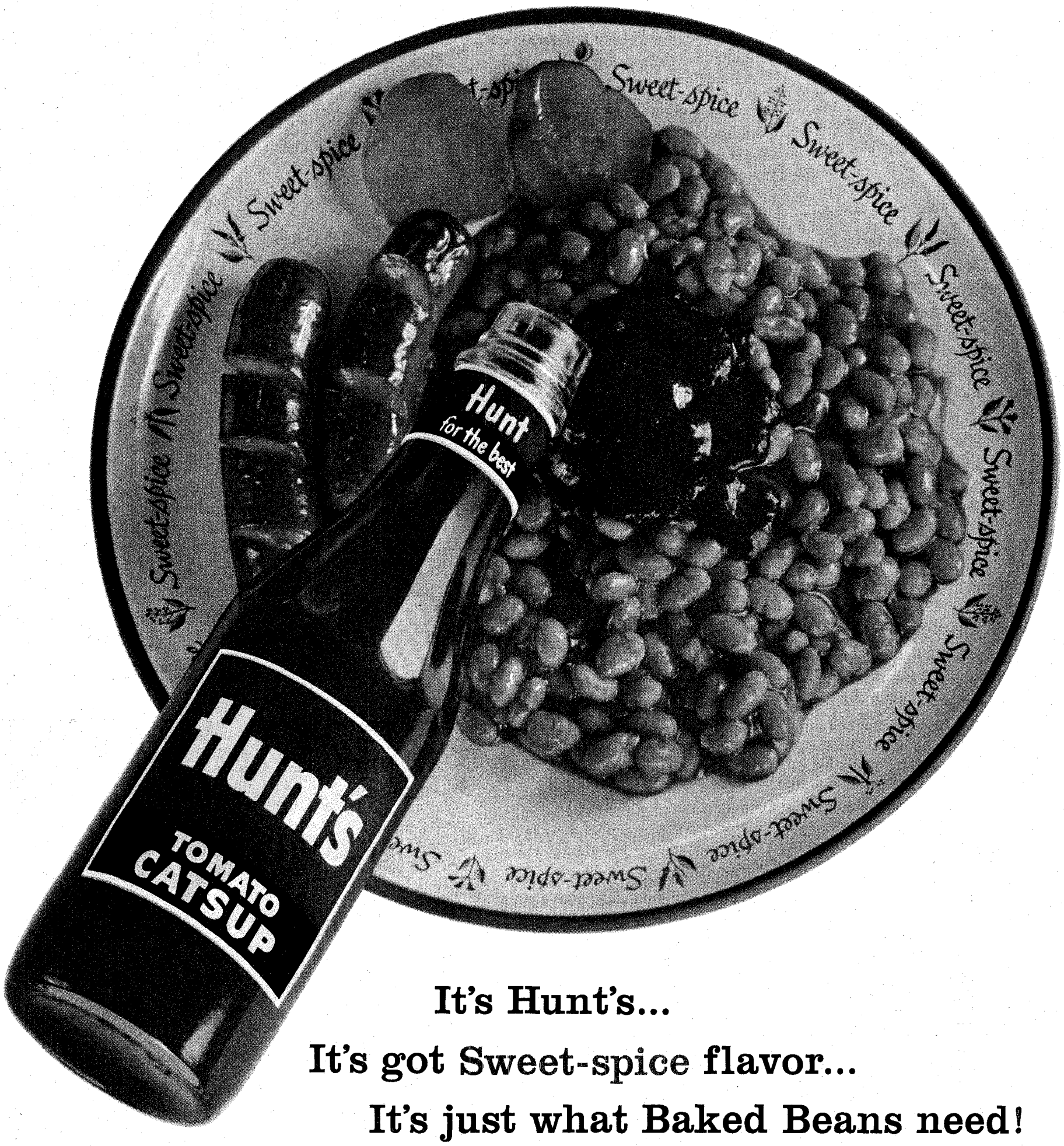

It's Hunt's...
It's got Sweet-spice flavor...
It's just what Baked Beans need!

Sweet-spice is the happiest blend of spices that ever gave catsup a tingling, tart-sweet flavor! It compliments—never covers up—the delicious flavor of your favorite foods. Enjoy Hunt's Catsup with *Sweet-spice* flavor at your house!

Deliciously yours!

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Mr. Tinkelpaugh has suffered a relapse into the jazzmania of his youth, and the young folks hope he will recover rapidly and return to his chimney corner. No doubt he was quite an operator with the Dixieland rhythm of the era of The Collegiate 7, but that was circa 1928, and now there's a new circa; from a new generation the pent-up sound effects of the progressive beat yearn to find expression against ceiling beams. Let The Rumpus Room 4 remember this, in case one of them feels like rendering an outmoded parental recital around 1980. Those superb jazzmasters on the wall are Armstrong, Sullivan, Russell; below, Condon, Wettling, Teagarden, Erwin, and some unidentified pates. John Falter once played the sax, but he decided he could make sweeter music with a brush.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 216 — **The greatest star of the screen!**

This month's choice proves that the movies will do anything for a thousand laughs.

★ ★ ★ ★

They'll even put Bob Hope and Katharine Hepburn in the same romantic comedy!

★ ★ ★ ★

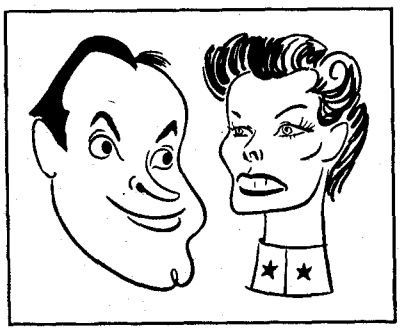
The hilarious result of this happy teaming is called "The Iron Petticoat."

★ ★ ★ ★

And it comes via M-G-M in VistaVision, Technicolor and a burst of lickety-split laughter.

★ ★ ★ ★

Bob's a fast-talking hotshot American, engaged to a fortune in London.



Kate's an unkissed Russian aviatrix, wedded to Communism.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the fun starts to fly when Bob is assigned to thaw out the Cold War in Kate's capitalist-hating heart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Things warm up fast as Kate learns about Democracy the hot way. ("Your lips have a comradely warmth I did not expect to find outside the Soviet.")

★ ★ ★ ★

Bob's pitch for Uncle Sam rapidly turns into a pitch for Nephew Bob.

★ ★ ★ ★

On a whirling tour of London's scenic spots, dress shops and night spots, Kate really learns about life, liberty and the pursuit of men.

★ ★ ★ ★

Filmed abroad, "The Iron Petticoat" really goes places—starting with Frankfort-on-Main and carrying on in Piccadilly Circus and all around London town.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're grateful to producer Betty E. Box and director Ralph Thomas for making this Remus production such a joy to be told.

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced in association with Harry Saltzman and with such stalwarts in the cast as Noel Middleton, James Robertson-Justice and Robert Helpmann, it's a riotous film.

★ ★ ★ ★

A word of warning, however, to fun-lovers everywhere.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Iron Petticoat" isn't really iron. It's black silk. And it isn't a petticoat. It's a negligee. And it isn't a comedy. It's a riot!

★ ★ ★ ★

For in "The Iron Petticoat" Bob and Kate are merrily together not only for the first time . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

But for the *best* laugh-your-head-off time in anybody's town!

—Lea

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give
the entire family a
Keystone
for easier home movies
Keystone K-109M Magna-Scope Projector, 750-Watt, with built-in splicer and viewer.
Everyone in your family . . . or any family, will love a Keystone movie camera and projector. And everyone in the family can operate them . . . it's so easy! Imagine giving — or receiving — a lifetime of family pleasure . . . clear, sharp, color movies that will always live and bring lasting enjoyment. Ask your dealer to recommend the Keystone camera and projector best suited for your gift needs.
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Registered in your name with a lifetime guarantee
Keystone
FREE booklet shows Keystone cameras from $49.95, projectors from $74.95. Write Dept T, Keystone Camera Co., Boston 24, Mass. • Prices slightly higher in Canada. © 1956

Letters

Master Swindlers

Dear Sirs:

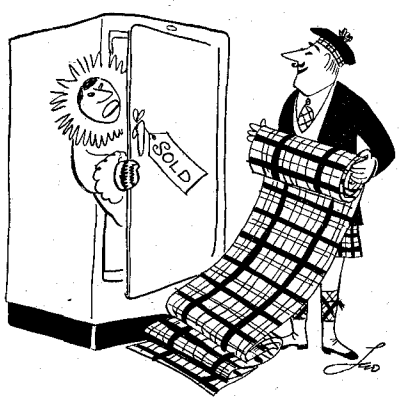
When I read the article about the clan Williamson [THE TERRIBLE WILLIAMSONS, by John Kobler, Oct. 27] I was completely floored, having spent the past two years regretting the fact that I passed up the wonderful opportunity of purchasing a hand-hooked 9 x 12 rug which had "taken a prize at the State Fair," price only $125. I did, however, buy a 2 x 4 mat (also hand-hooked) for $16.50. It was very pretty and just like the ones which sell in reputable stores for around $5.98.

The young lady to whom I made out the check gave her name as "Margaret Williamson," but on checking the pictures in your article, I find she is actually "Jean."

MRS. W. H. BARLOW
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

What do you know—I've been swindled! I've been wondering why the three



suits I made from the beautiful "Galashiels" woolens I bought from two charming young Scotsmen should wrinkle so much! Well, now I know!

If these two young "Williamsons" were typical of the clan, they'll all go right on selling ice boxes to Eskimos.

MRS. G. E. FLEMING
Verona, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Re the Terrible Williamsons, quote: "Davina McDonald is the current beauty." Well, John Kobler should know, since he did the research, but my vote goes to Margaret Jean Williamson. Here, if you will, is a proud, bonny, wee lass; a Circe, a Cleopatra, a Helen of Troy. There is a Mona Lisaesque appeal that is irresistible.

Furr Guid's sake keep her awae froom mah shibeen—she could have everything in the place, including the master!

R. J. BRADY
Drummondville, Quebec, Canada

Dear Sirs:

To Messrs. Joseph Gluck, Max Schwartz and Samuel Wiseman, purveyors of "woolens" to the Terrible Williamsons, I offer one length (suit, that is) of worsted (alleged, that is) at a "deescount from hulsell."

C. W. DESSART
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

About a year ago Jim McKay (accent on AYE) drove up in front of the office in a late-model car with a Canadian license, came in with a couple of swatches of cloth, and gave us the routine. . . . The outcome of affair, needless to say, was that I was the proud owner of eight swatches of cloth (imported from Scotland) and out $145. . . .

I feel a little like the backwoods farmer that sold the newly arrived minister his spavined horse and, when upbraided by his good wife, said, "He was a stranger and I took him in."

JOHN H. NOBLE
Great Falls, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

It would be interesting to know how many Federal income-tax returns the "Terrible Williamsons" file.

If the B.B.B.'s can't keep up with them, maybe Uncle Sam's I.R.S. could look into the situation.

HOWARD H. ELLIS
Berkeley 5, Cal.

Pupils and Parents

Dear Sirs:

Miss Rosemary V. Donatelli's article, WILL YOUR CHILD FAIL IN SCHOOL? [Oct. 27] is interesting, but to a school psychologist of thirty years' experience it looks as if she merely scolds, talks in general terms, and really offers no help to parents, who themselves were badly brought up in school and at home. Her emphasis (perhaps the result of present-day schools-of-education "training") is too much on teaching, and too little on learning. . . . "Kids" do not need sympathy, motivation, encouragement, or any of the rest of the educationese shenanigans. They merely need to see, hear and remember what there is to learn.

MYRTLE MANN GILLETT, *Ph.D.*
Merion, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

As a former elementary teacher I realize far too well what a problem an uninterested parent can be to a teacher, for in many cases, the parents are the problems and the children the manifestations of them.

Today's schools and teachers have gone far beyond the old days of the "three R's," but unfortunately many of our parents have not.

MRS. ROBERT E. BOATH
Dover, Delaware

Dear Sirs:

For many years I had understood that the three "R's" was an area that we were to leave strictly alone, for fear that "we would do more damage than good," and for many years we have lent a helping hand, feeling very guilty about the whole thing! We're most happy to find that we are on the "right track" after all.

MRS. F. M. JOHNSON
Austin, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Schenectady does not seem to have too much difficulty in getting parents to visit the school. There are no report cards. A note is sent to the parents requesting that they specify a mutually convenient time for a conference with the teacher. . . .

The success of the program lies in the fact that conferences are regularly scheduled with parents, and not haphazardly when a parent or teacher thinks it necessary.

SAUL J. WIENER
Schenectady, N.Y.

(Continued on Page 6)

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"$51.75 a month means we'll keep our good life for good"

YOU'RE looking at a young father who's coming home to a bushel of hugs.

Jerry Darrow wouldn't change for anything the full and happy life he provides for Eleanore and the two children. That's why he has arranged for them to enjoy it for keeps—through the protection of a balanced Travelers insurance program.

On the recommendation of his Travelers agent, Jerry made Life insurance the first safeguard for the Darrows' way of life. His program, besides offering immediate protection for the family, provides cash readily available for emergencies. And, looking to the future, Jerry is going to add insurance for his retirement.

Carefully planned Life insurance, however, is just one of the important steps Jerry has taken to secure the precious family values his $541.67-a-month salary buys.

$51.75

The Darrows are well on their way toward what their Travelers man calls American Family Independence—fuller enjoyment of the present through the elimination of many financial worries about the future. They have a balanced program of insurance that affords protection not only for their lives and home, but their health, their car, and other valuable possessions as well. And their program costs only $51.75 a month.

They have worked out all this with their Travelers man, of course. He is the agent best equipped to advise them because his company offers *all kinds of insurance.*

Why not let the Travelers agent or broker in your neighborhood show you the way to *your* American Family Independence?

AMERICAN FAMILY INDEPENDENCE · THROUGH THE TRAVELERS ·

THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

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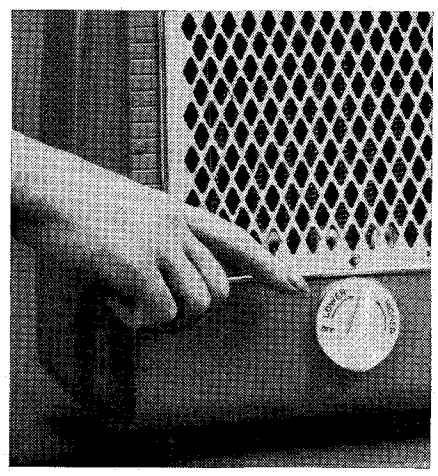
EXTRA HEAT WHEREVER YOU NEED IT

and this Arvin turns off and on automatically



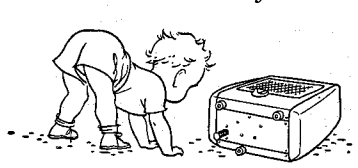
BATHE and dress in warm-as-toast comfort with an Arvin Automatic Electric Heater—always ready for any place or time you need extra heat.

Plug it in anywhere, set thermostat, and its clean, odorless, fan-circulated heat warms a big room in minutes. Yet it can't overheat a small room, because when room warms up, presto, your Arvin turns off—then turns on automatically when heat is needed again. Model shown, only $16.95.

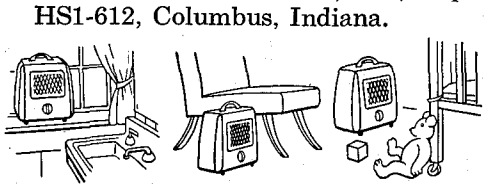
Arvin, No. 1 name in portable electric heaters, offers the widest choice of types, sizes and colors, from $10.95 to $54.95. Write for folder showing all models. Arvin Industries, Inc., Dept. HS1-612, Columbus, Indiana.

You set it and forget it

Thermostat turns heat off and on automatically to maintain the temperature you want. Never wastes electricity.



Safeguard Safety Switch automatically cuts off current if heater is upset.



Bathroom Living Room Nursery

Arvin

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HEATERS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Anyone who fails at anything blames parents for everything.

Perhaps we need the same competitive situation in teaching, as in other professions, where only the competent survive and need not blame anyone for their failures!

DR. & MRS. LEON T. COX
Richmond, Ind.

Lazy Beaver

Dear Sirs:

Robert Murphy's THE LAZY BEAVER [Oct. 20] was a welcome change from atom bombs, spy rings, gun molls and prize fighters, of which we have had such an overdose the last few years.

I am still chuckling at the rich good humor.

R. M. COWART
Beaumont, Texas

Dear Sirs:

It is a distinct pleasure to realize that there are still some writers who will dare to employ thought and imagination in their works. The boy-meets-girl type of story has run the mill so often that the poor old mill is groaning—along with the readers.

MRS. DAVID BARLOW
Littleton, Mass.

Disc Discussion

Dear Sirs:

Reference: DUKE OF THE DISC DEALERS by Richard Thruelsen, October 27 issue.

I'm sure Sam Goody's isn't purposely misleading customers, but such would appear to be the case if in truth, as indicated on p. 124, "Members of the top echelon at Goody's . . . can all warble perfect 400-cycle A's. . . ." First, it would be surprising if all of the top echelon are fortunate enough to be blessed with absolute pitch. Second, and more important perhaps, a 400-cycle A is about as self-contradictory as a fourteen-ounce pound. The standard A these days is 440 cycles per second, to which it has risen over the years; it seems to have been stationary for some time, though. Four-hundred cycles per second lies about one third the way from G to G sharp (A flat) in the tempered scale.

So there you are. It was a good article.

LAWRENCE W. JOHNSON
Palo Alto, Cal.

● *Reader Johnson gets an A; the text should have read "440 cycles." Three of Sam Goody's salesmen, all trained musicians, can hit a perfect A nine times out of ten.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

It is with a great deal of surprise and no little disgust that we read your article publicizing Goody's Record Shop and also note the Post's apparent approval of this type of business that represents the worst economic threat to small business that exists. . . .

If this store is selling LP's through its record club for $2.47, they are obviously by-passing the record distributors and buying at a reduced price directly from the record manufacturers, a procedure impossible for the small dealer.

PAUL E. MASTERS
Montebello, Cal.

● *We were reporting the facts about Sam Goody—neither "approving" nor "disapproving" his merchandising practices.* —ED.

Preserve Shooting

Dear Sirs:

Your article on "preserve shooting" [HUNTERS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD, by Bill Wolf, Oct. 27] in the current issue is most interesting and timely in pointing up a practical solution to upland bird hunting in the crowded Northeast. However, the article confuses pheasant shooting with pheasant hunting. . . . Although the actual flushing and shooting closely approximate natural conditions, the skills and knowledge so vital to successful hunting are lacking.

Hunting is a sport not necessarily dependent upon a full bag for enjoyment. . . . The most enjoyable hunt combines the utilization of one's knowledge of the habits of the bird, the stalk, and finally the shot. The successful hunter can rightfully be proud of his skill, acquired painfully, but with satisfaction and the knowledge that he and his dog have outwitted a wily bird.

JAMES MCE. BROWN
W. Hartford, Conn.

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This Christmas—Don't miss the fun of Smoking!

Mildness is a pleasure with

PALL MALL

You'll enjoy giving or getting
PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes—the fun of smoking—
all wrapped up in a distinguished
red gift carton.

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Engineered all new from the crankshaft up

...the most powerful V8 in Buick history

WHEN we say new we mean *new.*

This new 1957 Buick power plant is newly conceived, newly designed, newly built — to power the newest car in Buick annals.

We aimed to make this the mightiest and most responsive Buick V8 engine yet—so we gave it a 364-cubic-inch capacity—up to 400 foot-pounds of torque, up to 10.1 compression.

We gave it larger pistons. A stronger crankshaft. A new "head." A hotter spark. A more efficient carburetor. A new air cleaner.

We gave it new nodal-point mounts to shush vibration. New, larger exhaust ports for easier "breathing." We even gifted it with a new rustproof fuel line.

And along with everything else, we made it more *compact*—to fit under the suave sports-car hoodline of the lowest Buick in history.

There's An Instant New Transmission

But most important of all, we developed an advanced new Variable Pitch Dynaflow* to feed Buick's record-high power to the rear wheels—a transmission that delivers a smooth and instant response like none ever did until now.

It gives you such full-range performance in "Drive"—that the need for "Low" is practically eliminated.

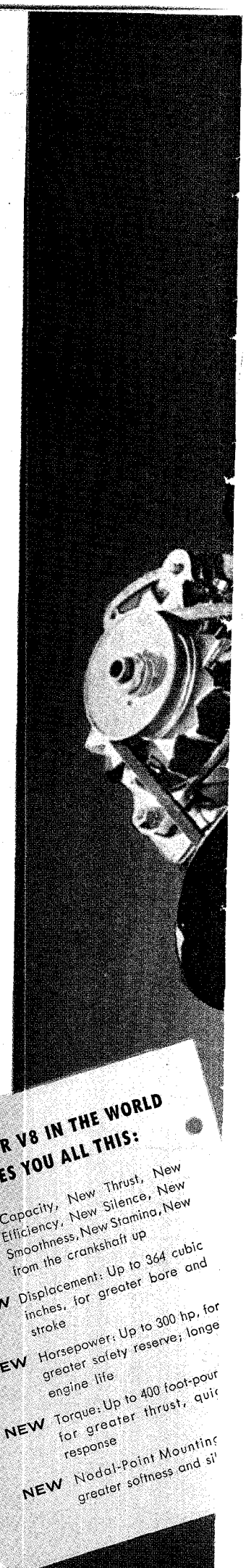
Here, in fact, you now have *greater* starting response—a fuller margin of safety—than you ever had even in the high-performance Buick of 1956—and you can still switch the pitch for that all-out safety-burst of power when the need demands.

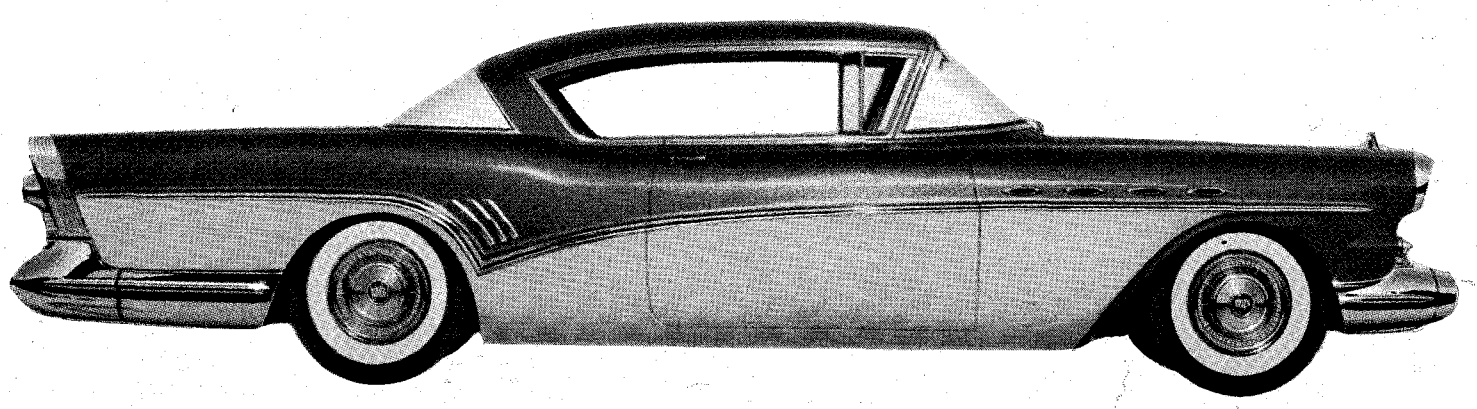
So treat yourself to a trial run in the sleekest Low-Sweep Buick ever built. Treat yourself to countless thrills, including a new kind of levelized braking, new forward vision, new ball-joint handling and steering, stunning new color-mated interiors—in a word, new *everything.*

Sooner you visit your Buick dealer, the sooner you can get your order in for the newest Buick yet.

**New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.*

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS


NO OTHER V8 IN THE WORLD GIVES YOU ALL THIS:
NEW Capacity, New Thrust, New Efficiency, New Silence, New Smoothness, New Stamina, New from the crankshaft up
NEW Displacement: Up to 364 cubic inches, for greater bore and stroke
NEW Horsepower: Up to 300 hp, for greater safety reserve; longe engine life
NEW Torque: Up to 400 foot-pour for greater thrust, quic response
NEW Nodal-Point Mountin greater softness and si



When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

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Editorials

Is the U.S. Communist Party Really Free of Moscow?

The Communist Party has decided to convince the American people that it is its own boss. It will hold a convention next February and expects to adopt a new, "democratic" constitution then, and to dramatize its changed personality. The CP's new line was taking shape before the Polish and Hungarian revolts against Soviet domination in October. Khrushchev himself gave the signal for the tactical shift at the convention of Soviet communists early this year.

At first glance, this seemed hard to believe. So when several Communist Parties ventured to ask the Soviet leaders why they had not prevented Stalin's infamies, there was a wide suspicion that this criticism was a prearranged Soviet plot.

However, there are students of communism who thought even then that the Reds here and in Canada, Britain, France, Italy, and so on, although not fully independent, had been given tactical autonomy. The Kremlin was still the general staff of world communism, the planner of grand strategy, but the CP's in many countries were free to choose their own tactics in forming united fronts.

Before they had time to decide how to use this sudden gift of limited home rule, Khrushchev made his secret speech denouncing Stalin as a loathsome tyrant and torturer. When news of this leaked out, the Communist Parties in other countries faced a great decision.

The first to take definite action was the CP of the U.S.A. It decided that it must repudiate Stalin. But at the same time it would have to disagree with Khrushchev & Co. to some extent. For otherwise unionists, liberals and socialists would say, "You yessed Stalin before. You are yessing Khrushchev now. You are still a Soviet puppet. We refuse to form a united front with you."

With this criticism the CP entered a period of sharply revised tactics. Its propaganda chief, Max Weiss, declared that the CP was ready to make an occasional criticism of Soviet Russia, Red China and other communist regimes when they act in ways that "threaten to affect adversely the relation between our party and friendly masses."

In October the CP's new line received a powerful stimulus when the Polish Communist Party largely shook off the Kremlin's control and then in Hungary there was actual armed revolt. The Daily Worker's criticism of Soviet brutalities in Hungary was evidently intended to demonstrate the independence of American Reds. The CP of the U.S.A. plans to make its February convention a big propaganda show to persuade all liberal and labor groups that it is now its own boss and therefore should be accepted as a pal for "progressivism."

Thus, while following the Soviet line in general, the Reds here would sometimes deviate from it when expedient.

Some Christmas Cards Baffle Their Eager Recipients

By Felix Wittmer

Christmas cards tell much about the present state of our civilization, and also of the senders. Less than a fifth of the yuletide greetings which I received in 1955 referred to the nativity of Jesus. Is this a trend? Very few of our recent Christmas cards quote anything from the Bible. Those with a religious theme affect the cubistic style, cerebral, divorced from the heart.

Most of the cards which come my way are beautiful or at least pretty, engaging in composition of design and color, and in the simplicity of the good wishes expressed. Lovely winter scenes, somberly dignified cathedrals, optimistically harmonizing angels, stockings by the chimney waiting for Santa Claus, homely tinsel, joyful bells and gaily colored trimmings warm the heart.

In the personalized cards, though, the ego of the originators does not always appear to best advantage. Some of my acquaintances are so much wrapped up in their cherished personalities that even at Christmastime their messages are devoted almost exclusively to their own affairs. Others are so absorbed in their political and economic beliefs that they impose some pontifical earthly proclamation upon the spiritual tidings of the Christ child's birth.

One friend, who has been harping all his life on liberation from shackles, last year sent out a multicolored potpourri of Joyeux Noël, Fröhliche Weihnachten, Zalig Kerstfeest, and Oriental pictographs. A stout patriot forwarded a picture of himself (seated) surrounded by wife and children (standing), all indorsing mottoes about the founding fathers, limited government and the Constitution. One ideologist mailed the caricature of a beggar, ringing a bell along with Santa Claus, and carrying a poster with the slogan, "Help Maintain the Free Enterprise System."

I am always pleasantly moved by those who at yuletide release their annual report on the doings of their sometimes far-flung families. One of my friends regales his friends with a four-page printed survey of his kin, illustrated by snapshots of his impressive self and his good wife. At least in such greeting there is nothing hostile to the spirit of the season.

One of my lady acquaintances delights those on her extensive mailing list with a map of the United States, decorated with straight and dotted lines, to mark the places which, during the past twelve months, she has glorified by her presence. A slightly futuristic profile of this constant traveler decorates this unusual slice of geography.

What this sort of thing does for Christmas and the life of humility which it was the mission of Jesus to inculcate in the human heart is an annual puzzle to me.

The U.S.A. is a Nation, Not Assorted "Cultural" Groups!

An extraordinary piece of advice was given to the recent convention of the Japanese-American Citizens League by Edward J. Ennis, general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union. He asserted that Americans of Japanese birth or parentage should claim the right to stand up and speak for the interests of Japan, just as some other groups of citizens speak for the interests of the countries with which they are connected by blood.

All of us are affected by the ties of blood. Our hearts are moved if the country of our birth or origin is afflicted with an enormous injustice, such as tyranny by the Reds. In such cases, a citizen has the right to urge that the United States do whatever is possible in behalf of liberty and full justice for the oppressed country.

But Mr. Ennis rushes far beyond that and argues that there should be "complete liberty in peacetime by any minority in America to urge policies favorable to foreign nations related by common ancestry."

Of course, such liberty already exists, and all minorities are taking advantage of it. The danger is not that they will hang back, but that some will carry their activities too far. If ethnical minorities vie with one another to urge policies favorable to foreign nations, who is minding the store? Who is urging policies favorable to the United States and essential to the very safety and liberty of our country?

After three generations, or five or seven, should an American take it as his duty to act as an everlasting advocate of some place or people overseas? There is organized pressure now to make many Americans feel that they and their children and their children's children must forever maintain emotional ties with foreign soil. They are told that this country can never be fully united. Its citizens come of diverse stocks. Therefore, according to this doctrine, the United States is a multinational country and must eternally remain so.

It is solemnly contended that each "people" in this country should maintain the culture of its overseas kindred. Thus we shall be one land, but of cultural multiplicity or multiple culture. Soviet Russia is a multi-national state. So was the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, which was smashed in the first World War. It was made up not only of Austria and Hungary but of many conquered countries and provinces inhabited by Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, and so on.

The United States is one nation, not a bundle of nationalities. Although citizens are free to speak for their ancestral countries, the expectation must be that the special ties of overseas emotion will gradually weaken and fade away.

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THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION, EXPLORATION AND SCIENCE

FOR CHRISTMAS – *Longines* – THE MOST HONORED GIFT WATCH

Choose your Christmas gift watch with your heart, your head or a deep sense of thrift, and you will choose one of the 90th Anniversary Longines watches—if you but see them. Even by Longines standards, highest in all watchmaking, these are a surpassing achievement. They reflect the integrity of manufacture, the ceaseless pursuit of perfection that makes Longines *the world's most honored watch.* Among these magnificent Longines 90th Anniversary watches is one for every taste, every special need—beauty, accuracy, reliability and highest tangible value. Yet, all these qualities may be yours this Christmas for as little as $71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Honored Christmas gift watches by Longines—left: Longines Rhapsody "A", exclusive styling in the richness of 14K gold, $115; right: Longines Pres. Garfield, a watch of modern inspiration in 14K gold, $150. Both watches have 18K gold applied hour markers. Prices include Federal tax.

Available throughout Canada at Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler Agencies

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FROM THIS MOMENT YOU'LL DRIVE WITH NEW U.S.Royal

DRAMATIC ADVANCES BRING YOU A NEW DAY OF TIRE DEPENDABILITY

You just can't measure—in miles or dollars—the wonderful new feeling of confidence you'll enjoy when your car is carried by the new U. S. Royal Safety 8!

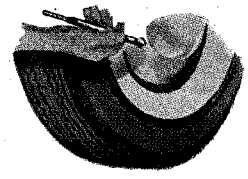
Here, indeed, is a safety tire that leaves no room for doubt... a tire now made possible only by the most recent discoveries in rubber formulation, the latest advances in textile processing, and the newest techniques in chemical bonding. This new U. S. Royal is truly a tire of unmatched dependability—providing superb traction, and that extra reserve of strength to meet the quick-action emergencies of the road.

And the rugged new U. S. Royal Safety 8 is styled to add to the new low look—built to improve the quiet, gentle ride of even the smoothest new car!

WITH "LIFE-SEAL" AIR RETENTION

...the most perfect tubeless air container yet produced!

With improved inner-wall compound holding air a full third better... new-type sealing strip locking tire to rim... sealing against air loss at the rim... LIFE-SEAL gives new protection against punctures... new blowout safety!



WITH "POWER ACTION" TREAD AND TRACTION

...triple the skid-resisting edges of former tires!

The slicker the surface, the greater your stopping advantage over ordinary tires. Power Action protects 19% better against sideskids... teams perfectly with power brakes... improves driver control of high-powered cars!

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Safety 8

IMPORTANT!
The new U. S. Royal
Safety 8 fits
all wheel sizes
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the newest
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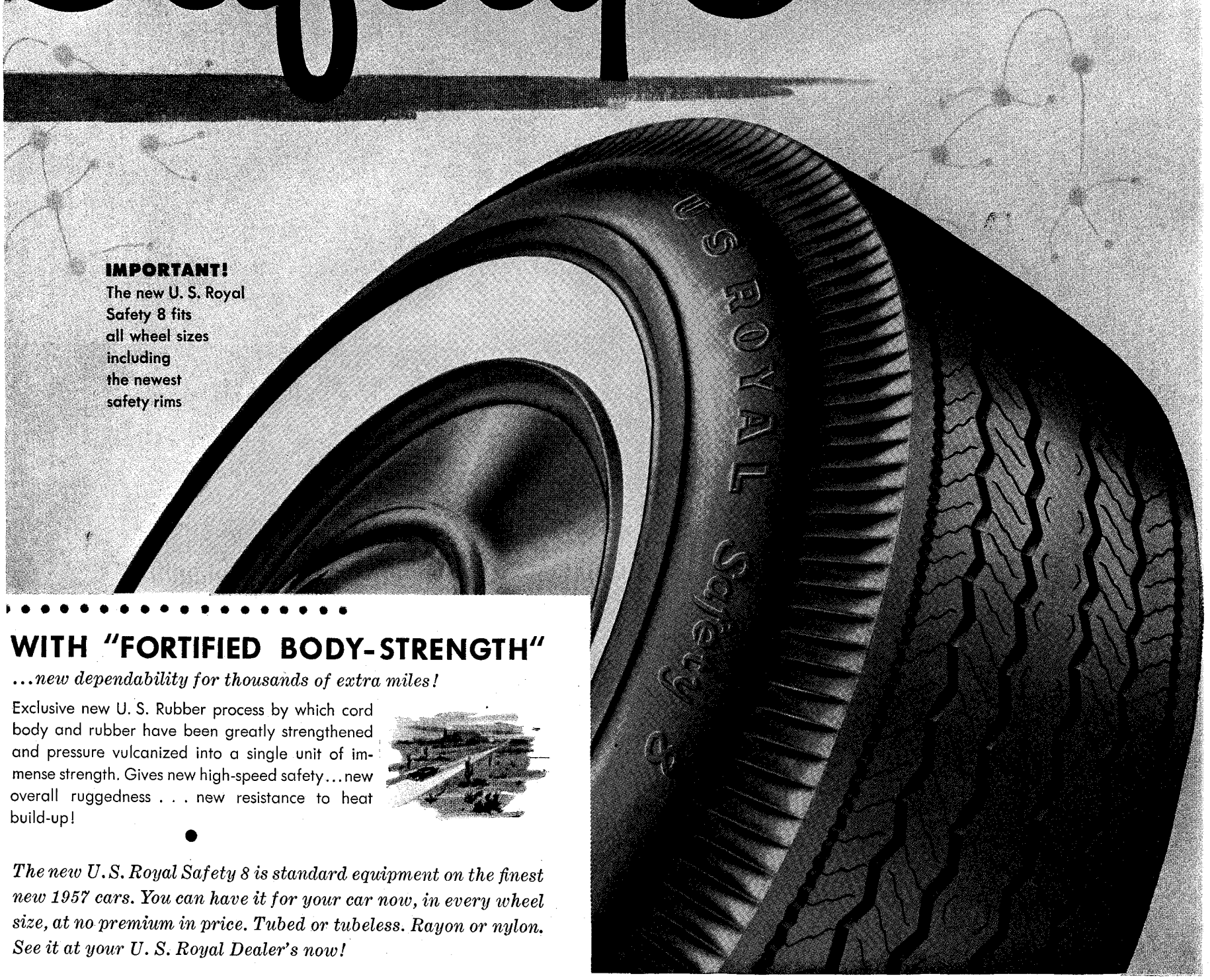

WITH "FORTIFIED BODY-STRENGTH"

...new dependability for thousands of extra miles!

Exclusive new U. S. Rubber process by which cord body and rubber have been greatly strengthened and pressure vulcanized into a single unit of immense strength. Gives new high-speed safety... new overall ruggedness . . . new resistance to heat build-up!

The new U. S. Royal Safety 8 is standard equipment on the finest new 1957 cars. You can have it for your car now, in every wheel size, at no premium in price. Tubed or tubeless. Rayon or nylon. See it at your U. S. Royal Dealer's now!

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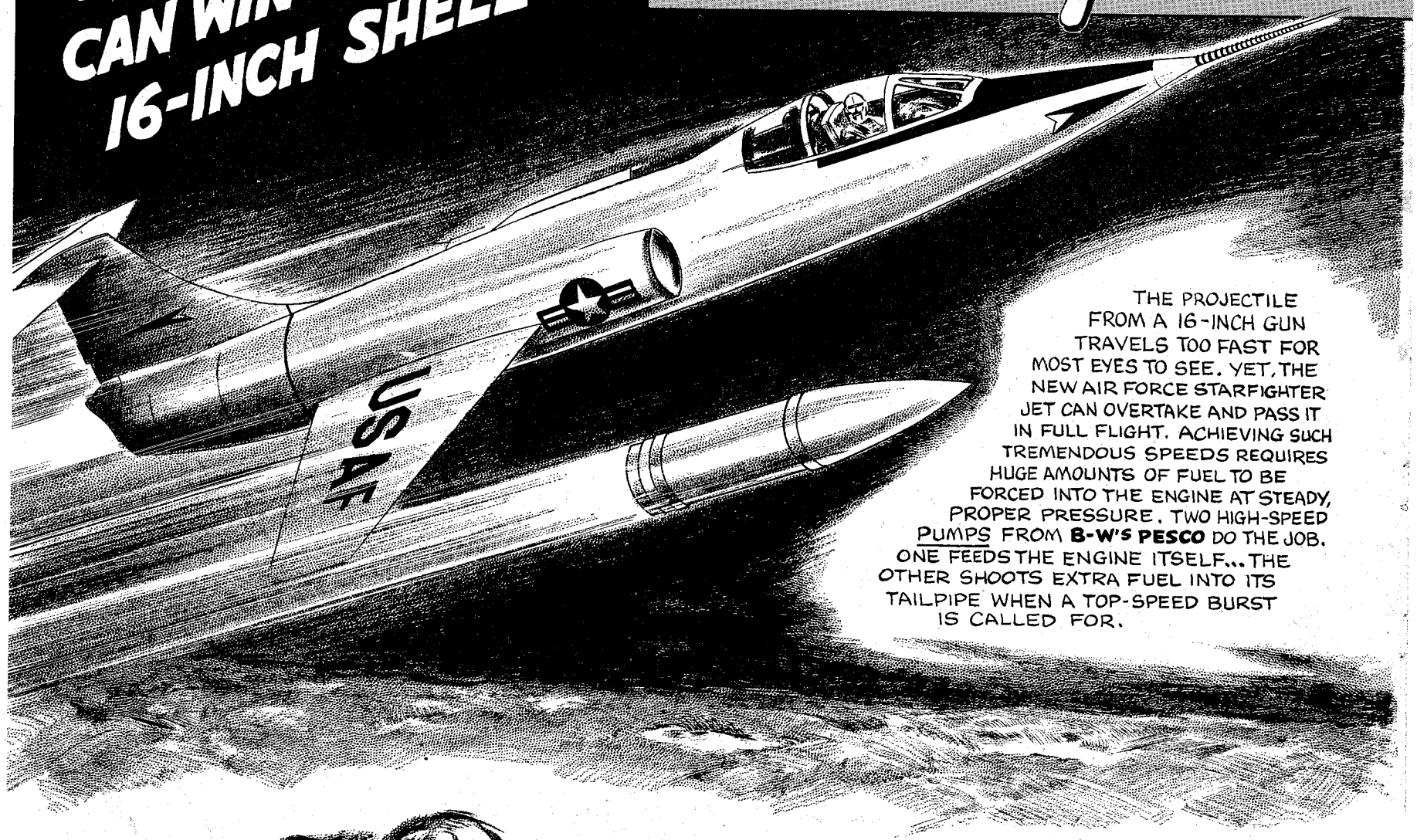
NEWEST JET CAN WIN RACE WITH 16-INCH SHELL!

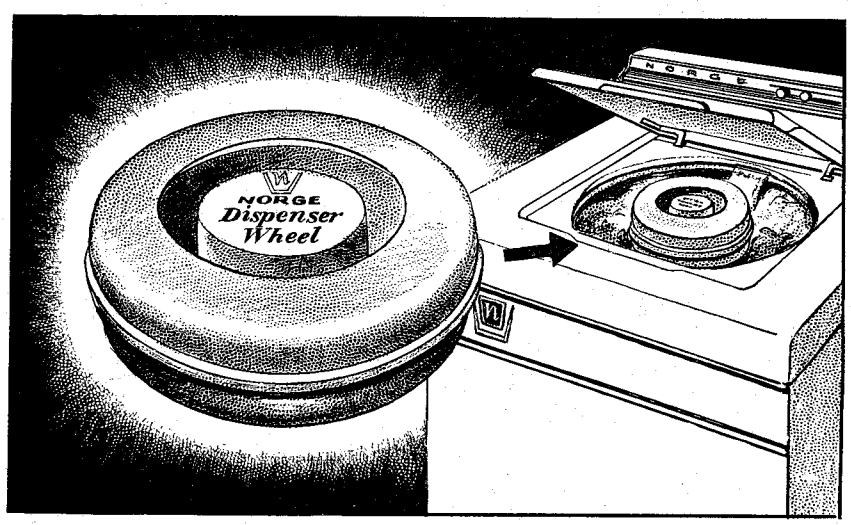
RIPLEY'S—



THE PROJECTILE FROM A 16-INCH GUN TRAVELS TOO FAST FOR MOST EYES TO SEE. YET, THE NEW AIR FORCE STARFIGHTER JET CAN OVERTAKE AND PASS IT IN FULL FLIGHT. ACHIEVING SUCH TREMENDOUS SPEEDS REQUIRES HUGE AMOUNTS OF FUEL TO BE FORCED INTO THE ENGINE AT STEADY, PROPER PRESSURE. TWO HIGH-SPEED PUMPS FROM **B-W'S PESCO** DO THE JOB. ONE FEEDS THE ENGINE ITSELF... THE OTHER SHOOTS EXTRA FUEL INTO ITS TAILPIPE WHEN A TOP-SPEED BURST IS CALLED FOR.

PREHISTORIC HANDYMAN USED A STONE SAW!

BY CHIPPING A SHARP, TOOTHED EDGE ON A LONG PIECE OF STONE, A STONE AGE CAVE MAN CREATED THE FIRST HANDSAW. FROM THAT CRUDE STONE TOOL EVOLVED BETTER SAWS OF COPPER, IRON AND FINALLY STEEL. TODAY, THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT IS A STAINLESS STEEL HANDSAW FROM **B-W'S ATKINS SAW**. IT CUTS FAST AND CLEAN, STAYS SHARP FAR LONGER THAN ORDINARY SAWS, AND IS 100% RUSTPROOF.



MAGIC WHEEL GIVES SOFTER RINSE WATER AUTOMATICALLY!

THE 1957 **B-W NORGE*** WASHER MAKES HOME LAUNDERING FULLY AUTOMATIC--EVEN TO CONDITIONING THE RINSE WATER FOR GREATER RINSING POWER. AN INGENIOUS "WHEEL" IS PRELOADED WITH WATER CONDITIONER WHEN CLOTHES ARE PUT IN. AT THE RINSE CYCLE, IT AUTOMATICALLY RELEASES THE CONDITIONER TO PROVIDE PERFECT RINSING WITH ANY KIND OF WATER... ASSURE SOAP-FREE, BRIGHT CLOTHES.

185 PRODUCTS IN ALL ARE MADE BY BORG-WARNER®

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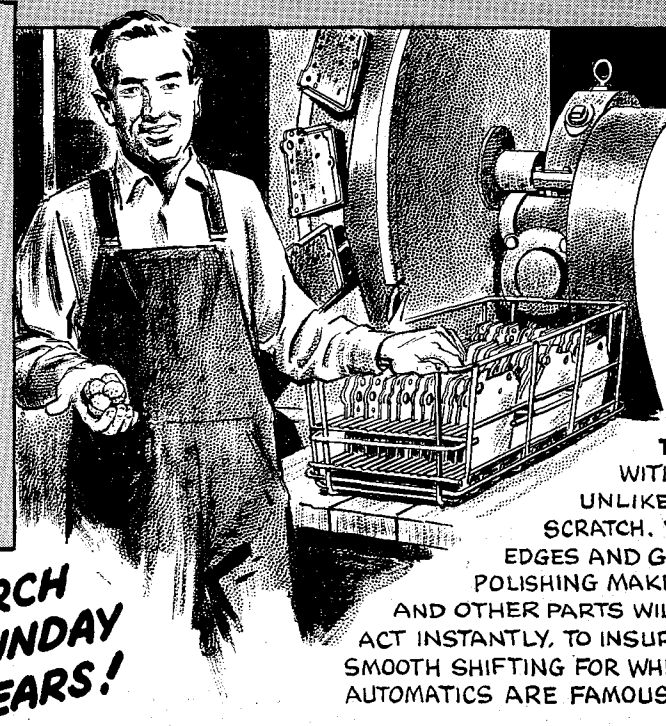
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION T.M.

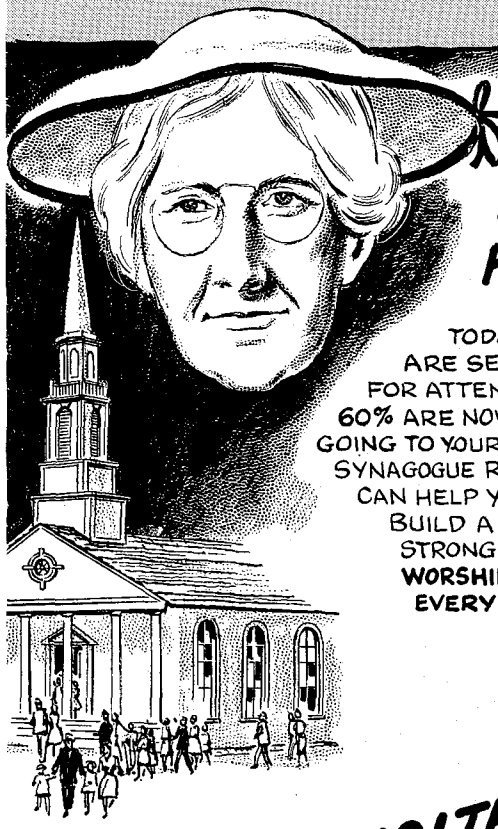
BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS!

19 OUT OF THE 20 MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL B-W PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS HAVE VITAL B-W COMPONENTS. 9 OUT OF 10 FARMS USE B-W EQUIPPED MACHINES. EVERY OIL FIELD USES B-W EQUIPMENT. MILLIONS OF HOMES HAVE B-W BUILDING MATERIALS, EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.



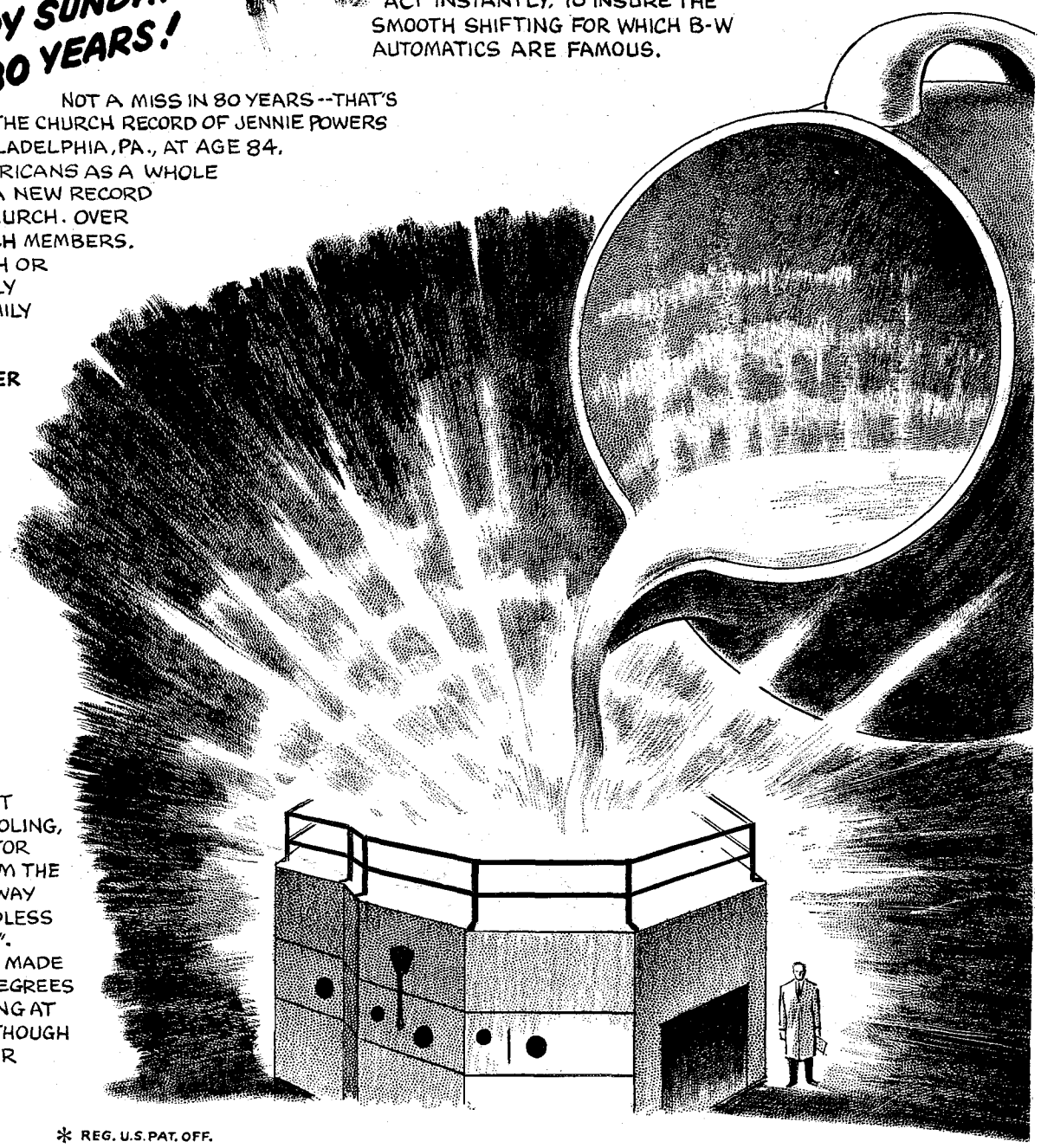
WALNUTS MAKE AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS SHIFT SMOOTHER!

TO POLISH VITAL PARTS OF **B-W AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS,** THEY ARE BLASTED WITH GROUND-UP WALNUT SHELLS. UNLIKE MOST ABRASIVES, SHELLS WON'T SCRATCH. YET, THEY TAKE OFF BURRS, ROUGH EDGES AND GIVE A HIGH SHEEN. SUCH POLISHING MAKES SURE VALVES, GEARS AND OTHER PARTS WILL MOVE FREELY, ACT INSTANTLY, TO INSURE THE SMOOTH SHIFTING FOR WHICH B-W AUTOMATICS ARE FAMOUS.



IN CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY FOR 80 YEARS!

NOT A MISS IN 80 YEARS--THAT'S THE CHURCH RECORD OF JENNIE POWERS OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., AT AGE 84. TODAY, AMERICANS AS A WHOLE ARE SETTING A NEW RECORD FOR ATTENDING CHURCH. OVER 60% ARE NOW CHURCH MEMBERS. GOING TO YOUR CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE REGULARLY CAN HELP YOUR FAMILY BUILD A RICHER STRONGER LIFE. **WORSHIP TOGETHER EVERY WEEK.**



POURING MOLTEN METAL INTO AN ATOMIC FURNACE COOLS IT!

WITHOUT CONSTANT COOLING, A NUCLEAR REACTOR WOULD EXPLODE FROM THE FIERCE HEAT IT CREATES. TO CARRY AWAY THIS HEAT, MOLTEN SODIUM METAL IN ENDLESS PIPE COILS IS PUMPED THROUGH THE "FIRES". GIGANTIC NUCLEAR PUMPS TO DO THIS JOB ARE MADE BY **B-W'S BYRON JACKSON**. THE METAL, 1500 DEGREES HOT AND DEADLY RADIOACTIVE, IS KEPT FLOWING AT A 12,000 GALLONS-PER-MINUTE RATE. EVEN THOUGH THE PUMPS GLOW RED HOT, THEY DON'T FALTER OR LEAK.

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How to paint a bright future for your child with Equitable's Living Insurance

The good things in life can always be hers if you plan for them today

What do you see of her future in the pictures she paints today? A distinguished artist? A successful designer? Or a talented wife and mother?

Whatever she wants to be, you can be certain she will reach her goal with Equitable's *Living Insurance.*

You can be certain of her education, for example, with an Equitable Endowment Policy. Even if you died after the first premium, she'd still be assured of funds to complete special training or college.

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This is Equitable's *Living Insurance* in action; *Living Insurance* that stresses benefits for you and your family while you live—or for the loved ones who live on after you. See the Man from Equitable—a trained insurance counselor.

"Classroom Artist"
Photographed by Wayne Miller

Living Insurance by Equitable

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.,
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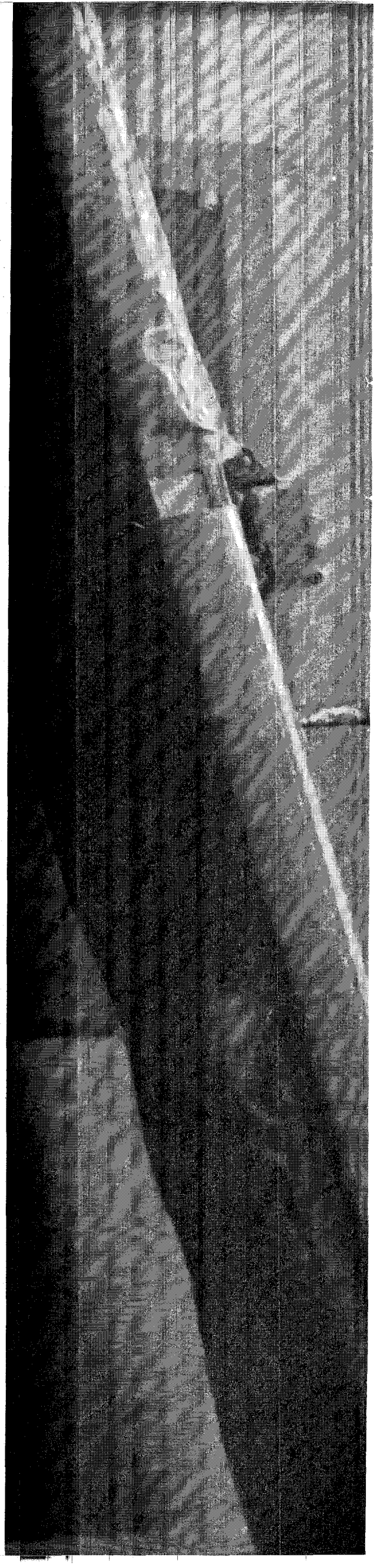

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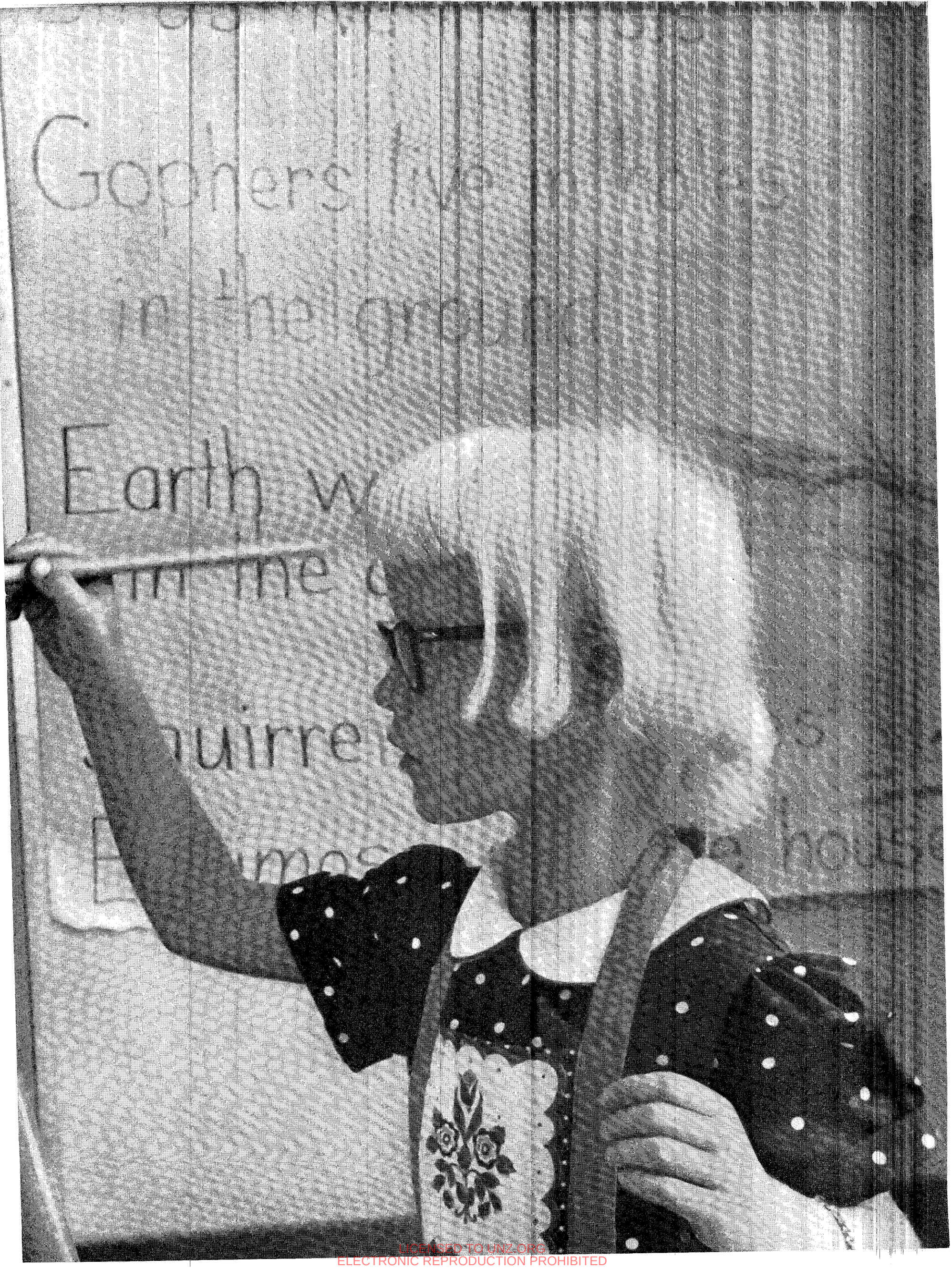

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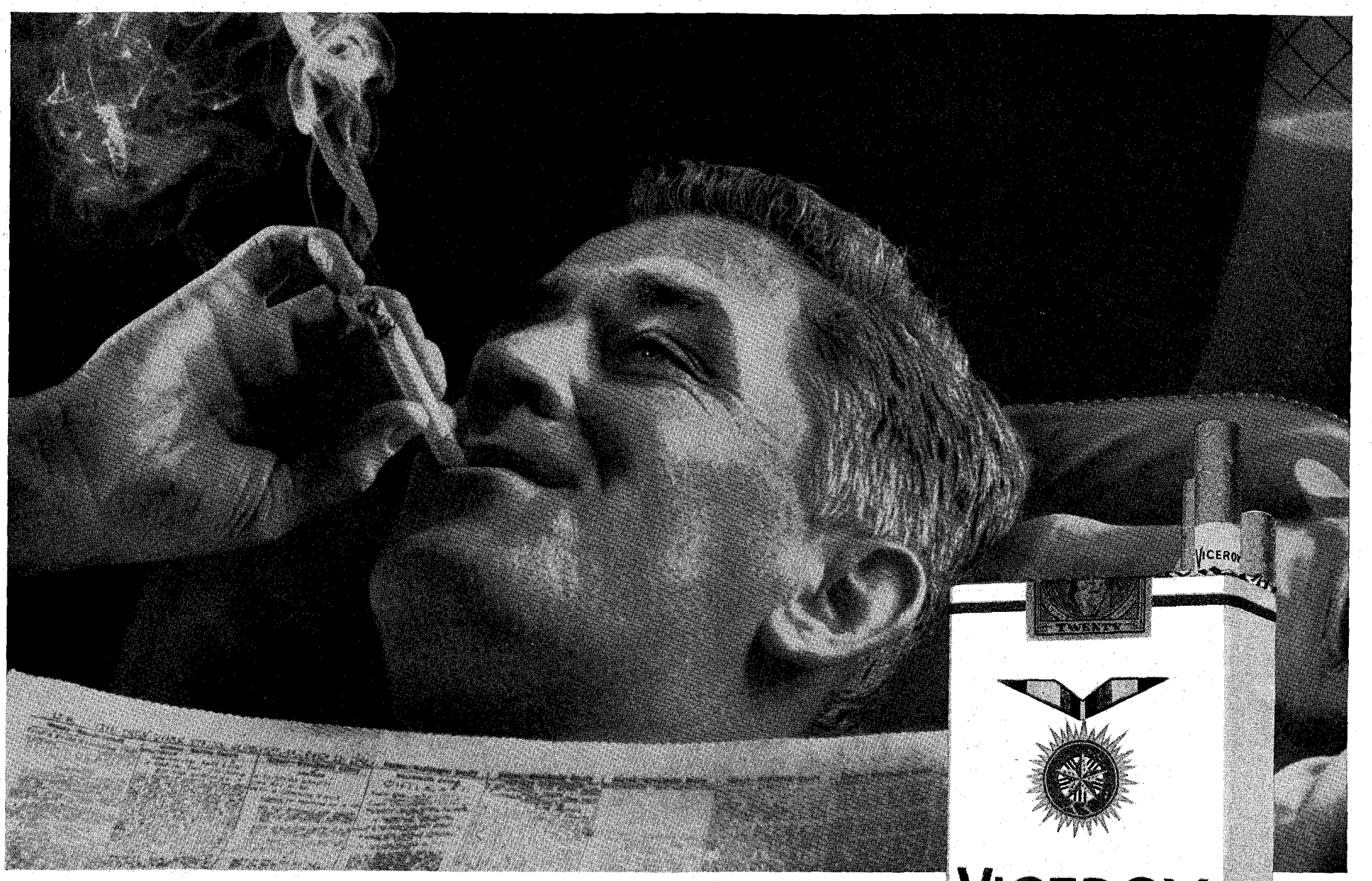
Only Viceroy has 20,000 Filters

Yes, 20,000 filters in
every VICEROY tip
TWICE AS MANY FILTERS
as the other two
largest-selling filter brands!

for the smoothest taste in smoking



The exclusive Viceroy filter tip is made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural! 20,000 filters in every tip to give you the smoothest taste in smoking!

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"I actually enjoyed buying Bob a SKIL Power Tool for Christmas!"

"I knew Bob had his heart set on a new power tool for Christmas. But I didn't know the first thing about selecting the right one—until I talked to a SKIL Dealer. Then I could see in a minute that buying the right power tool was as easy as buying a food mixer . . . and my biggest gift problem was solved!"

"This heavy-duty 6½" saw is only $64.95 . . . It's the size most men like for jobs around the home and workshop. Makes every professional cut . . . even 2" lumber at 45°. Perfectly balanced for easy handling, too. Has a trigger switch and blade guard for extra safety. And with these depth and bevel adjustments you can saw at any angle! We have other SKIL Saws up to 8¼"—starting as low as $34.95.

"And here's a whole workshop in one handy kit . . . You get this entire Model 587 Drill Kit for only $29.95. It includes the famous SKIL ¼" Drill with geared chuck, and 10 other valuable accessories. It's ideal for the beginning craftsman. With this kit your husband can drill wood or metal . . . finish woodwork . . . polish furniture . . . there's almost no end to the jobs he'll enjoy doing!

"You take the work out of sanding with this SKIL Model 592 Orbital Sander that sells for only $49.95. Sands ten times faster than by hand. And your husband can easily get finest professional results . . . finishing wood, plastics, or even metal. Has a powerful universal motor. The sandpaper can be changed in a hurry with this handy clamp. And this model sands right into the corners.

"Here's a buy! A genuine ¼" drill for only $26.95! This is the Model 549. The lowest price you'll find for a drill of this quality. The chuck that holds the bit is easy to tighten and loosen . . . always has a positive, accurate grip. This drill has self-lubricating bearings, trigger-type switch, and a powerful motor. Of course, it has all the other quality features of SKIL Drills, too."

"It was just fascinating!—buying Bob's saw." If you think your man would have fun making things with power tools, drop in and see the *SKIL Tool Center* at your nearest SKIL Dealer. The famous SKIL name assures only finest-quality power tools.

LOOK FOR THE SKIL TOOL CENTER AT YOUR LOCAL SKIL DEALER'S

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Made only by SKIL Corporation
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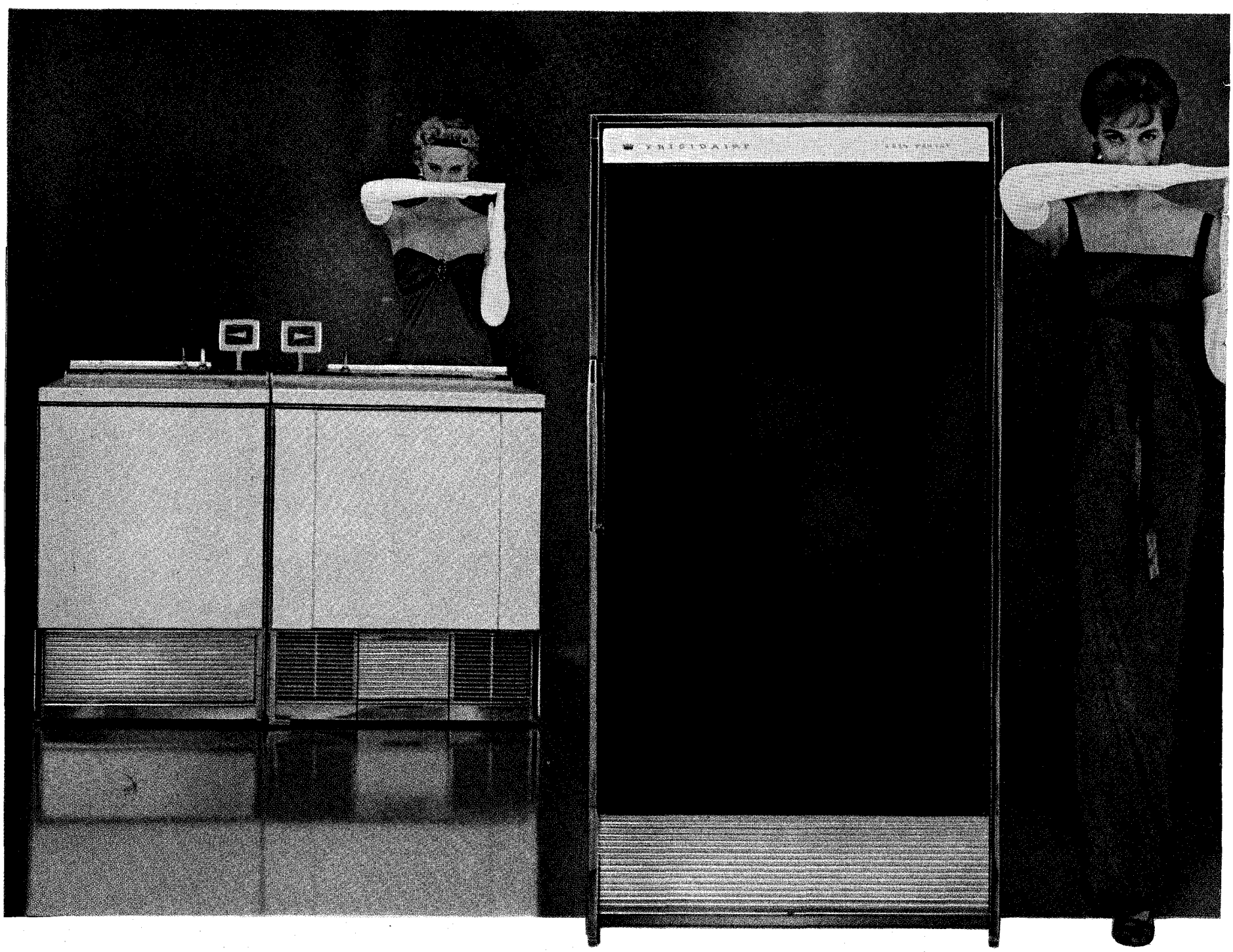
FRIGIDAIRE PRESENTS

The most exciting change that



It's so all-out stunning you can't believe your eyes.

But it's here—the Sheer Look! A whole new design idea that makes a dream kitchen come true.

On Frigidaire Refrigerators, Ranges, and Laundry Appliances for 1957, every line is straight, every corner is square, the whole look is sheer — to bring the beauty of modern simplicity into present kitchens, or kitchens of the home-you-hope-to-build.

Here, surely, is styling so right that it sets the trend and pattern of tomorrow.

Here, too, are the *most mechanically perfect appliances ever built*—all new, with the best in engineering from both Frigidaire and General Motors

Open any door, for new surprises You'll see interiors that sing with colors, like fashion-first Charcoal Gray You'll see a refrigerator with a Plan A-Door that also zips out ice at leve touch. You'll see the final word in auto matic ranges—with "Thinking Panels that practically do your cooking fo

Come and see The Sheer Look at your Frigidaire Dealer's style show. Look for him in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under "Electric Appliances.

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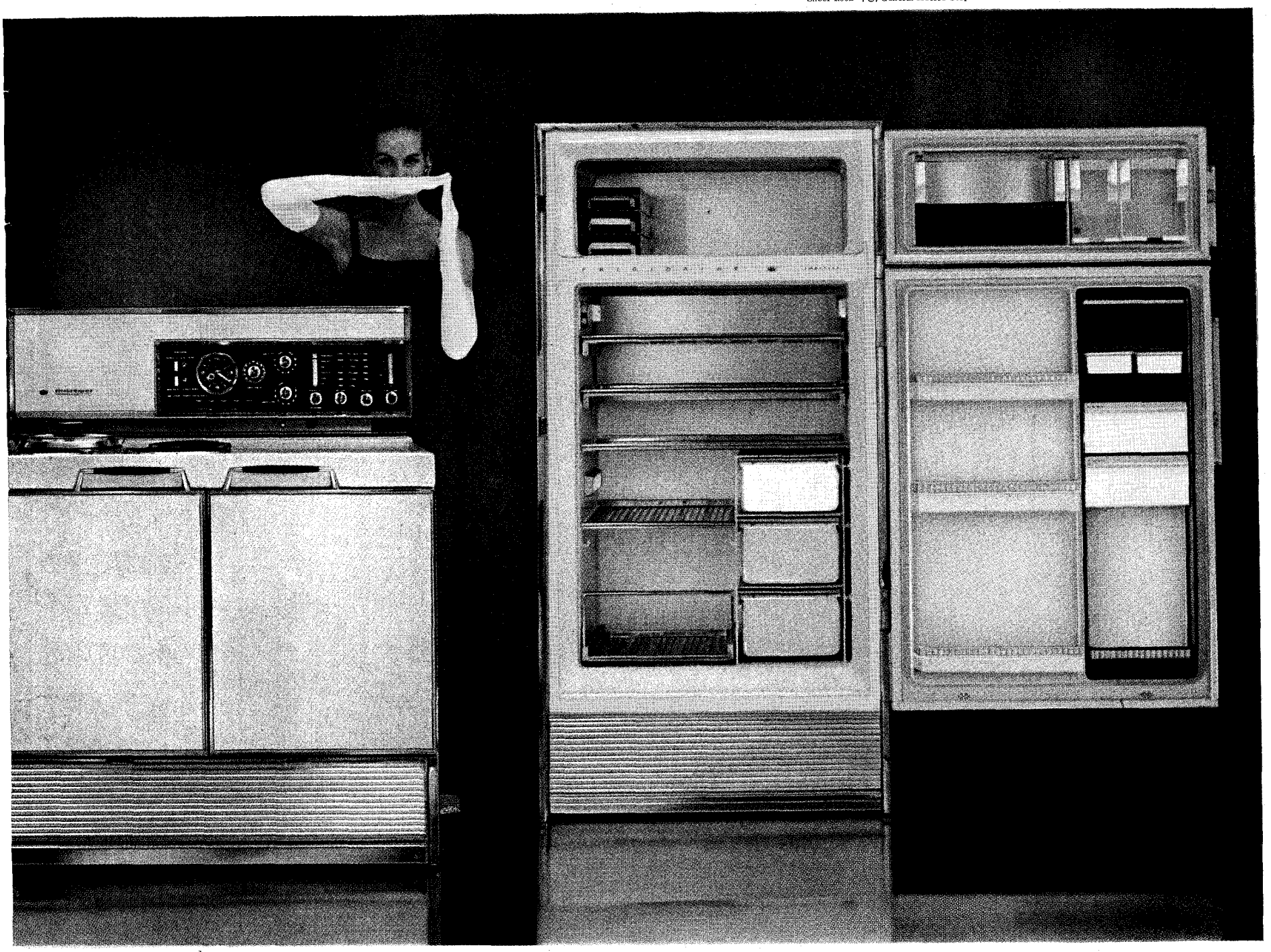
THE SHEER LOOK

© G.M.

ver came into your Kitchen!

"Sheer Look", ©, General Motors Corporation 1956



SHEER LOOK GOWNS *by* JANICE WELLS

ou. You'll see a new laundry pair that ands you a sizable saving every vashday.

Come and see these stunning beauties t your Frigidaire Dealer's today. Buy vith double assurance—for this is it. *The Sheer Look* — styled to keep you ears ahead—and money ahead—for he years to come.

Look for the SHEER LOOK © G.M.

'57 FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

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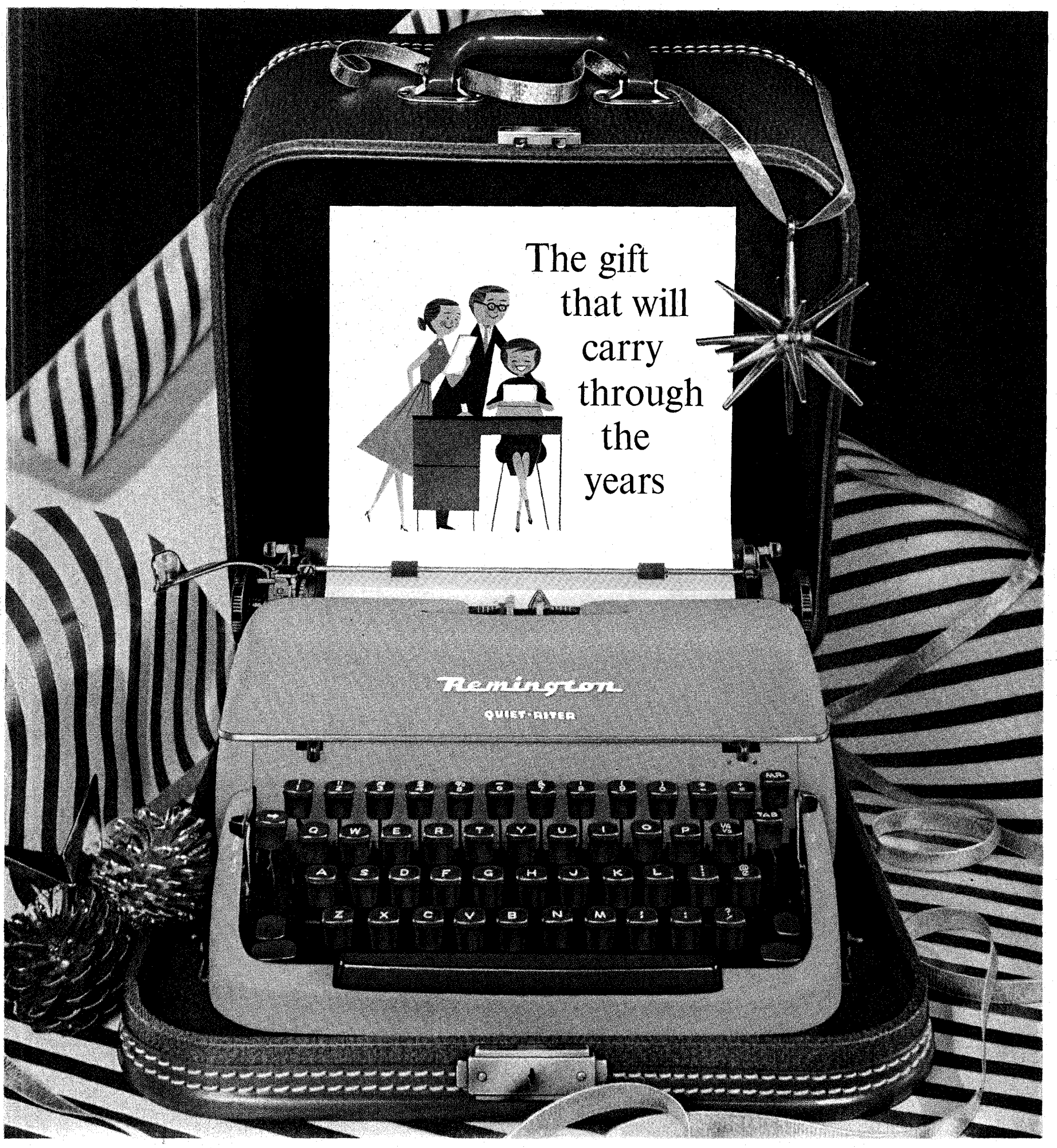

THE NEW REMINGTON QUIET-RITER

Count on years of superb performance from the "years-ahead" portable — the *Remington Quiet-riter!* Surveys prove that students who use typewriters get up to 38% better grades . . . and the rest of the family will discover that correspondence, reports, even *recipes,* are easier to read and easier to write with a Remington Quiet-riter!

Ask your Remington Dealer to point out the advanced, exclusive features of the Quiet-riter—Miracle Tab, Simplified Ribbon Changer, Super-strength Frame, to name a few. Elegant carrying case and touch typing instruction book included. See the Quiet-riter in decorator colors now!

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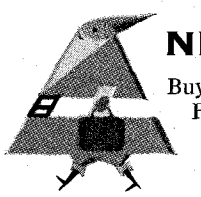

NEW GIFT PLAN!
Buy now, make no payments until February, 1957, then pay only
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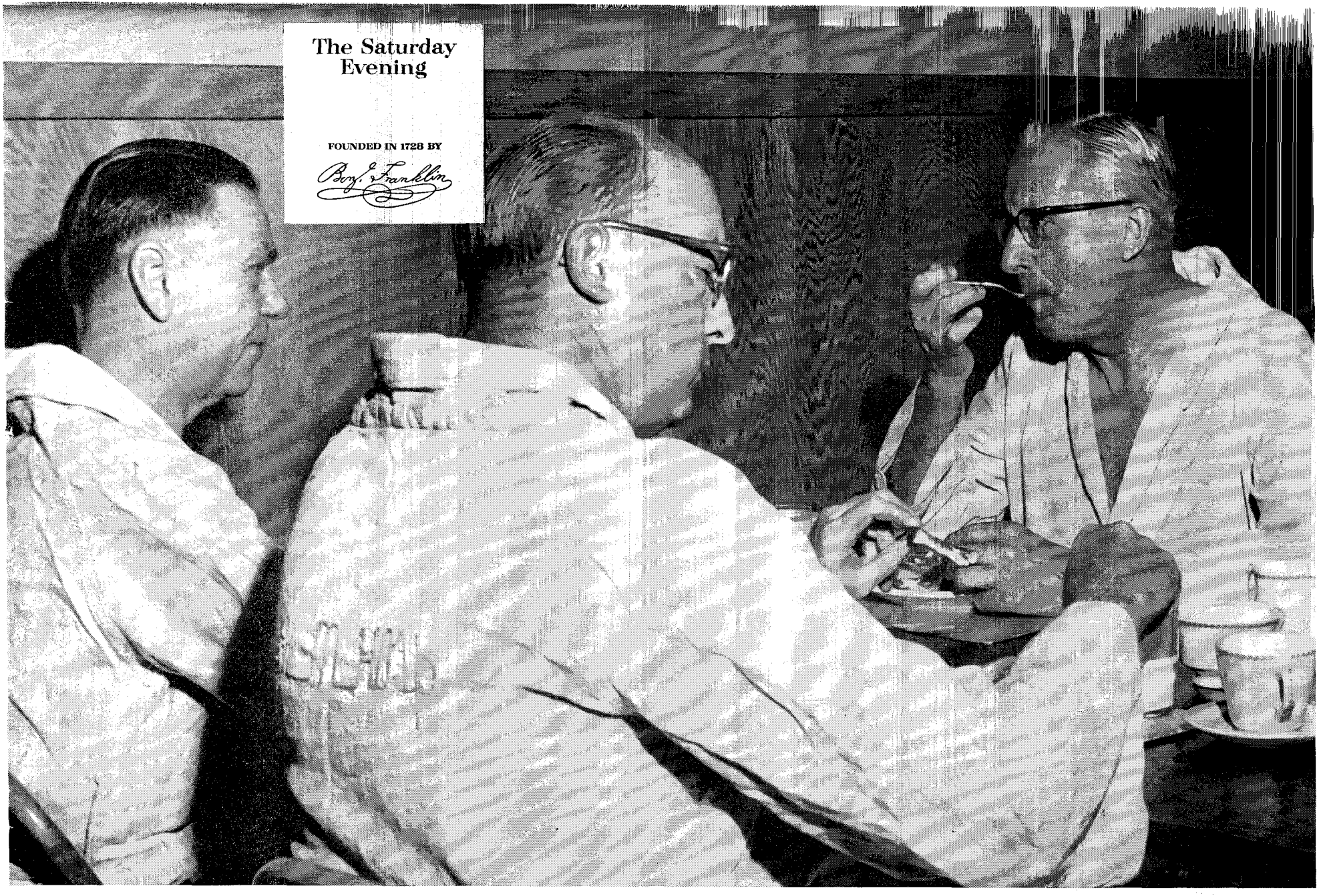
The Saturday Evening

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin



Volunteer guinea pigs at the University of Minnesota devour a high-fat-content meal. Scientists then measure effects of the test food on circulation and blood clotting.

Are You Eating Your Way to a Heart Attack?

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Doctors have new evidence that our high-cholesterol–high-fat–diet is the real villain behind coronary disease. Here's why they think a low-fat diet may save thousands of lives a year.

Evidence is rapidly accumulating, not only from the research laboratories but from such scattered points as Japan, Hawaii, Italy, Guatemala and the Bantu slums of Cape Town, South Africa, that we North Americans are living too high off the hog for our own good.

Our alarming rate of coronary heart disease, the kind that struck President Eisenhower last year, appears to be due to something we eat—or at least to something many of us eat too much of.

The suspected item is fat. The case against it has by no means been proved, and there are enough unsettled questions to engage the doctors in lively debate for some time. But many medical men are profoundly impressed by the fat story and have placed their heart patients on low-fat diets in an effort to prevent recurrent attacks. A Philadelphia cardiologist hazards the opinion that if everyone were to cut his fat intake by a fourth we could reduce the amount of coronary disease by 50 per cent within a generation.

Now this would be a tremendous gain from a relatively small investment in dietary moderation. Not all authorities believe we can expect so much from so little. But many feel that even a modest reduction in the toll from our No. 1 cause of death should be worth the try.

Drs. Taylor and Keys analyze fat content of blood samples from a coronary-disease area in Finland.

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Diet-research team at Kuakini Hospital, Hawaii. From left, Nurse Chinen, Dr. Bronte-Stewart, Mrs. Miyamoto, Dr. Keys, Mrs. Keys, Dr. White, Steven Chinen, Dr. Nils Larsen, hospital director Goto.

Coronary thrombosis and occlusion are responsible for about a third of all deaths among men between forty-five and seventy-five and a fifth of the deaths among men from thirty-five to forty-four. The rates among women are somewhat lower.

What, then, are the chances of a knife-and-fork victory over the commonest form of heart disease? How clear-cut is the fatty trail from the table to the arteries, and how important are other factors, such as exercise, heredity, general constitution, sex hormones? How low must a low-fat diet be, and how tough is it to follow? Are all fats equally suspect or are "hard fats" harder on the blood vessels than "soft fats," such as corn oil?

The Bantu tribesman's low-fat diet makes coronary disease rare among his South African group.

Although no one can yet give final answers to all these questions, an examination of the "global evidence" and some of the laboratory data may sharpen the outlines of what is becoming a major health campaign.

At the very outset, however, we must reckon with a fact of public psychology that may slow down a wholesale dietary switch. To most people, the theory that heart disease comes from fat food is much less palatable than the older and more familiar explanation that it is the price of success in a high-tension world.

A pat observation on this point was made recently by Dr. Henry L. Taylor, of the University of Minnesota's famous Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene, where many of the world-wide data on fats and coronary disease are being assembled.

"The idea that the stress and strain of modern living causes heart disease is an extremely flattering concept—much more appealing than the high-fat theory," Doctor Taylor remarked. "Everybody likes to think he is killing himself with overwork. Few like to admit they are simply eating too much of this or that food."

A British physician, Dr. A. E. Arnott, put the matter even more bluntly. "How much nicer it is, when stricken with a coronary thrombosis," he wrote in the British Medical Journal, "to be told that it is all due to hard work, laudable ambition and selfless devotion than to be told it is due to gluttony and physical indolence."

One cannot rule stress out of the picture entirely, though. Doctor Taylor pointed out that once a clogging and narrowing have taken place in the coronary arteries—the crownlike assembly of vessels nourishing the heart muscle—nervous strain may precipitate pain or an actual heart attack. But the underlying blood-vessel damage, known as coronary atherosclerosis, was probably produced by other causes. Today the finger points at fat. Obesity may also be a factor, but many authorities now believe that fat can accumulate in your arteries even if it doesn't pile up on your frame.

The flurry over fat as a cause of heart disease is quite recent, but fat was actually observed in the walls of the arteries a century ago. Rudolf Virchow, the famous German pathologist, working away in the autopsy room, sliced into a thickened vessel and saw lumps of mushy material which because of their consistency became known as "atheromata"—from the

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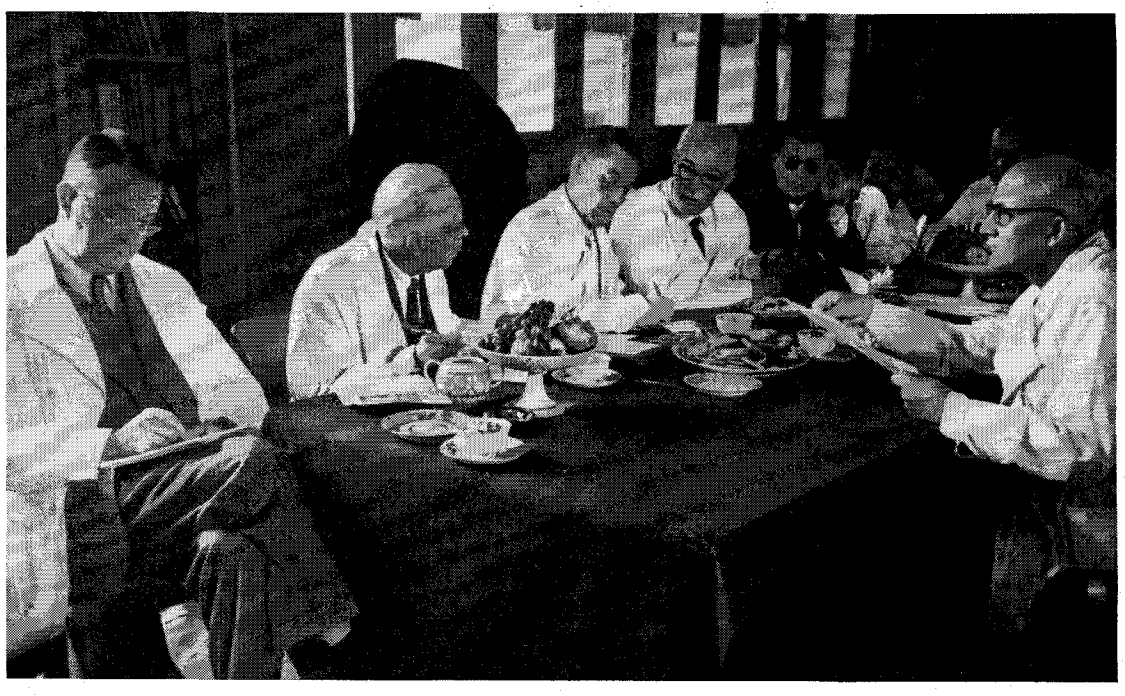
Greek word for "porridge." He found that fat was one ingredient of these lumpy deposits. But along with the fat he noticed glistening crystals of cholesterol, a fatty alcohol. And for many years it was cholesterol, rather than fat itself, which beckoned medical scientists along twisting pathways of research. Several investigators triumphantly produced hardening of the arteries in rabbits and a few other animals by stuffing them with cholesterol. There was a hope that we might lick this deadly disease in humans by dropping cholesterol out of our diet—cutting down on eggs, milk, sea food, organ meats such as kidneys and liver.

Unfortunately, it wasn't to be that easy. Cholesterol is still regarded as a key piece in the puzzle, and the amount of it in the circulating blood seems to bear a statistical relationship to the amount of sclerosis in the arteries. But one cannot reduce the level of cholesterol in either his blood or his vessels by simply abstaining from it at the table. The body—chiefly the liver—stubbornly goes ahead and manufactures cholesterol from other ingredients.

However, what the scientists have shown, within the past few years, is that the blood cholesterol level is definitely influenced by the quantity of ordinary fat we eat. It is this latter finding that has put thousands of heart patients on Jack Sprat diets and that has sent researchers scurrying off to far places to study the menus of native people reported to have unusually healthy arteries.

One of the principal contributors to this new information about the effect of fat on blood cholesterol, and the most far-ranging collector of geographical evidence, is Dr. Ancel Keys, director of the Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene at the University of Minnesota. An imaginative and tireless investigator, he has added much to our knowledge of the effects of diet, starvation and exercise on human health. He is a member of the faculty of the university's School of Public Health, but he works in a separate and unique establishment, with laboratories honeycombing the understructure of the football stadium.

In his attack upon the problem of coronary atherosclerosis, Doctor Keys lays much emphasis upon the fact that the disease is not, as so many people have assumed, an unavoidable penalty of old age. It is not even confined to old people. Thickened heart arteries have been found in younger men, including American soldiers killed in Korea while still in their twenties. Nor has the disease always been prevalent in the world, says Doctor Keys. Calcium in the arteries of a few Egyptian mummies merely indicates that some Egyptians lived to a ripe old age, he points out, and is no proof that they suffered from the fatty kind of arteriosclerosis that causes most of today's heart trouble. In these observations, Doctor Keys sees "both a clue and a hope."



Heart disease conference at the Soviet Academy of Medical Sciences in Moscow, September, 1956. Second from left is Dr. Paul Dudley White, the famous Boston heart specialist who has been attending President Eisenhower.

In Japan, Dr. Noboru Kimura (left) quizzes the mayor of Koga about his eating habits. Researchers found the Japanese eat only ¼ as much fat as we do—and have a correspondingly lower coronary-disease rate.

"The epidemiology of heart disease has long been neglected," he asserts in a recent publication of the American Heart Association, which is helping to support his and many other studies in this field, "but it is now clear that in many lands, embracing perhaps the majority of the world's population, the incidence of coronary occlusion and myocardial infarction [heart-muscle damage] is relatively small and this is not merely because of the age structure of the population."

One of the areas of the world that first drew Doctor Keys' attention was the Orient. "For many years we had been hearing rumors about the Orientals' having very little coronary heart disease," he said, "and we decided to find out whether this was true or whether the condition simply was not being recognized and reported. So I suggested to Dr. Noboru Kimura, of the Kyushu University Medical School, that he make some studies of the question."

Doctor Kimura pored over some 10,000 records and himself examined 1000 preserved human hearts in the anatomy department. Then he came to the International Congress on Cardiology in Washington, D.C., in September, 1954, to make his report. It indicated there was only about a tenth as much coronary disease in Japan as in the United States.

Doctor Kimura's statistics only led to more questions. If the Japanese had less heart disease than the

(Continued on Page 99)

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Illustrated by Joe De Mers

Her Big Moment

By LEE McGIFFIN

A plain housewife was stealing the limelight from three of the country's most glamorous women.

The sleek convertible rushed headlong through the May sunshine and, with a well-bred protest from puncture-proof tires, turned off the freeway onto the sober black macadam road marked: CRAYBURN COLLEGE: 10 MILES.

The girl at the wheel let the car roll to a stop under the first roadside tree and looked at her fragile wrist watch. They made a striking picture, the girl and the car. "Eleanor Burtram, beautiful wife of well-known lawyer, Parker Burtram. Mrs. Burtram's ash-blond hair and lovely eyes are cleverly accented by her smart suit in yellow linen." The caption and the picture had been used often.

Sometimes the society editor described her as slender patrician Eleanor Burtram, daughter of Philadelphia banker, Seldon Barnes. Sometimes she was pictured as the devoted mother of Nan, aged six, and Joel, aged eight. There were pictures in winter from Florida, from Maine in summer. And always pictures of Eleanor Burtram heading a charitable drive, visiting a hospital, getting out the vote. All, of course, with the right people.

The present picture she made in the new convertible could well be titled: "Prominent alumna returns to Crayburn College for Women on 10th Reunion."

Her watch said nine A.M. Her slightly hazed mind flinched from the unaccustomed hour. And after that party last night! She tilted the car mirror for closer observation. Even through the subtle make-up she could see the lines under her eyes, the tired set of her mouth.

Her hands shook just a little as she lighted a cigarette. She kicked off her hand-made Italian shoes and rested her glossy head on the wheel. Of all the silly things. To come back to a college reunion. As if she cared about anyone she had gone to school with ten years ago.

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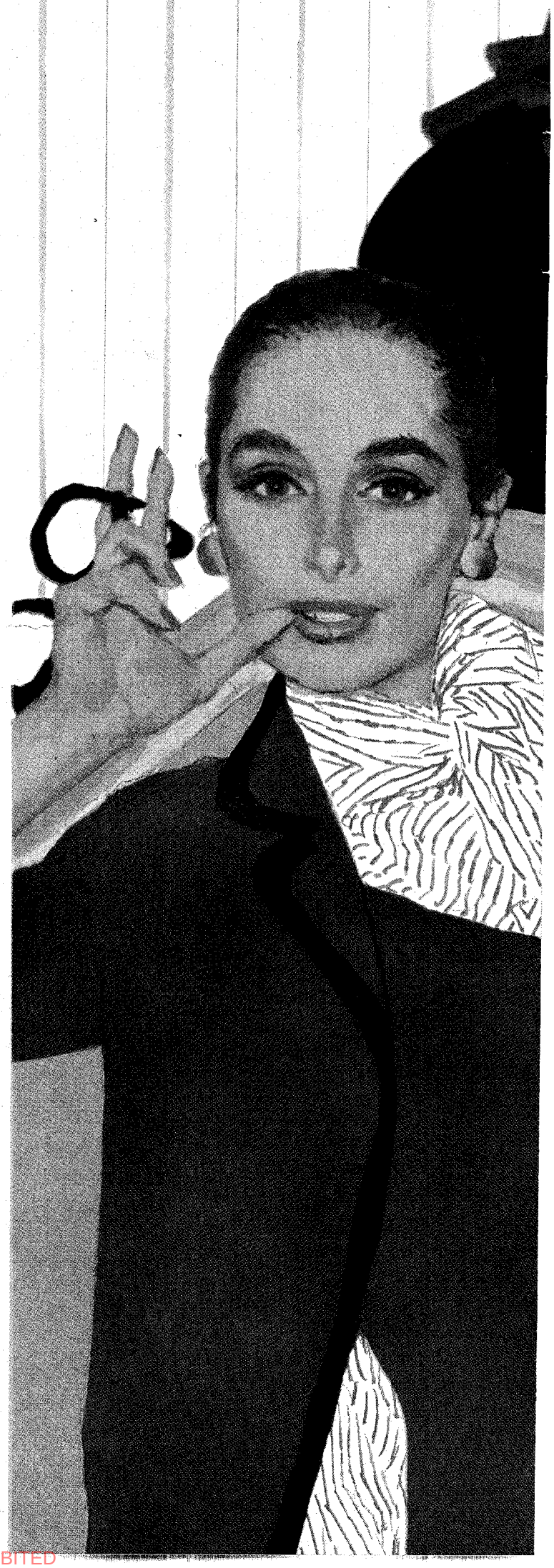

A reporter tried to get Nancy's attention as photographers and admiring women crowded in on her.

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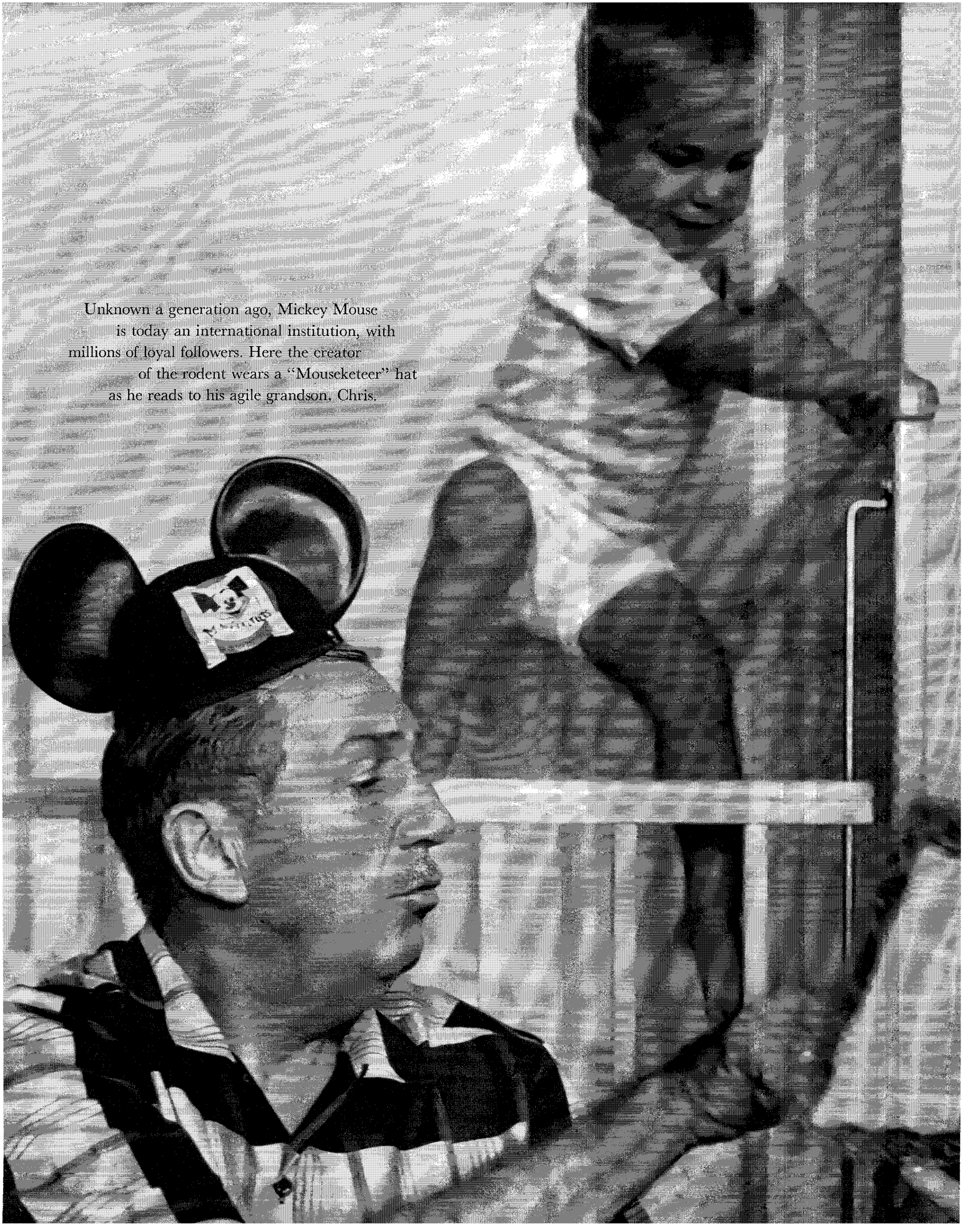

Unknown a generation ago, Mickey Mouse is today an international institution, with millions of loyal followers. Here the creator of the rodent wears a "Mouseketeer" hat as he reads to his agile grandson, Chris.

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My Dad, Walt Disney Part Three

The Coming of the Mouse

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER as told to Pete Martin

Threadbare in Hollywood, Walt married his secretary and tried to sell his big idea. "It's no use," exhibitors told him. "Nobody ever heard of Mickey Mouse."

Left: Walt and Lilly shortly before their marriage in 1925, and (*right*) thirty-one years later.

When I was born, my Daddy had already fathered the Mouse, the Duck and the Three Little Pigs. When my sister Sharon was born he was working on Snow White. I was three then, and one of the very first things I remember is when Sharon arrived at our home. There had been a lot of talk that a wonderful thing called a baby was coming to live with us. But when this wonderful thing came I couldn't even see her because she was parked in a high bassinet. All I could do was stand and look at the ruffles. I couldn't even touch her. She couldn't talk. I couldn't hear her move—she must have been asleep. Right then I decided that a baby was a lot of fuss over nothing.

Then, after a while I began to realize that the creature in the bassinet was real. Before long she was old enough to toddle around after me and annoy me. A three-year gap between two little girls can mean a lot of difference. I expected everything from her I was capable of doing. This was unfair, of course. She was too young to play with me, so as far as I was concerned she was just an irritant.

I remember putting a sign on my door: EVERYONE CAN COME IN HERE EXCEPT SHARON DISNEY.

Sharon would stand at my door and look at me and I'd say, "Go 'way; I hate you." I'm ashamed of that now, but it doesn't make up for the fact that it happened.

Dad was a famous man long before I climbed out of my playpen. But he was Mister Nobody from Kansas City when he first landed in Hollywood, in July, 1923.

Back in Kansas City he had a record of failure in the animated-cartoon business. When he got off the train in California, all he had was a forty-dollar grubstake, a suitcase full of odds and ends, and the clothes on his back. The coat didn't match the pants, either.

"But I had some ideas," he told me the other day.

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance, I was twenty-one years old. And I resolved not to marry until I was at least twenty-five and had ten thousand dollars saved."

"So what happened?" I asked.

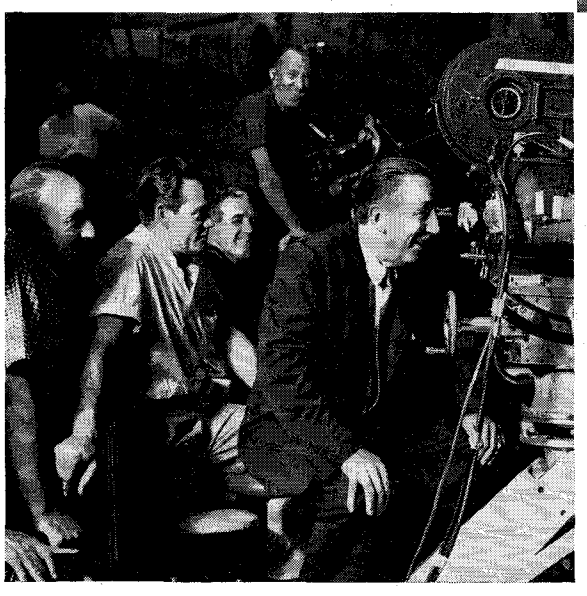
"So I met your mother," Dad replied. "But that was later on."

We went back to 1923, before he met her. When Dad arrived in Los Angeles, he moved in with his father's brother, Robert Disney. He paid Uncle Robert five dollars for his first week's room and board, washed up and went out to find a job in a movie studio. But he didn't expect to get into cartoon animation. The competition was pretty hot. Paul Terry's Aesop's Fables were very successful then, and Felix the Cat was going great guns. Dad thought, *I should have hit the cartoon business six years ago. Now it's too late.*

So he left his cartoon samples in his suitcase and went around Hollywood looking for a job as a movie director. At twenty-one he had everything figured out. Since every studio had a lot of directors,

(Continued on Page 67)

The Disney girls—Diane and Sharon (*at typewriter*)—with their famous papa. The disinterested toddler is Diane's daughter, Joanna.



Walt at work today. Back in the old days, Walt did all the drawing and camera work on his cartoons himself.

NEXT WEEK . . .

By 1931, Walt was a big success, and his cartoons were being grabbed up as fast as he could turn them out. Then it happened: he had a nervous breakdown.

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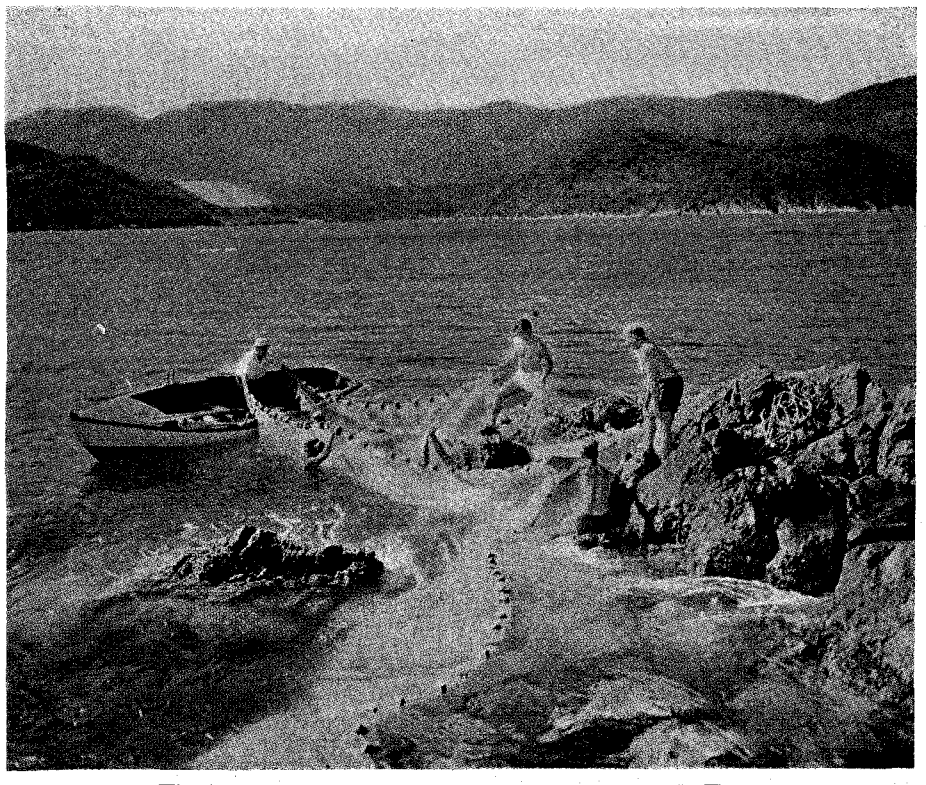

The fishing is easy at Water Island. Across the bay is St. Thomas, second largest of the American Virgin Islands. New York is 6½ hours away by air.

The cottage above was originally a latrine. It belongs to Mr. and Mrs. James Rabbitt, early colonizers who also own a converted barracks and live in a former BOQ.

An Island of Their Own

How a Texas couple turned an old Army outpost into a Caribbean-isle resort, where settlers live happily in converted gun emplacements and former latrines.

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

Walter Hershell Phillips hadn't the foggiest notion of ever owning—not to speak of populating—a tropical island when he started looking around for a country home some ten years ago. Phillips, a transplanted Texan who had spent thirty confining years on Wall Street as an investment broker, simply wanted a house and some land in a warm and quiet spot to which he and his wife, Floride, could someday retire and grow old in comfort. The odd and tangential course on which this search led them finally deposited the surprised Phillipses on a beautiful, deserted 500-acre island in the American Virgin Islands, and three years later found them running a cottage-type resort hotel and mothering a growing community of colonists who want a palm-tree-and-trade-wind existence—with all modern conveniences into the bargain. The developments which resulted in this strange and satisfactory situation—a sort of Robinson Crusoe saga with modern trappings—could constitute Lesson 1 in the primer on How to Retire, the Hard Way.

The dream of someday retreating to an island in the sun, where the only footprints in the sand are your own, is one of the most persistent and pleasant of harassed mankind's leisure-time activities. About the only people who seem to be immune to the lure of this imagined escape are the very young, who don't mind cold weather; the idle rich, who have no problems; and natives who already live on tropical islands. The natives, for reasons which are beyond this reporter's comprehension, usually want to migrate to the nearest big mainland city and drive a taxi.

The island dream, unfortunately, usually turns out to be a romantic hallucination. Though most of us are forced to endure the dream's recurrent attacks without undertaking any radical (Continued on Page 131)

The colony's dining hall and lounge are in this old Chemical Warfare Building which overlooks the bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe: Walter and Floride Phillips. At first they thought the island was just a joke.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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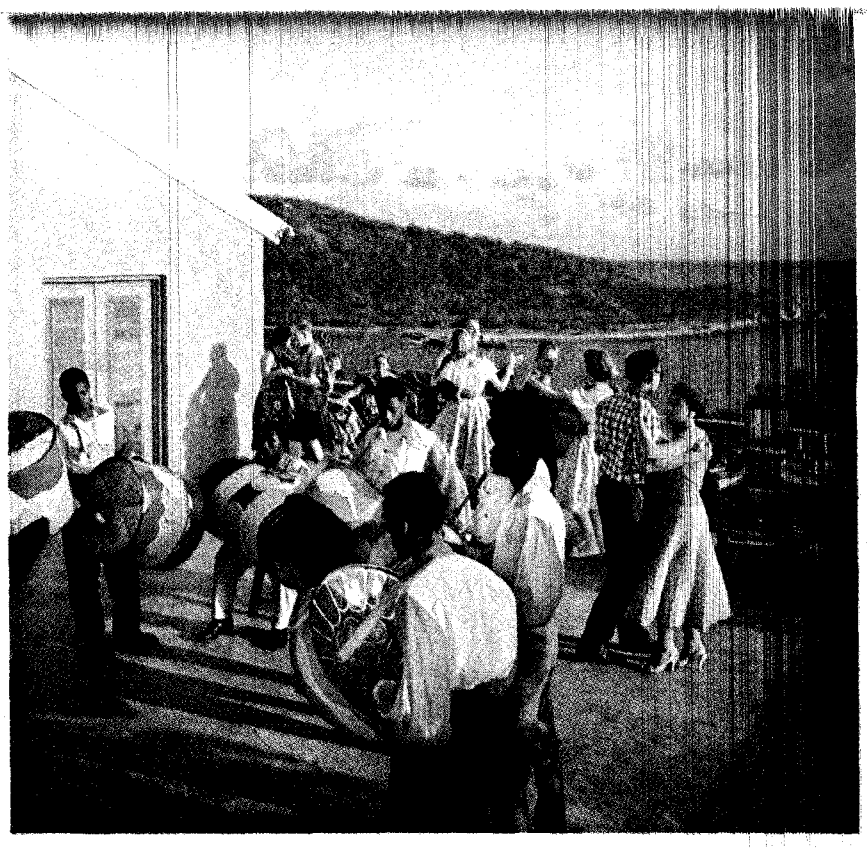
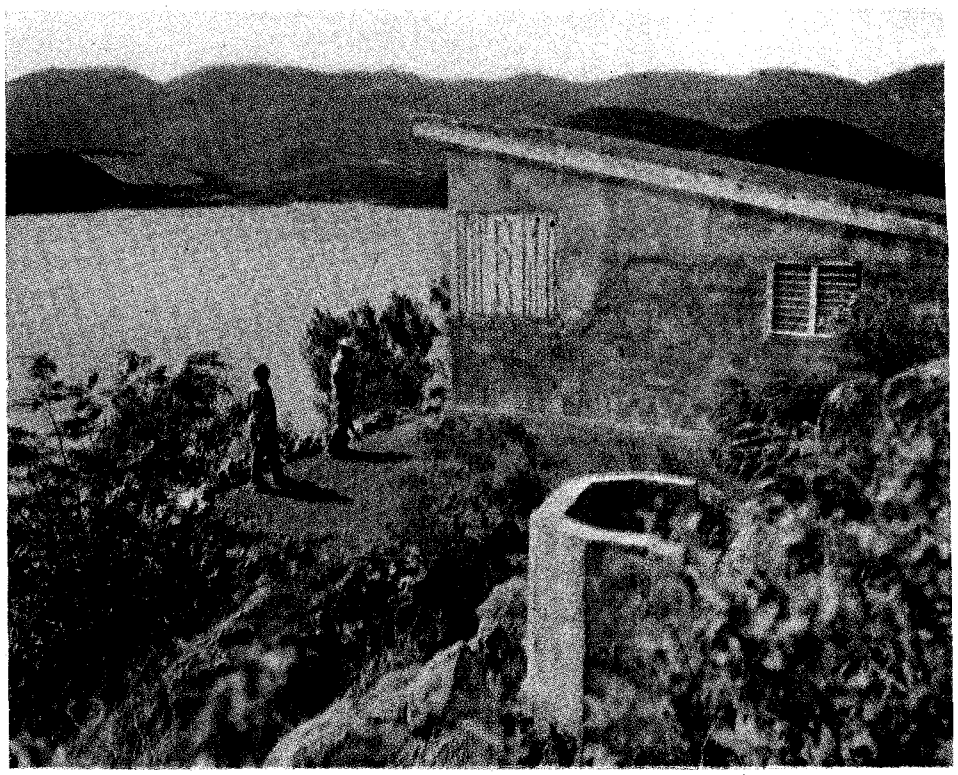


At a Saturday-night dance, a native "steel band" from St. Thomas bangs out calypso music on instruments made of old oil drums.



This searchlight shelter was built to illuminate St. Thomas harbor if the enemy attacked. Now a sun-loving Massachusetts couple occupy it.

A scratch band of young St. Thomians gives an impromptu concert. The informality and simplicity of life on Water Island appeal to people who want merely to loaf or pick up bargains in the free port of Charlotte Amalie.

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He stood behind her and held her close against him, waiting, giving her time. "We're free," he told her at last.

THE WAY OF LOVE

He didn't realize how much she meant to him until he lost her.

By JEAN BELL MOSLEY

For six steady hours Luke Killian had been grubbing sassafras sprouts, jerking at buckbrush and tearing at saw briers. In a minute now he would stop and eat the two thick sandwiches and drink from the water jug. Then he would resume his work and by nightfall he would have cleared a patch about the size of six of granny's coverlets. And by the end of the summer he would have it all finished, a work he had started three years ago, when he was sixteen.

The mattock was a man's mattock, heavy for boy-man arms, but Luke Killian had a dream and it mattered not that the mattock was heavy, that the sun blistered the back of his neck, that sweat ran into his eyes, making them smart and burn, and that his still-growing body ached and yearned and called out for rest. The tyrant dream was in control and skin and muscle and sinew and nerves were as sniveling servants to be tormented and whiplashed and goaded and driven to and beyond endurance.

He knew the girl was sitting off in the thickety again, watching him, and that mattered little either. He didn't own the thickety and if she wanted to sit there it was her business. He had no time to study out who she was or why she came.

The mattock rose and fell and tugged and pried at the stubborn roots in a rugged rhythm. The brush tore at his forearms and made bloody scratches. But it was as nothing.

Years ago Granny Killian had taken the boy, Luke, down the twisty trail off Piney Bald and marked off a place for him.

"I'll give hit to ye, lad. From yonder gum, across to the plum thickety, along the creek to the boulder and back to the gum again."

"Why for, granny?" he had asked, sobered by her sudden seriousness and thinking he already had all the land he wanted, owning all that he could see as well as the sky above. And granny had had to explain, carefully, so as not to disturb young dreams, that there was a little difference in eye-owning and law-owning. "And don't trash your piece up with debts and mortgages," she added sadly.

Luke had taken a long look at the place, all goldenrod and silken milkweed and autumn spider webs like (Continued on Page 82)

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They call him Wilt the Stilt and colleges fought ruthlessly to get him. Next week he starts to play for Kansas—and after seeing this seven-foot superman in action, experts ask

Can Basketball Survive Chamberlain?

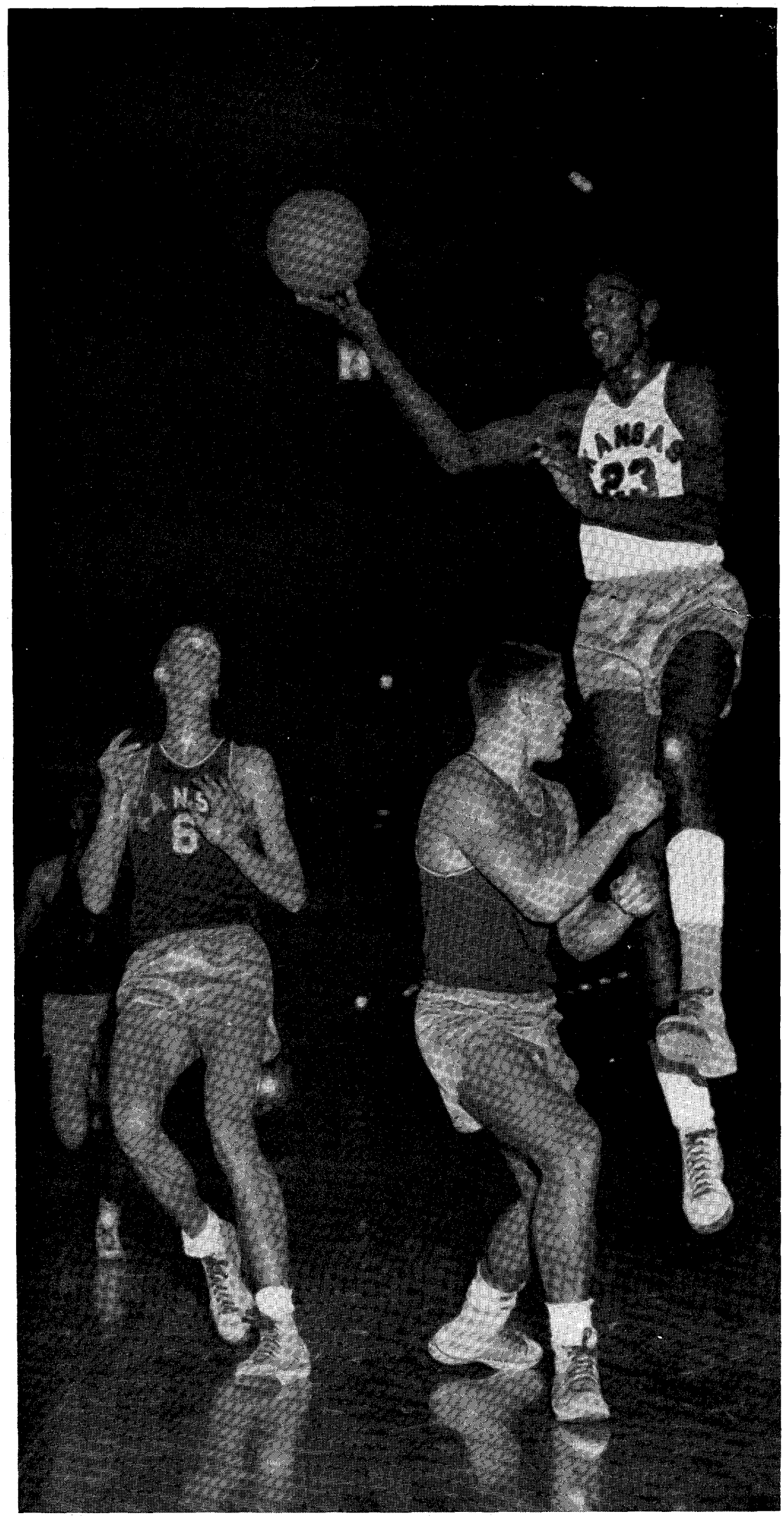
By JIMMY BRESLIN

Wilton Chamberlain, a seven-foot basketball player with the catchy nickname of Wilt the Stilt, is only a sophomore at the University of Kansas. His intercollegiate playing career doesn't start until next week. Yet because of this twenty-year-old Negro athlete, many basketball authorities have already conceded the next three years to Kansas. They expect Chamberlain to be even more dominant than Bill Russell, the six-ten Negro ace of San Francisco's two-time national champions.

There was a brief flurry of speculation that the advent of the Chamberlain era might be delayed when Wilt underwent a throat operation in October. However, the surgery was described as minor and his recuperation as excellent. He was back in action by the time basketball practice started on November first.

Wilt the Stilt has had an advance build-up to compare with that of Clint Hartung—remember him?—who was hailed at the New York Giants' training camp in 1947 as the greatest all-round phenom ever to put on a baseball glove. The Hartung fanfare reached such proportions that veteran scribe Tom Meany observed dryly, "Hartung shouldn't even bother to play. He should report directly to the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown."

In the case of Hartung, whose superman reputation sprang up in Army baseball, it was all an illusion. He turned out to be a performer of limited talents. This won't happen with Wilt Chamberlain. There is no real question about his ability. Along with his height, he has the speed, grace (Continued on Page 104)



Awesome preview: Wilt Chamberlain makes a casual high-altitude lay-up shot in an intrasquad match. The giant sophomore scored an average thirty-five points in each of these games last year.

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In devastated Karnes County, Texas, Dobie Gideon watches rain clouds bypass his once-prosperous 1500-acre ranch. His farm machinery stood idle this year.

Disaster in the Southwest

By LEWIS NORDYKE

A report from the parched plains of Texas, on one of the worst droughts in our country's history.

At Fredericksburg, Tex., an emaciated steer goes up for auction. The drought has forced ranchers on the blistered ranges to sell entire herds or watch them die of thirst.

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To a great number of Texans, 1957 will be a year of crisis. They need rain to survive. For seven long years they have endured a drought that has scorched a vast area in Southern Texas and dried up wells, springs and rivers. Weather Bureau records going back to 1884 tell of nothing so disastrous as this. The siege in this area is judged to be the worst in at least 300 years.

If the drought breaks in 1957, farmers and cattlemen who are still hanging on can pull through. It won't be easy—thousands of them are already broke and in debt. Another year of drought could finish them. Their only hope, even for drinking water in some places, is rain—gentle, widespread rain, enough to heal the stricken land.

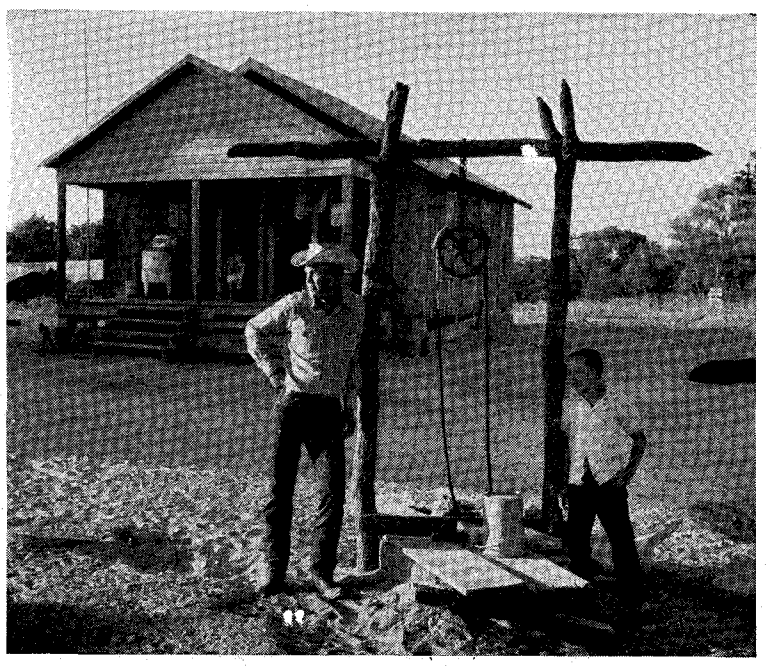
In each of its seven years this drought has spread farther and farther from its starting point along the once-silvery Rio Grande. Now it has crept more than 1000 miles to the north and west into New Mexico, Oklahoma, Kansas and Colorado. The old "dust-bowl" region of the '30's is dry again. In all this area crops have been failing for years. And 1956 was the worst year so far. In Texas alone, dry weather has brought the gross farm income of 1956 down at least $500,000,000 below the figure for 1955, which was itself a bad year.

Tens of thousands of farm people have left the parched land to take factory jobs in Southwestern cities. Those who have stuck to the land have had an uphill pull. Take the case of P. M. Duncan, a veteran of World War II, who has been leasing a farm in West Texas for several years. A short time ago the owner wrote to ask whether he wanted to renew the lease for 1957. Duncan scrawled his reply on a two-cent post card:

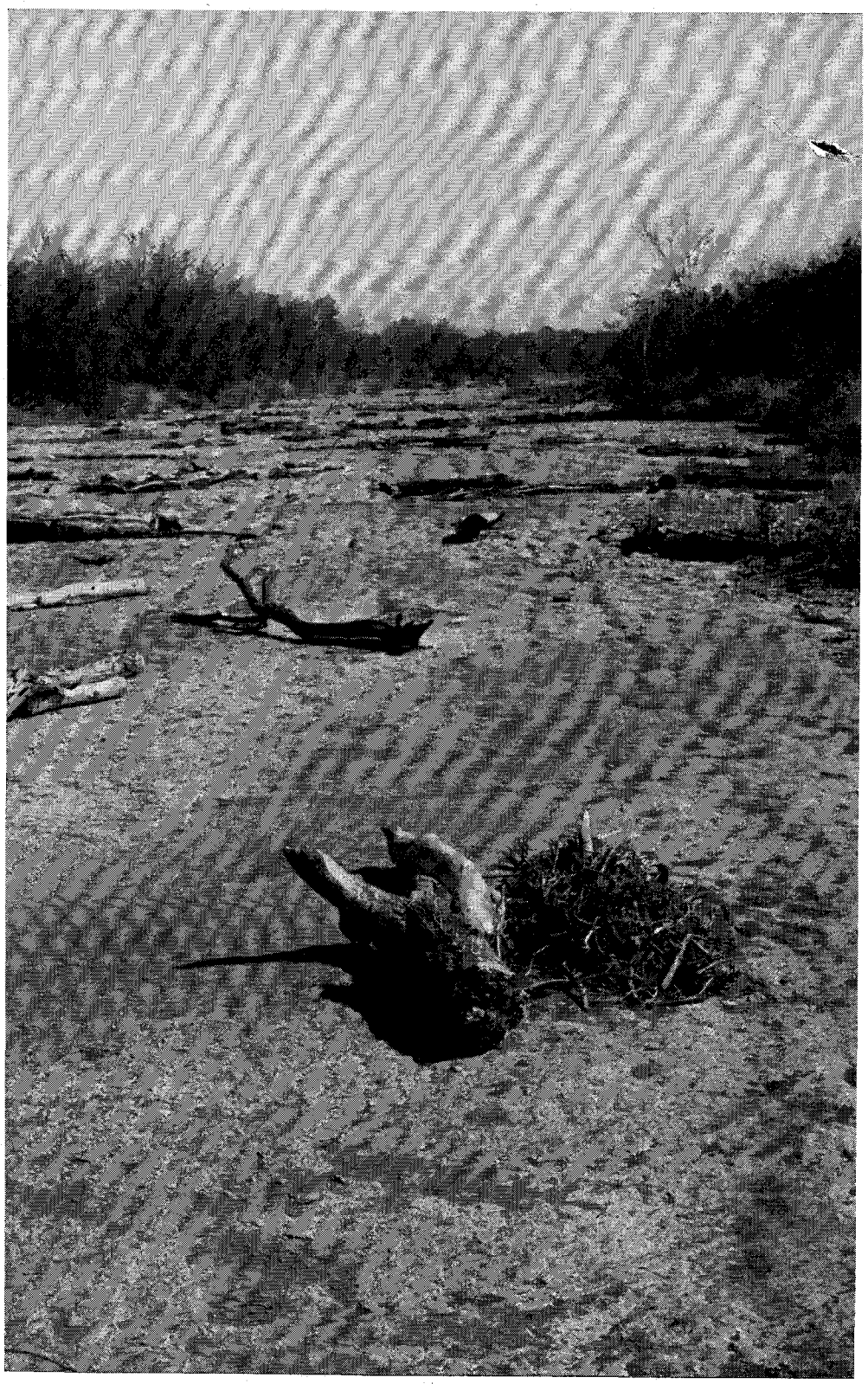
I'm in a VA hospital with stomach ulcers and bad nerves. Left the family at home to see after the farm and stock. I want the place again next year. Maybe someday it will rain.

Sometimes the hard-hit farmers ease their worrying with a flash of (Continued on Page 103)

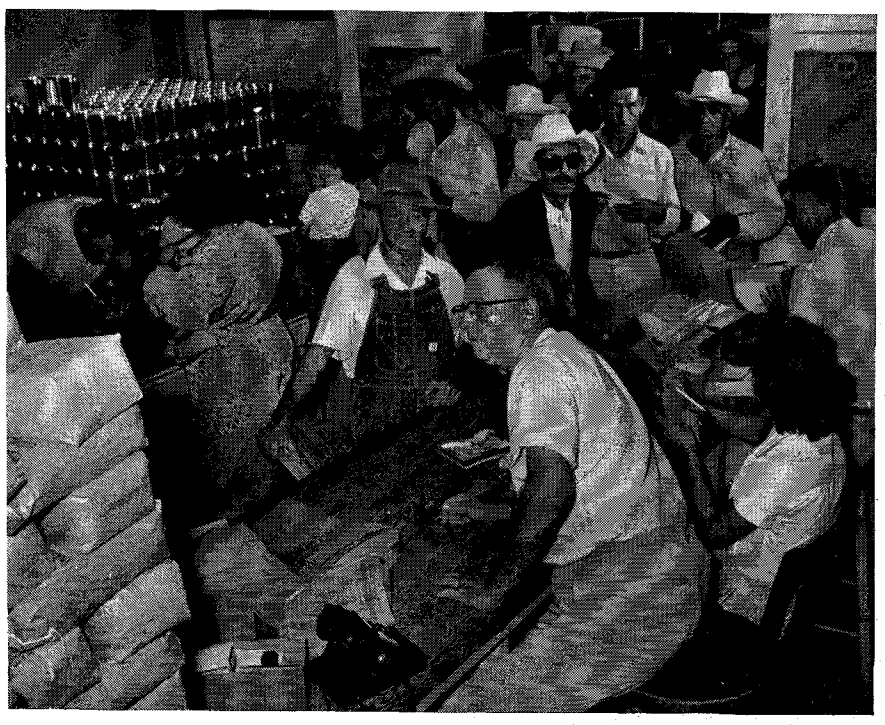
Photographs by Bill Shrout



Bone dry: Texas rancher Kennard Morton dug a new well when this one failed, but the odds are against its lasting long.



This scorched gully in Williamson County, Tex., is the bed of the San Gabriel River. Now Texans are talking of multibillion-dollar dam projects to catch every drop of rain.



Emergency food distribution in stricken Karnes City, Tex. "We'd have been a long time gone without this help," says County Judge W. S. Pickett, foreground.

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Mrs. Betty Shearer (*left*) helps customers find "something different." One customer bought a single Christmas card every day for three months—to beat the sales tax.

Author Bob Washburn and wife Kit and "Cyrano de Bergerac." "How would you like to triple your sales over three years and end up owing the bank more than ever?" he asks.

Success Almost Killed Us

By ROBERT C. WASHBURN

The economics of running a "quaint" old New England gift shop really had the author and his wife stumped for a while. It seemed that the more sales they made, the more money they lost . . .

Some time ago the bells on the front door of our gift shop tinkled gaily and I walked out from the back room to greet a cheerful and generously proportioned customer who was obviously enchanted by the opportunity to browse around an old Connecticut house filled with almost anything odd you could think of buying.

"How quaint!" she exclaimed rapturously. "Oh, you must have such fun running a gift shop in a two-hundred-year-old New England house. Just think of hunting all over to buy distelfinks, bundling boards, niddy noddys—and then selling them for a profit. I envy you!"

I smiled and almost bowed from the hips, but what I was thinking was: *Lady, you don't know the half of it.* My wife, Kit, and I have been running a gift shop on the green in Guilford, Connecticut, for more than six years—and Kit ran it before that—and anyone who thinks it is just one easy round of gaiety is crazier than a distelfink. As for selling a bundling board at a profit—well, I'll come to that shortly.

Not that I want to give you the idea we lead a bleak life. We enjoy our work and our customers, but those customers don't see the weeks of work and worry—the planning, the tedious unpacking of merchandise, the constant rearranging of displays and the never-ending dusting—that must be done behind the scenes to make a shop look quaint, carelessly artistic and honestly interesting.

Gone are the days when we used to lock the front door on a hot August afternoon and put up a sign saying: "Too hot—gone swimming." We've long since discovered that unless we want the bank to foreclose, we had better keep the door open all day every day. And with a house that was built of hewn timbers back in the early days of the New Haven colony, we now have plenty to worry about besides the August heat.

How would you like it, for instance, if a couple of chimney swifts flew out of the fireplace and circled your customer's head just as you were about to close a deal for a genuine Boston rocker?

Or how would you like to drop a half dollar on the floor while making change and see it roll between wide cracks in the floor boards and vanish into the cellar? When I finally got down to the cellar to search for it I also found an earring, a wooden nutmeg and one piece from a jigsaw puzzle, which I carried upstairs just in time to present it to a woman who was indignantly returning the puzzle and demanding her money back. How would you like it if a customer came knocking on your door at midnight on the assumption that anybody crazy enough to run a gift shop would be only too happy to open

(Continued on Page 135)

Sold: One chair.
The shop, once the Guilford, Connecticut, post office, was built in 1772.

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She was throwing the whole base out of whack. Someone had to get rid of

The Airborne Female

By GEORGE MORSE

Col. Pete Baldwin, who commanded a big, sprawling Air Force base in California, frequently observed that airplanes were inherently unpredictable, and that girls were inherently unpredictable, and that therefore no man in his right mind would tangle with both. The colonel had chosen airplanes—it was as simple as that.

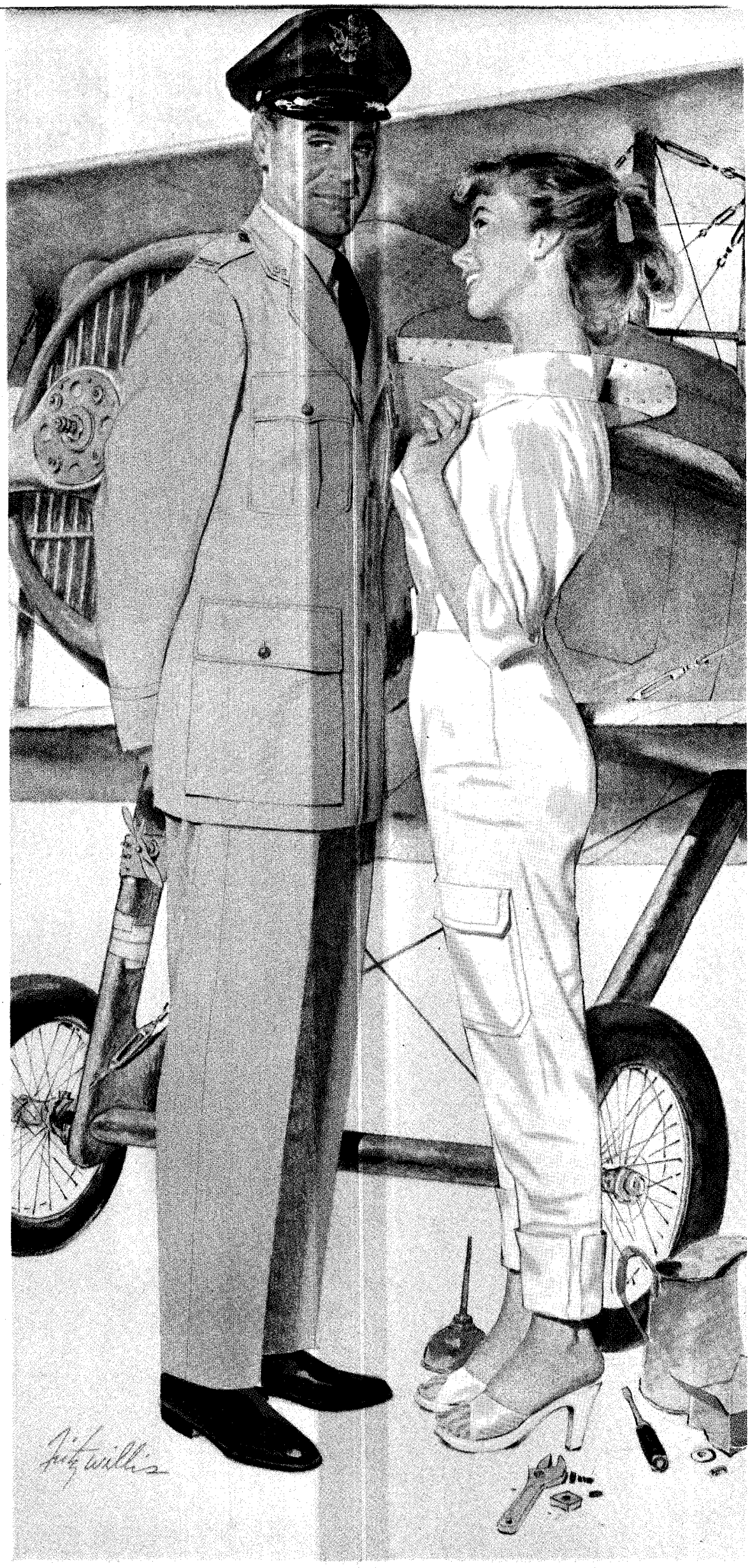
Because he was built like a fullback, with close-cropped hair and nice gray eyes, and because he was famous, the choice had kept him quick on his feet. The girls looked, and put on things that were low-cut, and moved in. If he had to act his rank now and then, it was sheer necessity. If he got restless now and then, and had a strange tendency to fly under a bridge or stay upside down, he didn't know why.

It was restlessness that prompted him one fine morning when the squawk box announced that an unidentified aircraft had landed on his field. He frowned, tossed a pile of papers onto his desk and strode out into the sunshine. His driver, Cpl. Beer Jackson, was lounging in the jeep.

"The flight line," the colonel said.

They came around the corner of Operations and saw the airplane, and his jaw dropped in astonishment. It was a tiny, canvas-covered biplane with an open cockpit, and a maze of wires between the wings, and wheels that could have come off a kid's wagon. There was a wooden prop, and a red-white-and-blue bull's-eye on the side, and it was undoubtedly right out of World War I. In the middle of a line of 600-mile-an-hour jets, it looked as out of place as an Eskimo in a bathing suit, and there was a crowd already.

The colonel pushed through. There was someone in white coveralls; his jaw dropped farther. Girl. She was a miniature girl with dark hair, lively eyes and a pert nose, and she was just plain gorgeous. She saw him and gave a snappy salute. (Continued on Page 120)



"Well, for heaven's sake!" the girl exclaimed as Pete approached. "Look at all the rank I've brought out!"

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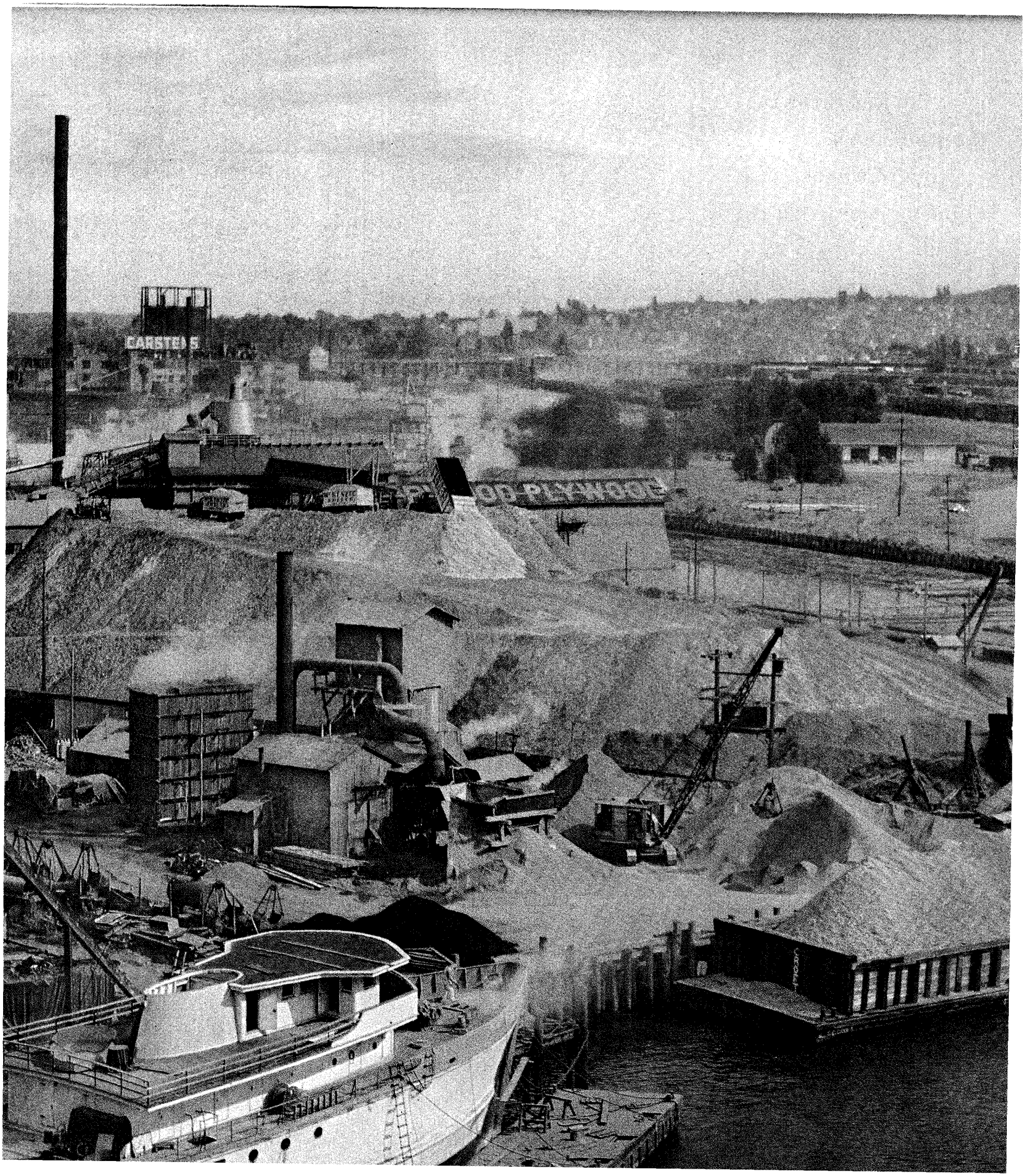

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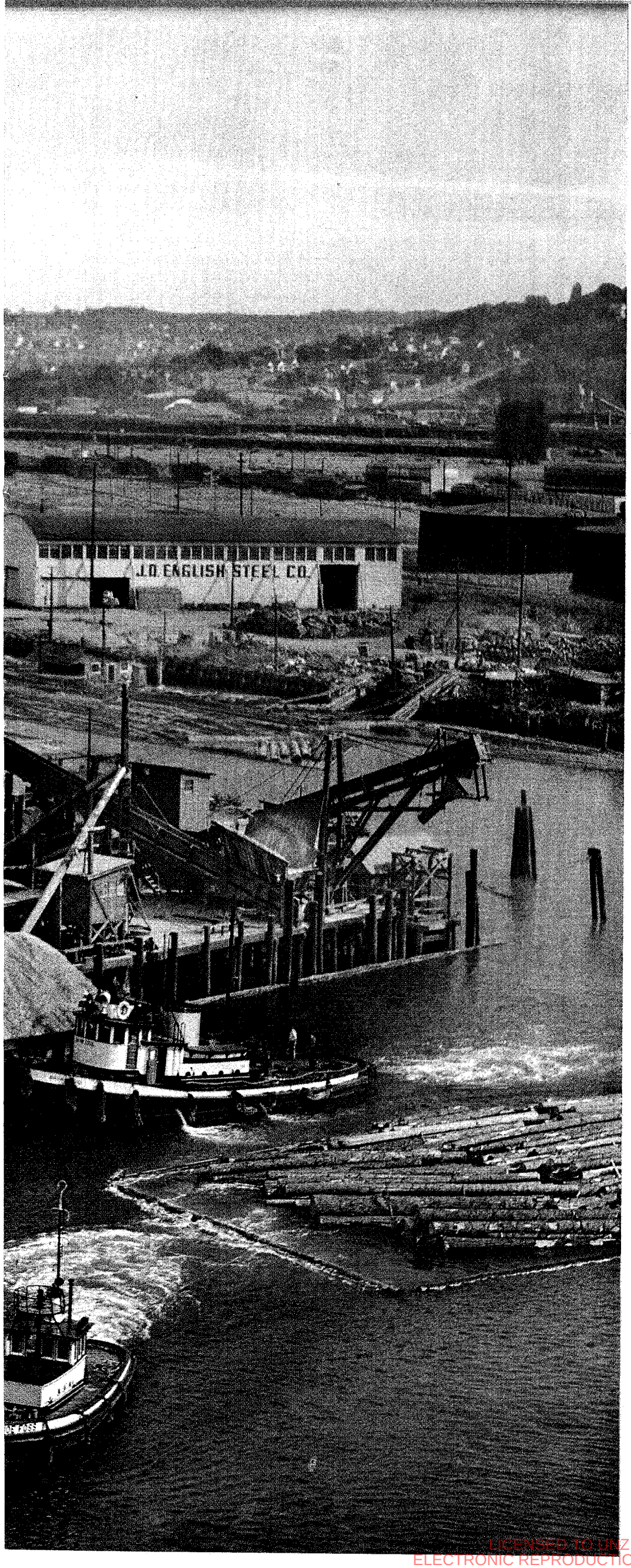

The Face of AMERICA

Tugboats of Tacoma

In the northwest corner of the U.S.A. the Pacific extends a watery arm—Puget Sound—into the state of Washington. Here lie great bustling seaports and dozens of lesser cities, all connected by hundreds of miles of waterway. This is the native habitat of Tugboat Annie. Without tugboats, the industry of this Puget Sound city, Tacoma, would be crippled. At lower right, the powerful little tug, Joe Foss, hauls a boom of logs uptide to a sawmill. Astern of the Joe Foss, another tug, the Brynn Foss, pushes a bargeload of sawdust against the pier. The sawdust, waste from Puget Sound mills, will go into the enormous heap dominating the center of the picture. That's the city's woodpile, fuel for the furnaces that heat much of downtown Tacoma via a central system. The pile shown will just about last through the winter. Next summer, with the tugs still hard at work, it will grow again. Inspired, perhaps, by the mighty height of Mount Rainier—the snowy peak in the background—the tugboats of Tacoma never stop trying to build the biggest pile of sawdust in the world. Photograph by John Bickel

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The Firing of Tugboat Annie

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Was it possible? After all her faithful years, was this the end of Annie's career?

Days after the heavy midsummer gale had screamed away into the far, bleak reaches of the Bering Sea, marks of its violence remained, in splintered tidewater shacks, stove-in small craft and shored-up buildings along the busy main street of Port Ugachak, sprawling headquarters and distributing point for the new Aleutian Island system of defense bases and hydroelectric projects. Isolated from fresh mainland supplies by the storm, commodity prices had soared, and adding tension to the town's raw, brawling life was the intense and unusual heat wave that had succeeded the gale. And in the small lobby of the Tundra Hotel, Angus Campbell, the commissary contractor, a big, red-faced man with hard, calculating eyes, irritably mopped his sweat-glistening neck.

"Never been as hot as this before, and I've lived in Alaska for years!" he rasped. "And I'm worried!"

"Worried?" Alec Severn, plump, good-natured little president and owner of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company, of Secoma, suspended the folded newspaper he was using as a fan.

"That bargeload of fresh fruit and vegetables I'm expecting. Of course the cargo's iced down. But still ——"

"Why worry?" Severn reassured him. "Weather's calm now, so there's nothing to

"This is it," Alec told her. "You're through!"

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Illustrated by James Bingham

"Well, ye bag o' secondhand tripe," Bullwinkle roared, "what's wrong wi' you?"

delay it." He smiled. "And when she does get in, you'll really clean up!"

"Yes. Top prices," Campbell agreed complacently. "And by the way, thanks for locating that barge for me in Skagway."

Severn nodded. "It's old, but the best I could do on such short notice. Sorry I didn't have one of my own rigs in port to tow it here for you. And that brings me to what I flew up here from Secoma for. You've got this big contract to provision the island construction camps, Campbell, and I've got the equipment to haul your stuff. How about it?"

Campbell looked dubious. "It's a little early to commit myself. And I've been talking with Captain Bullwinkle, of the Salamander. He put in here to get his tug's radio fixed, and ——"

"He's capable," Severn agreed. "So's his tug. But I've got my biggest vessel up here, too, towing construction material. The Narcissus. She's as big as Bullwinkle's Salamander, though not quite so fast. And the skipper knows these northern waters like the palm of her hand."

"Her hand?" Puzzled, Campbell emphasized the pronoun.

Severn grinned. "Yes, she's a woman. Tugboat Annie Brennan. And she's the best towboat skipper between here and the Mexican border! Look, she's leaving this afternoon on a towing job to Amatka, but right now we'll find her at the Pribiloff Café. Let's go up there, so you can meet her."

"We-ell ——" Campbell still was dubious. "I don't know."

Severn got up from his chair. "She's a character!" he said, and chuckled. "Just a big, lovable character—and she sure knows her job. Come on."

They emerged into the hot noonday glare of the busy street, crowded with heavily laden trucks, its wooden sidewalks jammed with longshoremen, fishermen and husky construction workers. Then, as they reached the restaurant, the door burst open and two struggling, kicking, wildly swinging figures tumbled out, followed by the enthusiastic patrons of the Pribiloff Café, their numbers swiftly augmented by curious passers-by.

Quickly Severn and Campbell stepped back out of the way. Then Severn's eyes suddenly focused, and with a strangled, furious "Annie!" he jumped into the battle and dragged out, struggling and vociferously protesting, the disheveled and belligerent master of the tug Narcissus, Tugboat Annie.

"Lemme thump him again!" she bellowed, shaking a massive fist at her powerful, bandy-legged and bristle-headed foe as, nursing an incipient shiner, he rose from the sidewalk. "Lemme at that shark-nosed, swivel-eared son of a skinamaroo!"

"Annie!" Severn shook her violently. "Pipe down, you disgraceful biddy! I've warned you to leave Bullwinkle ——"

"What do I do?" interrupted Annie furiously. "Jest stand there like I was putrified, whiles he throws a glass o' beer in me face?"

"Whose beer was it, ya fat cow?" yelled Mr. Bullwinkle, outraged. "Mine! That's whose! Ya stole it the minute me back was ——"

"I wuz on'y borrerin' a teentsy lousy sip!" she countered. "To see if yer glass would pizen me or not!"

"Ain't my fault it didn't!" Mr. Bullwinkle said. "Anyways, you hit me again an' I'll clunk ——"

Quickly he dodged, but not before Annie, lunging forward, had bestowed upon him a hearty kick. And such was the energy of her renewed attack that Mr. Bullwinkle prudently took off, in a rapid, crablike shamble, along the street, while the grinning crowd dispersed. And in the sudden pause Campbell commented ironically, as if to himself, "'Just a big, lovable character.'"

Annie glanced at him. "Who's this funny-lookin' gafoozler?" she demanded of her employer. "What's he stickin' his beak in fer?"

"This, you old harridan," Severn answered furiously, "is Mr. Angus Campbell, of ——"

"Oh-oh!" said Annie, aghast. "Not—not the Anguish Campbell ye was tryin' to pry that towin' contrack outta? . . . Look, mister"—she turned to him—"now I git a reel good look at ye ——"

But Campbell, purple-faced, already was stalking away.

"Well, how do ye like that!" cried Annie, virtuously indignant to Severn. "After sprainin' me gizzard to be polite ——"

"Annie," Severn interrupted, "get back to your vessel. And when you return here from that tow to Amatka, I'll have an airplane ticket home waiting for you—and a new master for the Narcissus!"

Annie stared. "Alec, ye don't mean that!"

"Mean it? This is it, Annie," he told her. "You're through."

Early in the afternoon the Narcissus, towing a bargeload of construction timbers, cleared the harbor and set her course for Amatka. Island after island rose out of a glass-smooth sea and fell astern, as the day progressed; yet even after nightfall it was still almost as light as day—that mysterious and beautiful Alaskan summer twilight which would last till dawn.

Peter, the mate, was at the wheel, while Annie stood at the rail outside the pilothouse, silent and morose; and although the air was cooler on the water, this did nothing to lessen her restless unease.

"Kin you imagine," she said morosely through the open doorway, "bein' fired over a bobcat-an'-ragtail like Bullwinkle?"

"Forget it," said Peter. "Time we get back Alec'll ha' ——"

"Not this time," Annie replied. "Mebbe if he hadn't that icicle-puss Campbell wid him—but we was goin' at it, hammer an' nails. Oh, well"—and suddenly her big shoulders shook with mirth—"'twas a good scrap whiles it lasted. An'—tee-hee!—ye shouldha' saw Bullwinkle's stabboard lamp! . . . Yeah, Clem?" for the Narcissus' radio operator had come up beside her.

"I thought you ought to know, Annie," he said, "that the Salamander's somewhere astern of us."

"How'd ye find that out?" asked Annie quickly.

"Heard him talking over his radiophone to a purse seiner as he left port. And he was griping about the bad job they did ashore on his long-range radio. Says he's going to fix it himself, because it's still not working."

"Where's he bound, did ye hear?"

"Amatka, same as us. He's picking up a string of dumb barges there and towing 'em back to Port Ugachak."

"O.K., Clem. Thanks. An' lemme hear if there's anythin' new. Mebbe I'll ketch me some shut-eye fer a while."

Time dragged, and in her bunk Annie tossed and fidgeted, unable to sleep. Then, in despair, she got up, about to relieve Peter at the wheel, when there was a long, loud rapping on her cabin door.

"It's me again, Annie!" said Clem's voice urgently. "I just got an emergency radio call! Red Halloran's Firefly's in trouble!"

Instantly Annie opened the door. "How d'ye know?"

"His operator started sending something about the barge they were towing being abandoned and adrift, and ——"

"That's Campbell's bargeful o' fresh grub, what I heerd about in port! They sailed from Skagway two days ago. What else?"

"His Morse was hard to make out—as if he was drunk or hurt. (Continued on Page 96)

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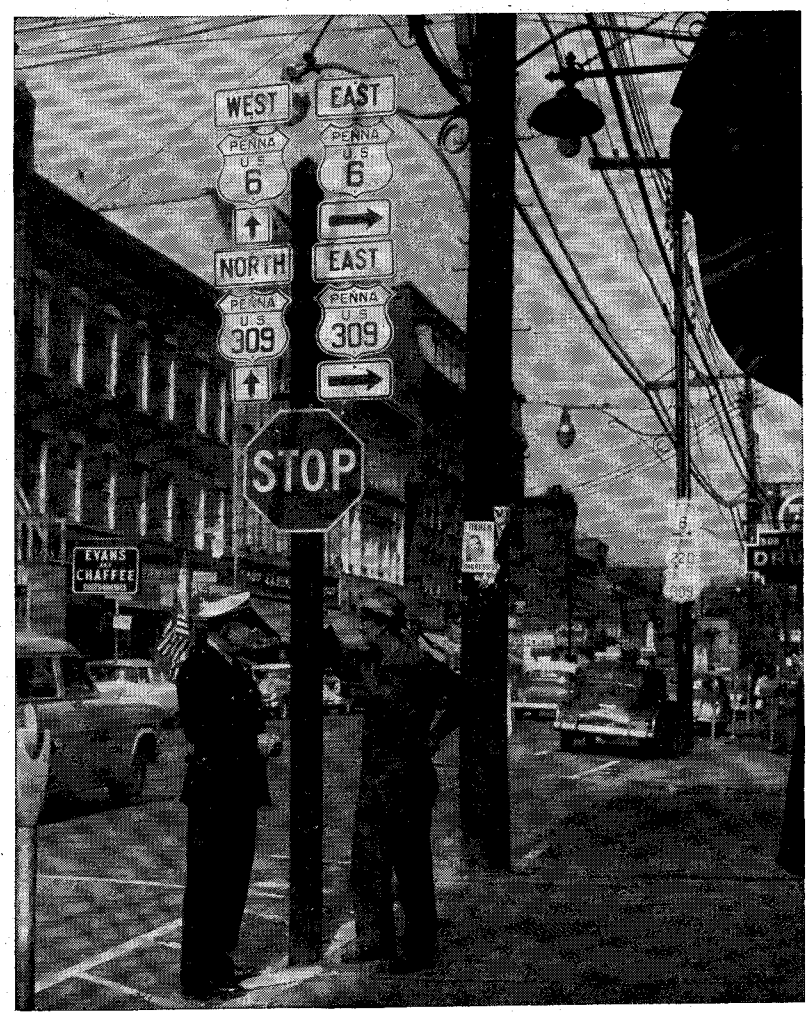
How a Hick Cop Helped Break the Brink's Case

By
ROWLAND T. MORIARTY
and
FREDERICK A. McCORD

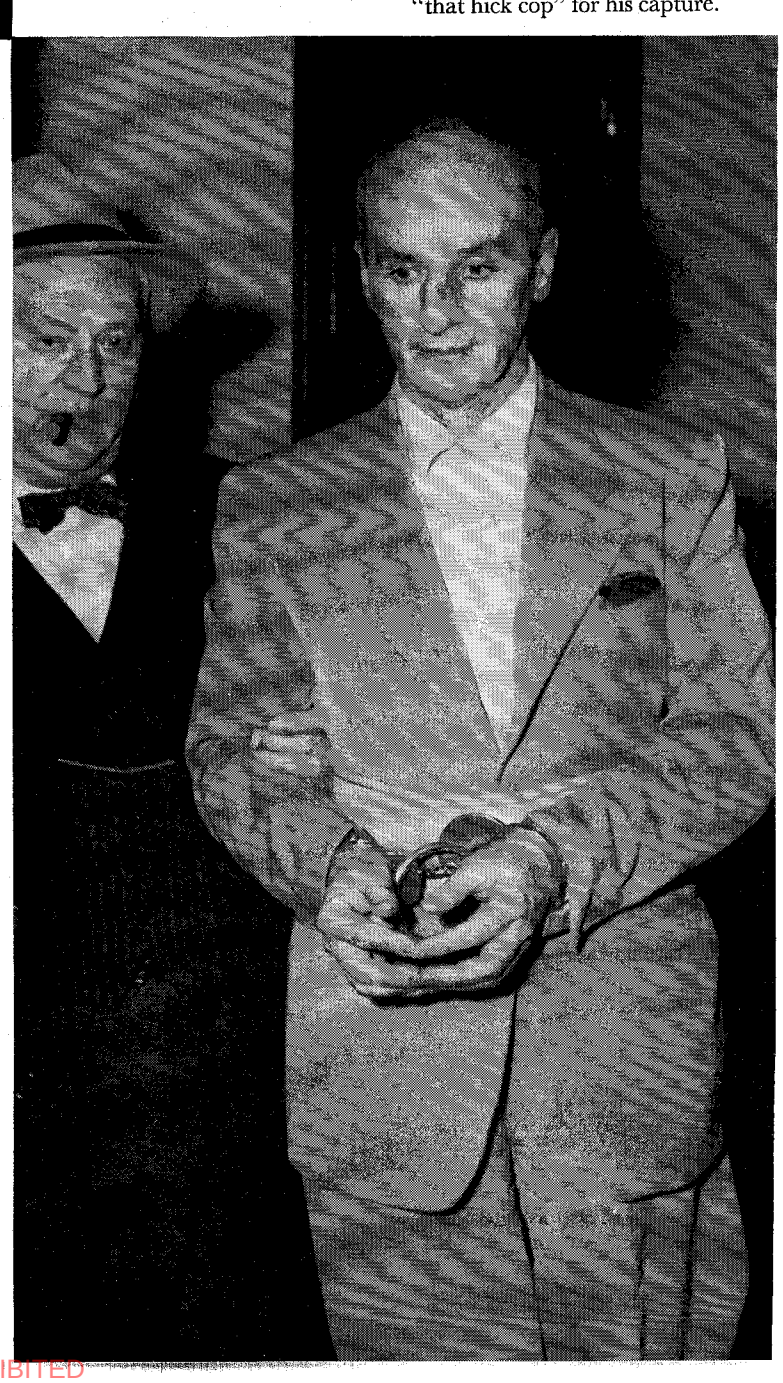
The Brink's robbery, biggest cash holdup in the records of crime, might still be unsolved if it hadn't been for this small-town police chief.

Dean Meredith, chief of police at Towanda, Pennsylvania. His FBI training helped him nab "Specs" O'Keefe, the bandit who spilled the beans in the million-dollar robbery, after the FBI itself lost the trail.

Meredith back on the job at the intersection where he identified two polite tourists as bandits O'Keefe and Stanley Gusciora, another Brink's robber. To avoid gunplay, the chief trailed them outside the city.



January, 1956: O'Keefe pleads guilty and turns state's witness. After fingering the mob for double-crossing him in splitting the loot, he bitterly blamed "that hick cop" for his capture.



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Dean Meredith is a bull of a man. He is six feet two, and 215 pounds of flesh, bone and muscle. He has a ruddy face and steely blue eyes. Of his job, he says, "I'm a hick cop." He is the $4167-a-year chief of the four-man police force at Towanda, Bradford County, Pennsylvania (pop. 4227).

His biggest problems on the job are (1) traffic at a four-way crossroads; (2) occasional petty theft; and (3) weekend drunks who in Towanda are not numerous or unruly.

June 12, 1950, was a warmish, bright summer day in Towanda. Chief Meredith was directing traffic; north, toward New York State and Canada; south, Washington and Miami; west, Cleveland and San Francisco; and east, Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

A late-model car drew to a slow stop at the intersection and the driver called over to Meredith, "Officer, are we headed to New York?"

It was the kind of question that Meredith answers most often. Now, as he strode over to the car to straighten out the driver, he was also going to help bring about an answer to a question intriguing the nation. It was one that had been raised five months before by the biggest holdup for cash in the annals of American crime, the Brink's robbery. The question: Who did it? Meredith was going to do a good deal to encourage the inquiring motorist to tell. The man at the wheel was Joseph James (Specs) O'Keefe, and O'Keefe's past and present fortunes were these:

He was driving a 1949 car, but he had only sixty-one dollars to his name and that cash was in his pocket. It was discouragingly small to O'Keefe, who reasoned that he was worth more than $90,000. He'd spent two years planning what he called "the big score" at the Brink's garage and counting house in Boston. He'd been the masked leader of the seven masked gunmen who made the holdup raid on January 17, 1950. He'd been the last to leave.

The haul was a history-making $1,218,000, and "a big score" indeed. O'Keefe was present when it was split among the seven actual holdup men and four who had helped in other ways. When ten $1000 bills and about $100,000 additional in brand-new bills were set aside as "trouble money," to be distributed after the trouble associated with them could be overcome, O'Keefe's share came to about $100,000.

As one of Boston's most ill-famed holdup men, O'Keefe anticipated police curiosity concerning his whereabouts at the time of the holdup. He therefore arranged with one of his less notorious holdup companions to hide his share. Police had O'Keefe in escrow for questioning for a couple of days and then released him. O'Keefe reclaimed his money and counted it again. He was annoyed to find it shrunk to $98,000. A $2000 storage fee had been extracted.

O'Keefe took $5000 and gave the $93,000 to another holdup companion to hold. He was never to see the $93,000 again. On June 12, 1950, he'd been trying to look at it for five months. He was getting exasperated by the separation and was setting out to effect a reconciliation.

Helping him was Stanley Gusciora. Gusciora was one of the Brink's robbers. Like O'Keefe he had been cheated in the split, but for how much has not been made clear. He and O'Keefe thus had a common grievance. Beyond that, they were personal friends. And now they were on their (Continued on Page 116)

Mrs. Ruth Bull, Towanda restaurant owner. For $100 a month she provided O'Keefe—a very well-heeled prisoner—with chicken and chops in his cell.

O'Keefe's pal Stanley Gusciora (handcuffed) at his arraignment for his part in the Brink's holdup. He was already serving 25 years for another theft.

Elmer "Trigger" Burke, the New York killer hired to silence O'Keefe. He fired thirty machine-gun slugs, but only creased his victim.

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RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

Working quietly and under cover, they tried to head off a political assassination . . .

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

Illustrated by William A. Smith

"Lock that door," Gibson ordered. "I'm sorry to barge in this way, but I've had a hunch that I'm hot as a pistol."

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By the time he left Honolulu for Tokyo, Jack Rhyce was positive that he and Ruth Bogart were in the clear. So far, at least, their cover seemed to be working perfectly.

Both Jack and Ruth were United States Intelligence agents. They were being sent to Tokyo to assist a fellow undercover man, Bill Gibson. Gibson had learned that the communists in Tokyo were planning a political assassination to be followed by anti-American demonstrations.

The man directing the show for the Reds was an American. Our agents had not been able to identify this renegade, but they knew his cover name to be Ben Bushman.

"Your main mission is this Big Ben," the chief told Jack. "I want him located and taped."

Jack took the cover role of an American educator employed by the Asia Friendship League. Ostensibly, he was going to Japan to make a survey of the league's activities there. Ruth Bogart was to act as his assistant.

In San Francisco, the day before their departure, Jack and Ruth were accosted by a young Japanese-American. He explained that he had overheard a part of their conversation.

"You were saying you hoped to hear Big Ben strike in Tokyo over the BBC," said the boy; then he added that if they needed a guide in Tokyo they should look up his uncle. He gave Jack the man's address.

Jack was still uncertain as to the significance of this meeting when his plane landed on Wake Island. There, he and Ruth took a short walk around the beach. They encountered a tall, beautifully built blond man who was emerging from the surf, and loudly singing a song.

Significantly, Jack had heard the same man singing the same song in the hallway of his hotel in San Francisco. And now, in a moment of intuition, Jack knew that this man was Big Ben.

II

The first time Jack Rhyce had seen the islands of Japan from the air was when he had flown over Tokyo as an Intelligence observer, on a B-29 bombing mission. They had come in from the sea on that occasion, on much the same line of approach that they were making now.

He could see the bright green of the paddies, now that the plane was letting down, and he could also distinguish the lighter green of bamboo and the darker shades of giant fir trees. The fishing boats off the coast added a last touch to the broad picture of the Japanese struggle for existence.

Japan's army was gone, and its navy, but not, as the chief had said back in Washington, its national will to live. In Jack Rhyce's second visit to Japan, his brief trip during the occupation, the Japanese in defeat had seemed more bewildering to him than they ever had before. They had been picking up the Tokyo wreckage as though nothing devastating had happened, smiling cheerfully in the depth of their misfortunes. After all, there had been too many earthquakes, too many tidal waves, not to have had a deep influence on the national point of view.

Moto's hand moved with astonishing rapidity as he reached inside his purplish-blue coat.

On this his third arrival, he was not surprised to find that the new air terminal was much handsomer than any in New York, shining with glass and plastic. The immigration official hardly glanced at him as he stamped the passport, and the customs examination was only a formality.

"Well," he said to Ruth Bogart, "that's that."

"I wish you wouldn't keep making that remark," she said. "Maybe that and that will add up to something else someday."

"We may as well get a taxi to the hotel," he said, "and not wait for the limousine. Nobody around here seems interested in us."

"I hope you're right. I don't want to go into an act right now. My heavens, I'm tired."

He wished that he were feeling more alert himself because it was hard to trust decisions made under the strain of fatigue. He noticed that the main concourse at the airport was not crowded, except for the smallish group that had come to meet the plane—hotel and travel agents, and friends of the passengers.

"Taxicab?" he said to the porter.

The porter, dressed in coveralls with the airline's name stitched across it, smiled and shook his head.

"Limousine," he said. "All people go in big limousine. Will stop at all hotels."

"No, no," Jack Rhyce answered slowly. "The lady and me—taxicab."

He was just as tired as Ruth Bogart. He did not want to be in a crowded car, and he was so anxious to make his point that he was not aware that anyone had been watching until a small, middle-aged Japanese, dressed in a business suit of an unpleasant purplish-blue color, stepped toward him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. His hair was grayish and close-clipped, and he bowed in the manner of an older generation. "Do I speak to Mr. Rhyce?"

Jack Rhyce had honestly thought until that moment that they were in the clear. The main thing, he told himself, was not to appear too careful.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm Mr. Rhyce."

The Japanese smiled again, and Jack Rhyce saw that both his upper incisor teeth were gold-covered.

"I am so very glad, sir. May I introduce myself?" His voice was high and slightly monotonous. He gave a nervous, deprecating laugh, and his hand moved with astonishing rapidity as he snatched a wallet from inside his purplish-blue coat and whipped a name card out of it.

"Please," he said, holding out the card.

"Why, thanks," Jack Rhyce said as he took the card, "thanks a lot."

The thing to do was to take it slowly and clumsily.

"I. A. Moto," he said, reading aloud from the card. "Well, well, let's see, that name rings a bell somewhere." Finally he allowed himself to break into a relieved smile. "Yes. I've got it now." He pulled out his own wallet and thumbed eagerly

(Continued on Page 110)

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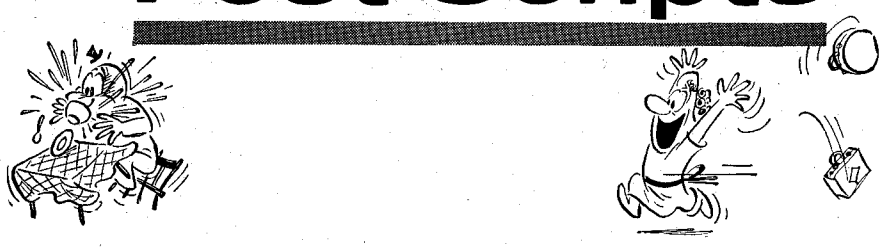
Post Scripts



292 Carolina Lane
Palo Alto, Cal.
Dec 1

2nd Nat'l Bank
Palo Alto, Cal.
Dear Sirs,

The day after Christmas last year I took out a membership in your 1956 Christmas Savings Club. I believe I sent you $5.00 for January and $5.00 for February, however I have lost my savings book so cannot be sure. Will you please check on this and----

7456 Parkdale Ave.
Clayton, Mo.
December 1

Meier & Olds Dept. Store
6th & Grand
City
Attention: Stationery Dept.

Dear Sirs,

On Oct. 16 I ordered 6 dozen JOYEUX NOEL (No. 684) cards printed from you, and I explained specifically to your clerk (No. 7) that they were to read "Nel & Mel Moore" with only one L in Nel because ~~it/is/my/ex/sister~~ that is the way we have it on our match clips, cocktail napkins, bathtowels etc. They came yesterday with two L's and your clerk (No.7) said it is too late to change, but it seems to me the very least you can do is.....

Ivy Hall

Dear Pfc (!!) Marshall—

Honestly it nearly "knocked me off my horse" when Mom wrote that your Mother said you were coming home on leave over Christmas! I'll bet I'll never recognize you—the Army always seems to make fellows so mature! Honestly the fellows here are simply twerps, I mean they're so young! Well anyhow it looks like the old village is going to be bouncing and if you ~~won't~~ care to give me a buzz when you hit town I'll wire you in altho I guess all the silly dances and stuff would just seem childish to you----

Saturday

Dearest Mother & Dad Hawkins,

Here it is already, December 1, and I'll bet you're already kneedeep packing for the annual trek South! We're so glad you'll be out of this foul winter ahead and soaking up some of that gorgeous Fla. sunshine! --The kids are over their colds now, thank goodness, tho Heather still has a cough. John says as soon as things get a little easier he's going to see about getting a really good sunlamp for the family because (can't you just hear him?) the only miracle he can see about miracle drugs is how anybody can afford them! --The Christmas preparations are in full swing around here-- the youngsters are making your presents, I'll have you know, and little Heather started hers over three times while she was still in bed, she was so anxious to have just the right color for "Grammie".....

2015 S.W 17TH AVE

DEAR SANTA CLAUS WE HAVE MOVED, WE LIVED AT 1540 DAVENPORT STREET BUT THIS CHRISTMAS WE LIVE AT 2015 S.W. 17TH AVENVE IT IS A BIG WHITE HOUSE WITH A RED CHIMEY OUR NEW ADDRESS IS 2015 S.W. 17TH AVENUE.....

2407 N.E. 27th Ave,
Portland, Ore.
Dec. 1, 1956

Ace Novelty Gem & Keepsake Co.
Box 14077
New York N.Y.

Gentlemen,
Please send me ^in a plain wrapper One of the 18-karot goldplate Love Bracelets as adv. in Nov. issue of "ZESTY TALES MAGAZINE for $5.95. I want the No. (A) Hearts-Entwined model with one heart engraved "CONNIE" andthe other heart e ngraved "AL." Please send to Mr. Al McCready Jr. at above address and am enclosing a Money Order for $2.

I understand that you will bill me ^in a plain wrapper after Christmas for the rest, and I will send.....

Peg Bracken

"All in all, it was one of the liveliest meetings the chess club ever held."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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LOOKS LIKE Pontiac

Cornered the Market ON "FIRSTS"

It's new from power to personality, this '57 Pontiac, and packed with a carload of fresh ideas that caught the entire industry by surprise! There are over 6-dozen "firsts" in this spanking-new beauty, all proved and polished to perfection in the most grueling road test ever undertaken—the 100,000-mile Marathon Run! Sample the '57 Pontiac's cloud-soft ride, its cat-quick wheel response, the lusty brilliance of its all-new V-8 engine. One mile on the road in this solidly proved newcomer will spoil you for anything else!

FIRST CAR AT ANY PRICE WITH . . .

Star Flight Body Design—*a Pontiac Exclusive—longer and lower than ever before—'57's most distinctive automotive styling.*

New Interior Styling with the "Off-the-Shoulder" Look—*a fashion "first" for '57—perfectly color-matched with the exterior of your choice.*

New Strato-Streak V-8 Engine—*270 h.p. in the Star Chief and Super Chief, 252 h.p. in the Chieftain—with Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic, an extra-cost option.*

Cloud-soft, Level-Line Ride—*the ride sensation of the year—a new suspension system based on a big, road-hugging 124- or 122-inch wheelbase.*

Three Popular-Priced Series: *Star Chief • Super Chief • Chieftain*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

IT'S AMERICA'S NUMBER (1) ROAD CAR!

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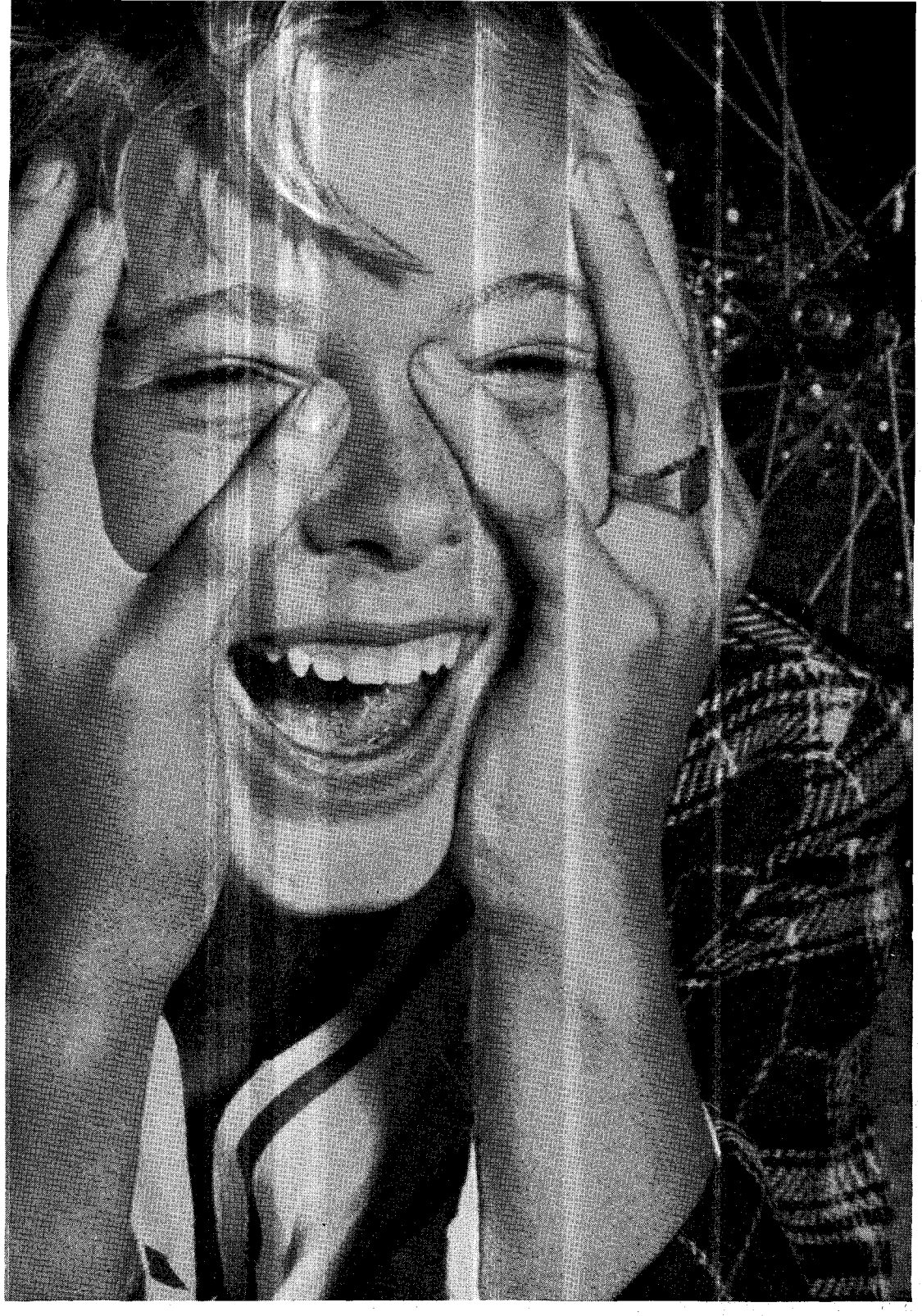


For Christmas, give a new concept in TV pleasure

HOTPOINT Hi·Vi* TV

*"*Hi-Vi*" stands for "high" and "vivid"—Hotpoint's new word describing a new high in vivid, lifelike pictures—and a new high in vivid, realistic sound. "Hi-Vi" promises in TV what "hi-fi" promises in recordings.*

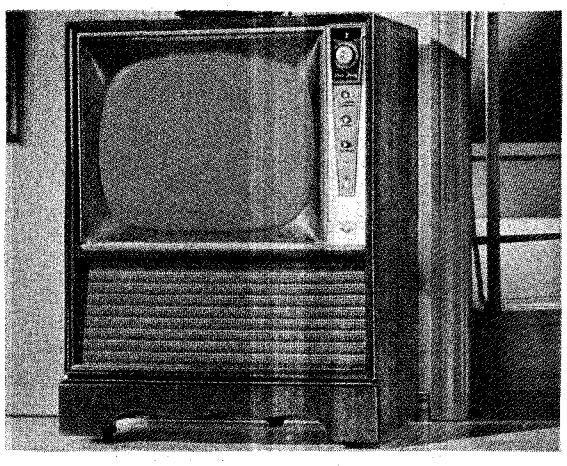
New TV excitement is in store for your family—when they watch Hotpoint's new high in vivid picture, up to 80% brighter—the latest development in the famed aluminized picture tube. And when they hear Hotpoint's new high in vivid sound—bringing out the high-fidelity quality of FM sound that accompanies TV broadcasts.

They'll love Hotpoint's new automatic features—every major TV improvement of the past eleven years! Power Tuning, optional Remote Control, Automatic Matched Sight 'n Sound, Automatic Focus, and special new circuits that mask out the interference that used to cause picture distortion.

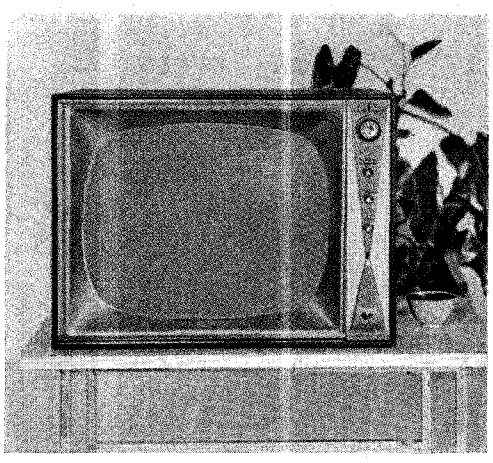
These are the exciting extras Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV offers you. Choose from portables, consoles or table models—priced from $99.95* (slightly higher West and South).

Start your Christmas shopping rounds today, at your Hotpoint TV Dealer's—and what a Santa you will be!

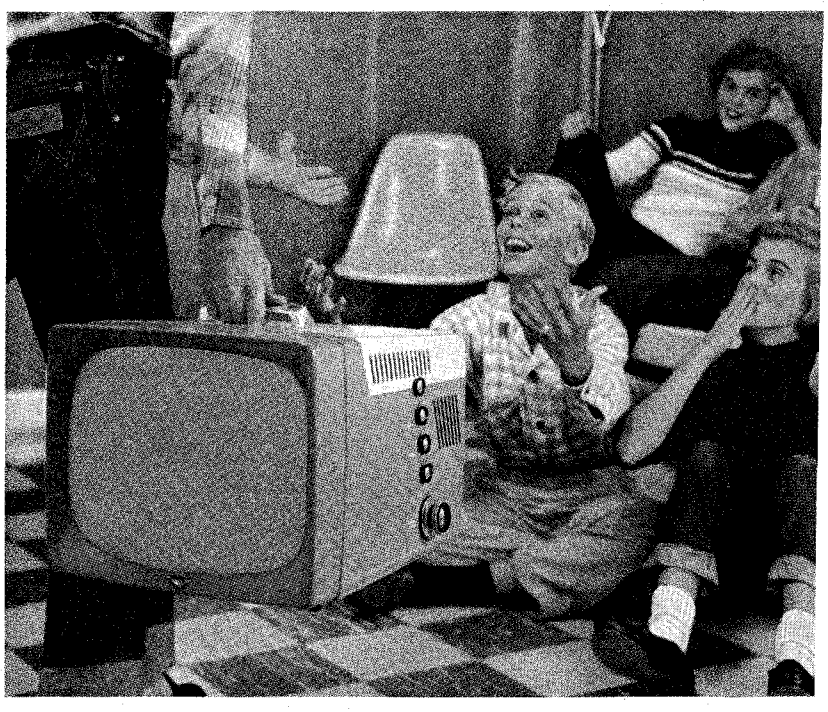
**Manufacturer's suggested retail price.*



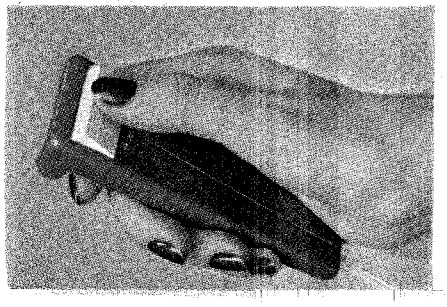
SUPER LUXURY CONSOLE has Power Tuning, optional Remote Control, many other features. 261 square inches of viewable picture area. Shown: Model 21S551.



BRILLIANT TABLE MODEL with Hi-Vi. Low in price but loaded with exciting new features! Ebony finish. 261 square inches of viewable picture area. Shown: Model 21S401.



PORTABLE WITH BIG SCREEN—Made for family fun, this Hotpoint Hi-Vi Portable is the perfect second set! Only 32 lbs. *light*, for real portability—with a big family-sized screen. Choice of vivid colors. 144 square inches of viewable picture area. Shown: Model 17S302.



REMOTE CONTROL (optional equipment) lets you operate Hotpoint Power Tuning from anywhere in the room. **POWER TUNING** finds your favorite channels at the touch of a button, brings in perfect sound and perfect picture automatically. Standard on many new Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV sets.

See these Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV sets at your dealer today!

Hotpoint Hi·Vi TV

Television • Refrigerators • Disposalls®
Ranges • Automatic Washers
Clothes Dryers • Dishwashers
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Air Conditioners • Customline

Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company) • 5600 W. Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Ill.

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"My dream of tropical life—wearing a white suit, smelling flowers and sitting under palm trees—didn't last out the first day in office," confesses Elvidge.

I Ruled Uncle Sam's Problem Child

The author describes his tribulations as governor of Guam, a once-tranquil Pacific territory that is now plagued with a sea of troubles.

By FORD Q. ELVIDGE

At Honolulu's tumultuous airport, a sky liner waited to take off. Passengers chattering in two or three Asian languages inched toward cubicles occupied by customs and immigration officials. The officer who took our passports did not even raise his eyes until he had thumbed through vital pages and glanced at our airline tickets. Then he wasn't pleased. He said, "You're going to Guam? Where's your Navy security clearance?"

I have a small obstinate streak, which chose this moment to appear. I said, "We don't have any."

"You can't," said the officer, "go to Guam without clearance."

I said, "But it's American territory."

"Makes no difference," said he. "You've got to have clearance."

Clearly he was in no mood for extended mysteries, so I changed my tune. I said, "That's too bad, because I've been named governor of the place."

The inspector wasn't overly amused. But the incident did point up the first curiosity about a most (Continued on Page 75)

Royal snafu: Attendants struggled five minutes disentangling the coconut queen's crown from her hairdo after Elvidge put it on her head upside down.

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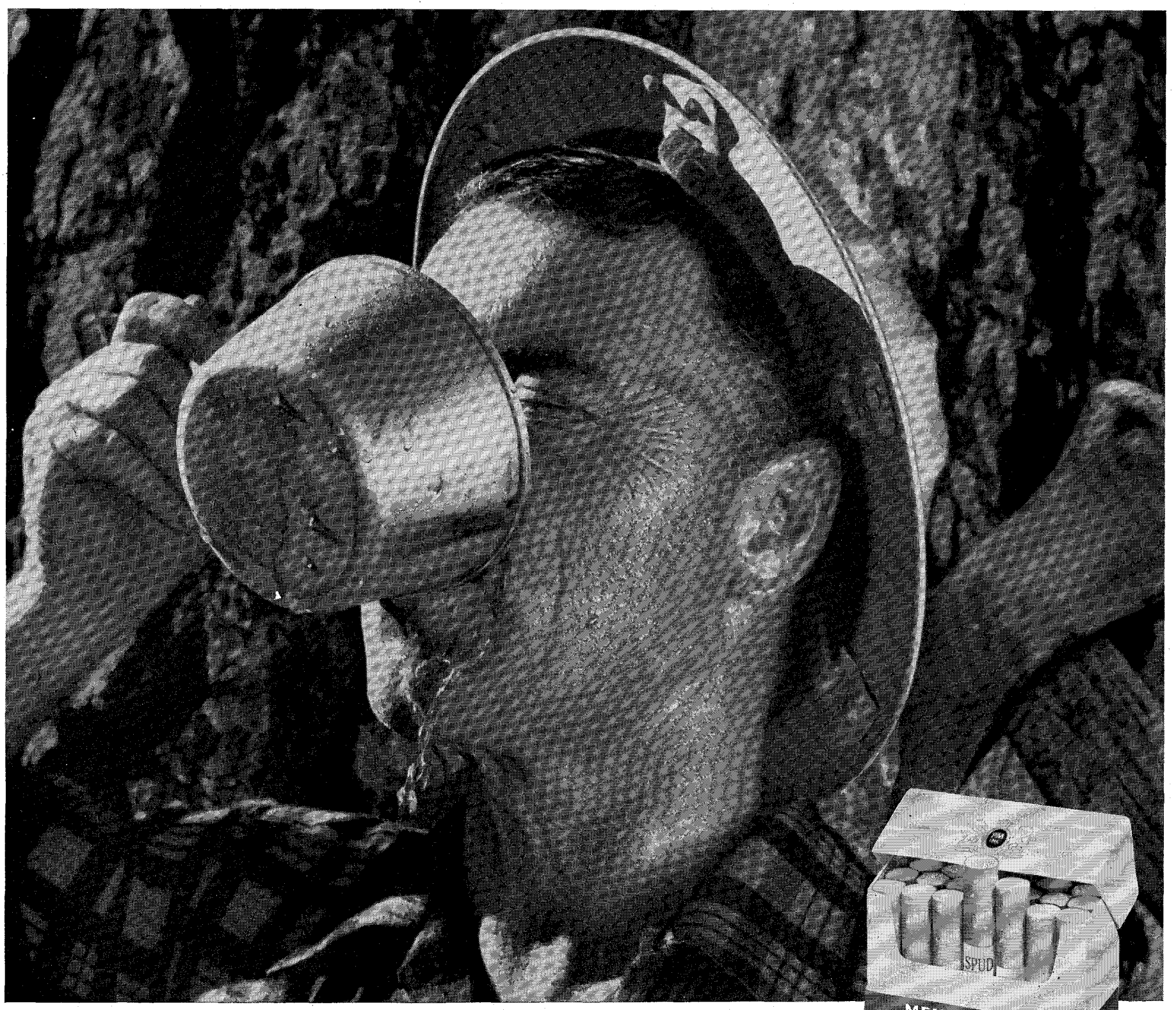
NEW FILTER SPUD

Freshens the smoke...something wonderful!



This is how fresh your mouth will taste after you smoke NEW FILTER SPUDS. These new and different filter cigarettes from Philip Morris have a light touch of menthol that freshens the smoke—*something wonderful!*

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CRUSH PROOF BOX • POPULAR FILTER PRICE

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The Secret of Shining Brook

Did one of these feuding females hold the answer Archy was looking for?

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" Stark terror was in Nadine Clark's eyes, and in her hand that clutched the knee of Archimedes Bolivar Butts.

Archy Butts was an engineer at Canada's Shining Brook oil field, but his real mission was to investigate an alleged hex that was slowing the operations of Trans-Oceanic Oil. Trans-Oceanic's president, William Makepeace Hawks, had ordered Archy to keep a sharp eye on Nadine Clark. While Nadine was showing Archy a threatening message she had received, Sgt. Douglas Van Patten, of the Mounties, appeared at the door to her room and confronted her with an emerald in an ancient setting. He asked if Nadine or Archy recognized it. They said no, and Van Patten left without explaining the significance of the gem.

Van Patten had become interested in Archy when the body of Detective Seth Bowen was found in Archy's car. Bowen's employer, J. A. Baldwin, had been murdered too. As president of Gandolin Oil, Baldwin had hired Bowen to investigate Nadine.

Archy learned from his roommate, Lumpy Sawyer, that the mysterious Leon Moffitt was in charge of Gandolin's tanker fleet. Moffitt had come to Shining Brook with a gun-toting sidekick named Bones Leary, and had tried to bribe Archy to leave Canada.

The most perplexing figure in the Shining Brook puzzle was Boots Quinto, former secretary of J. A. Baldwin. She was living with a pair of eccentric storekeepers, her Aunt Violet and Uncle Pythagoras Magin. Archy trusted Boots and he was shocked when, while walking through the woods, he saw her fling herself into the arms of a muscle-bound religious fanatic known as Fisherman John. Before Archy could act, he felt something hard jabbed against his back. "You got your eyeful, snooper," a voice snarled. "Now reach for the sky."

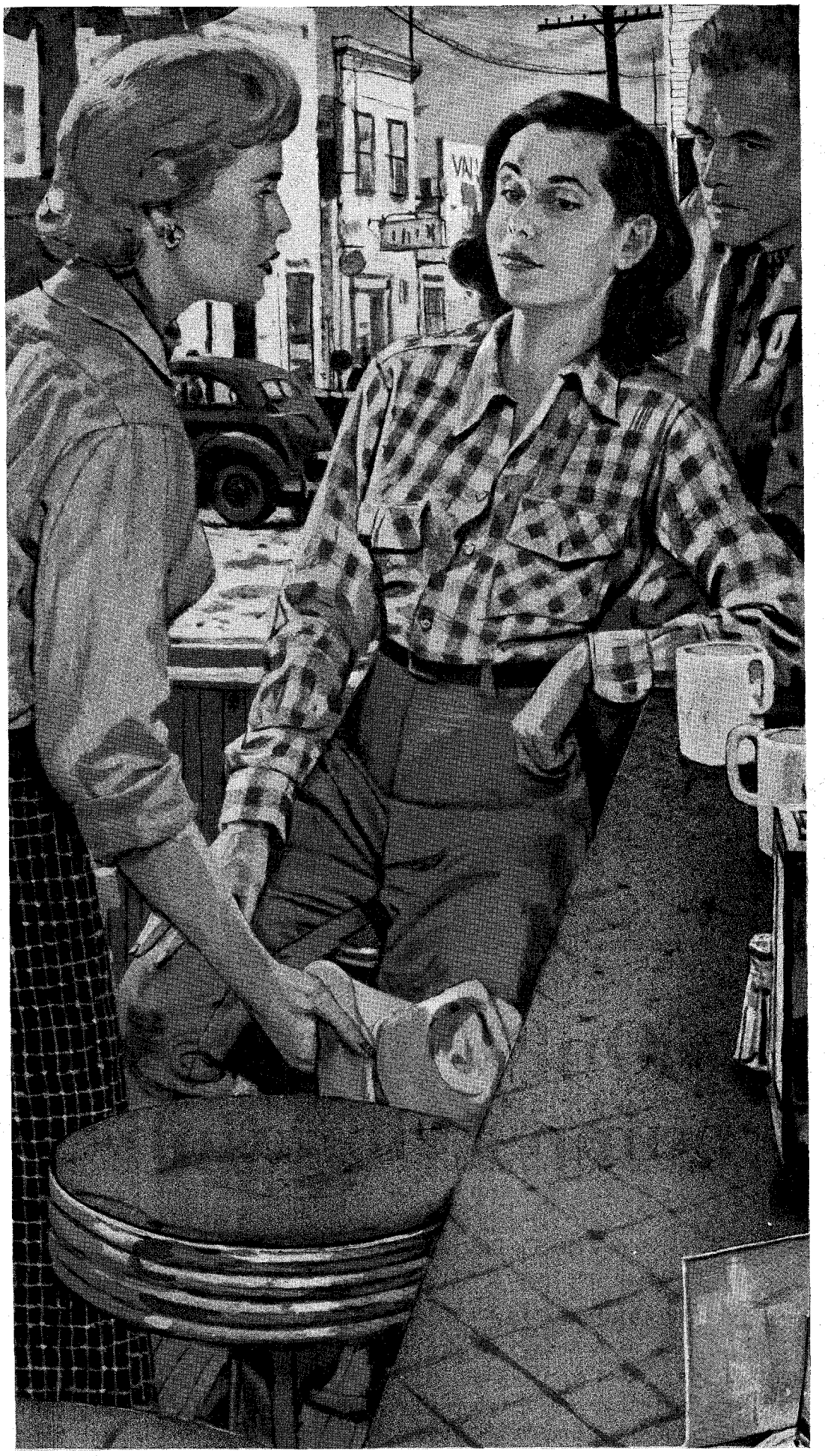
VI

Archimedes Bolivar Butts, in obedience to that rasping voice, reinforced by a gun's muzzle pressed against his spine, raised his hands above his head. Across the water he could see the scrubby pony. He could see Fisherman John, gigantic, a prehistoric monster, striding toward his campfire with the tiny girl in his arms—a troglodyte carrying his captive to his cave. It was shocking—even more shocking than the feel of that iron against his back. He knelt, motionless, and waited for what was to come next.

"On your pins," said the gravelly voice.

Archy stood up, hands on a level with his ears. "Whose army are you?" he asked.

The gun prodded his spine. "Pick 'em up and set 'em down." (Continued on Page 55)



The two girls confronted each other. "I never did like you, Boots," Nadine said.

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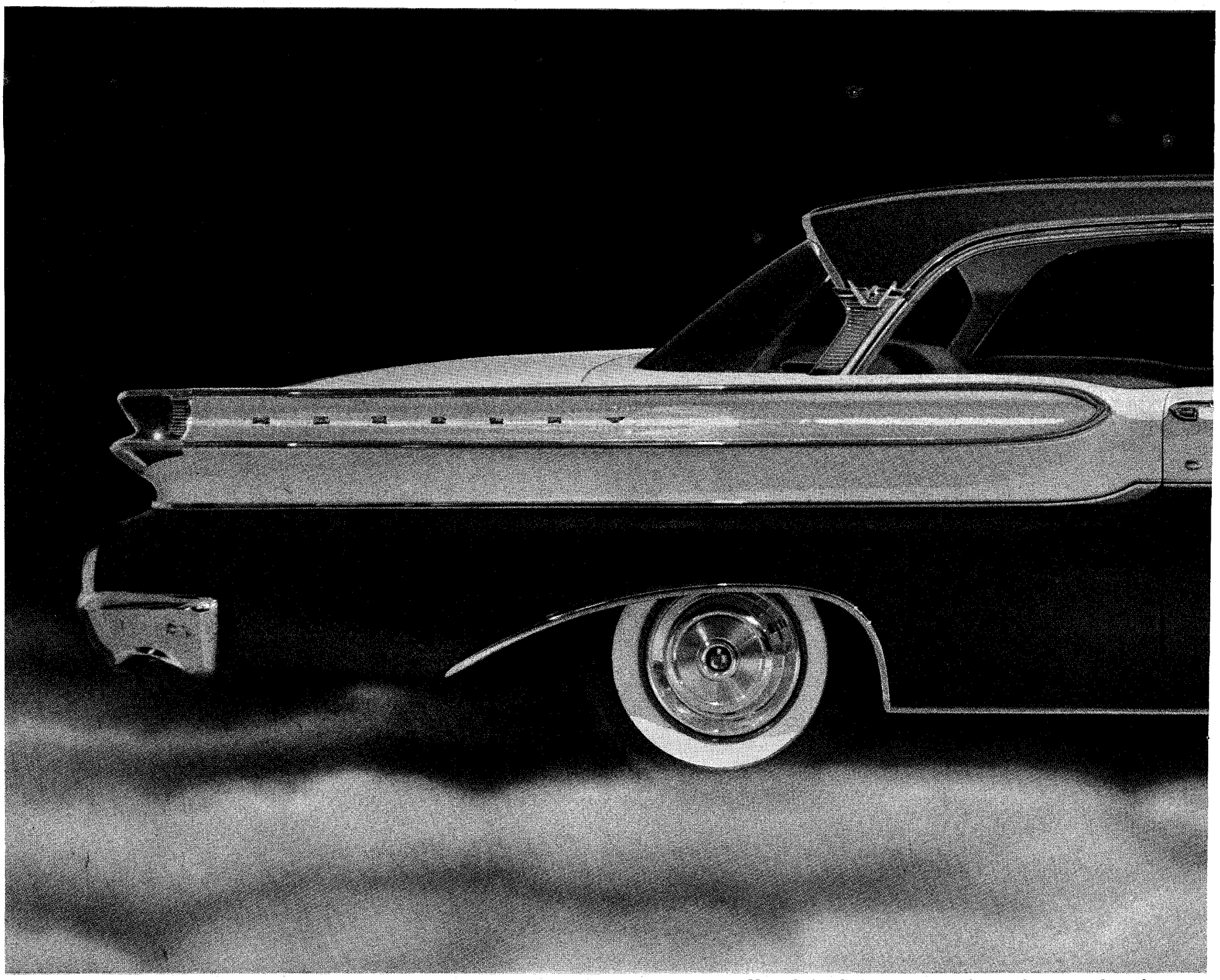
BIG M ANNOUNCEMENT NO. 2



NEW FLOATING RIDE PUTS A CLOUD-SOFT CUSHION BETWEEN YOU AND THE ROAD—Never before have so many new features been teamed together just

Only The Big M has it! A unique bumps, vibrations, and road noises

Mercury's new Floating Ride introduces four of the most effective bump-smothering features ever put between you and the road.

1. REVOLUTIONARY NEW FULL-CUSHION SHOCK ABSORBERS—The first in the industry to give such amazing control on rough roads without sacrificing a soft, satin-smooth ride on average roads. They are of a completely new design, specially engineered to team with Mercury's new improved springing action.

For the first time on any car, special high-speed valves—or "hydraulic cushions"—have been built into the shock absorbers. They go to work whenever there are rapid changes between bumps and ruts, or at high speeds. The up and down movement of the wheels—bound and rebound—is controlled and cushioned as if by a giant hand.

2. NEW SWEPT-BACK BALL-JOINT FRONT SUSPENSION—Even Mercury's famous ball-joint front suspension is new and improved—has a new *swept-back* design. Now, in effect, the front wheels are pulled *over* bumps instead of being pushed into them. The result: easier driving, far more responsive steering.

3. NEW ROAD-HUGGING CENTER OF GRAVITY—Headroom is higher, but everything else is lower. Car height, passenger com-

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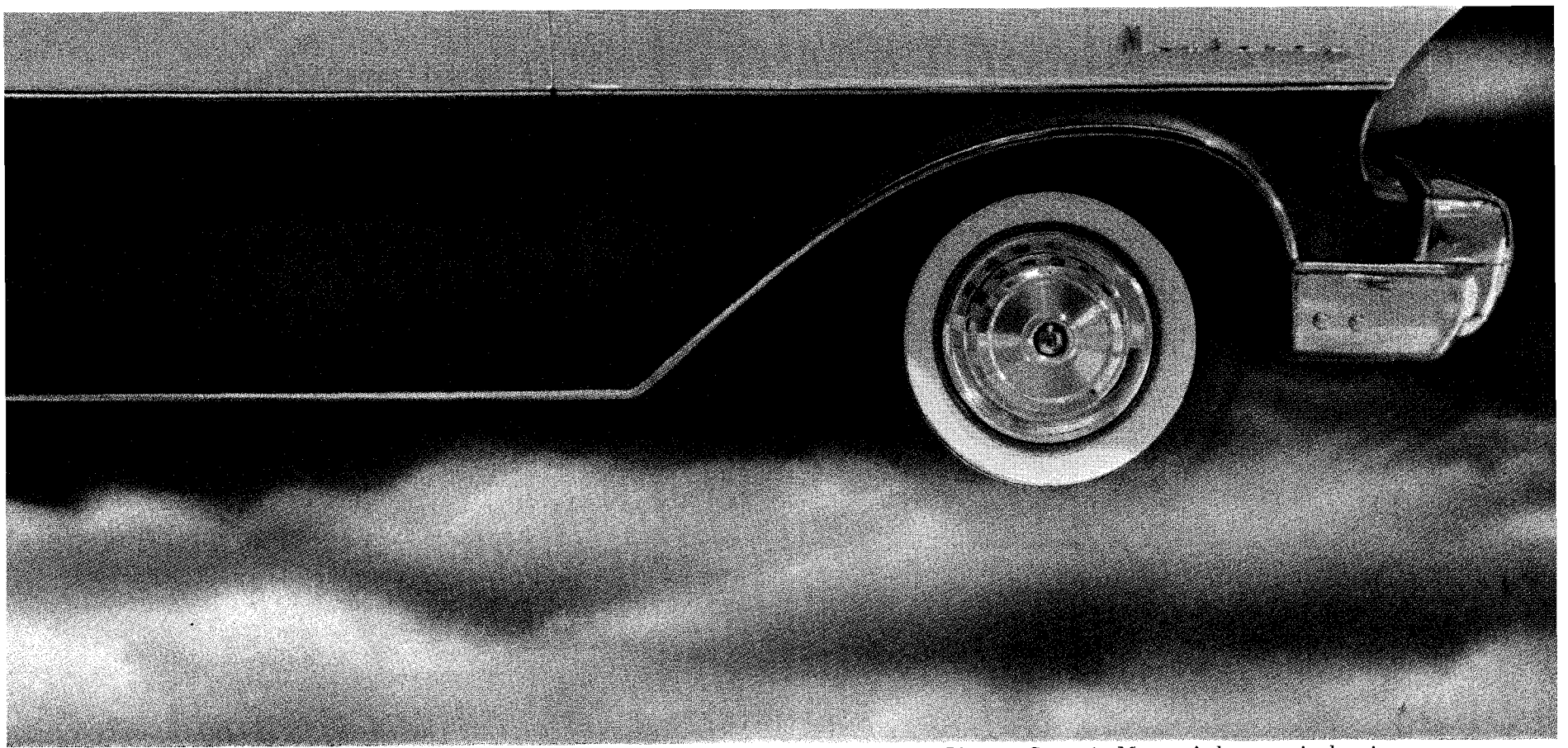

for your comfort. You ride with satin smoothness, as silent as the moon. Shown above, the Monterey Phaeton Coupe in Mercury's lowest priced series.

new Floating Ride that smothers _offers you dream-smooth driving!

partment, frame, and rear axle. On curves or on straightaways, THE BIG M clings to the road as if it owned it. And it does!

4. NEW BALANCED WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION—The distribution of car weight, between front and back, has been scientifically balanced to greatly reduce nose dipping on sudden stops, and lurching on fast starts. And this year THE BIG M is even bigger —with the biggest size increase in the industry. Mercury is now close to two-tons big! The extra weight . . . the new length, width, and wheelbase . . . all add to Mercury's even-keel stability.

Working together, these new road-smoothing features produce Mercury's amazing new Floating Ride.

It's like a million dollars' worth of velvet under your wheels—a revolutionary new cushioning action you have to *feel* to believe.

We invite you to stop in at your Mercury dealer's and try it. A new adventure in riding comfort awaits you.

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Straight out of tomorrow_ **THE BIG MERCURY for '57** *with DREAM-CAR DESIGN*

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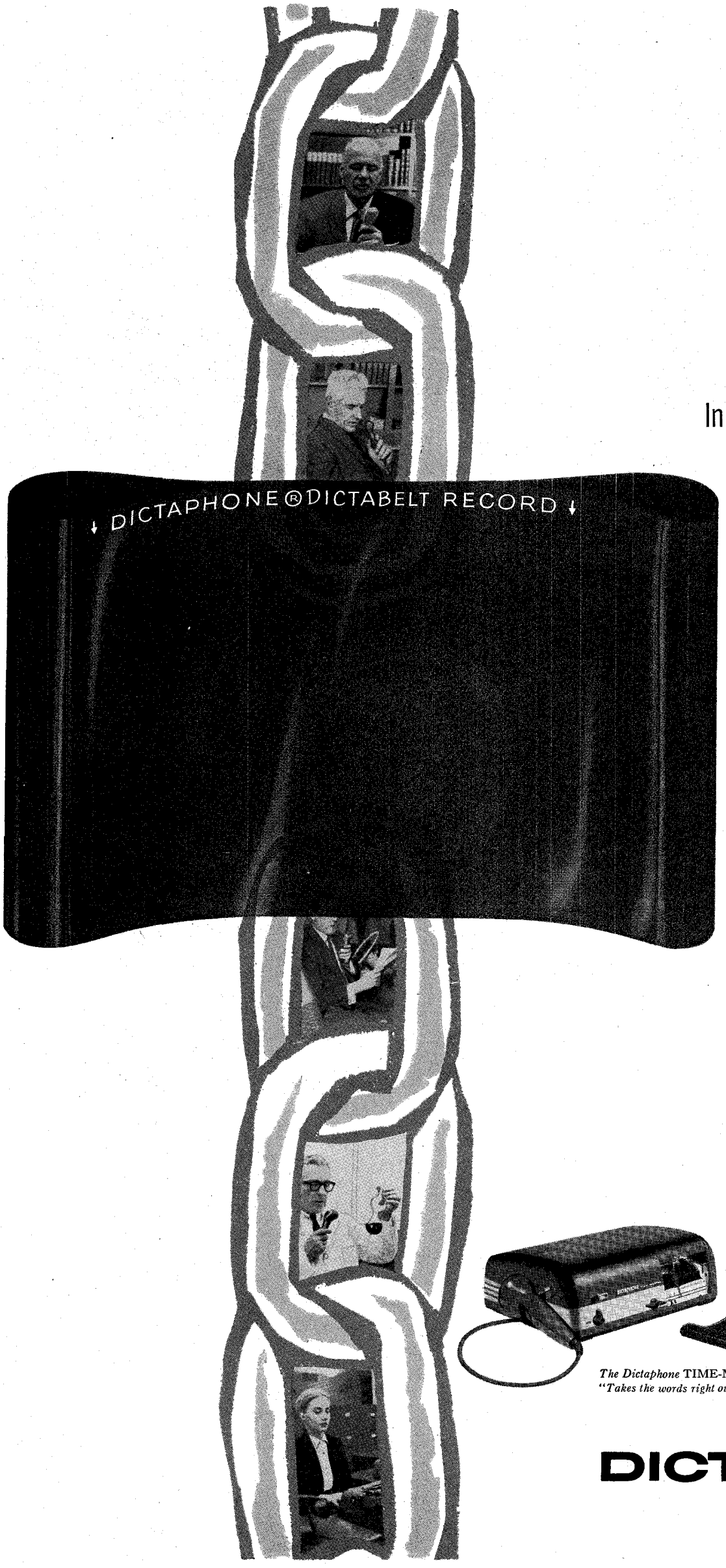


In business communications

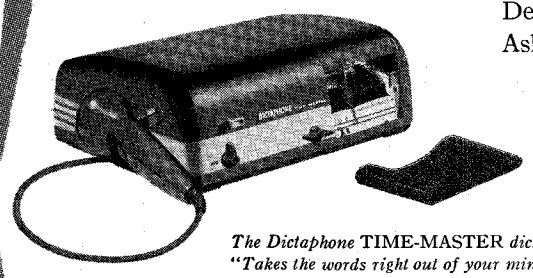
DICTABELT SUPPLIES THE MISSING LINK

Our "missing link" is really a dictation record—Dictaphone's amazing DICTABELT.

DICTABELTS are crystal-clear and as error-proof as can be. They're flexible, unbreakable, and so light you can mail them like an ordinary letter. Dictation is recorded visibly—so you can't lose your place. DICTABELTS can't be erased or changed—so precious dictation is safe. And they're the simplest and most economical dictation medium of all.

In business communications (that's a long word for "getting your ideas across to other people") DICTABELT records and the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER dictating machine play a vital role. When an idea comes to mind—or a letter, memo, report, reminder—you just pick up the TIME-MASTER mike and think out loud. In that instant, your ideas swing into action.

Learn how DICTABELT and the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER can help *you* communicate faster, easier and better. Call your local Dictaphone office, or write Dictaphone, Dept. W, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Ask about our rental plan, too.



The Dictaphone TIME-MASTER *dictating machine "Takes the words right out of your mind."*

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION

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(*Continued from Page 51*) They moved away from the river's brink, the gunman keeping behind Archy, never relaxing pressure. The direction they took was away from the Fisherman's camp and not toward it—which surprised Archy. If the man with the rasping voice was a sentinel for the Fisherman, this was not the direction he would naturally take. He would be expected to march his prisoner to the campfire for investigation. If he was not a lookout for John Smith, then who was he and why had he meddled?

"Friend of John's?" Archy asked.

"Friend of whose?" asked the man.

"If you're not patrolling the woods for him," Archy said, "why pounce on me?"

"I don't like snoopers," the man said harshly. He shoved Archy toward a sizable birch tree. "Rub your nose against that," he grated. "Put your arms around it."

Archy balked. "I get tied to no tree," he said stubbornly.

His mind had been working busily. He reached the conclusion that his captor did not mean to shoot unless, perhaps, he was crowded into doing so. If the man were a killer, if his job had been to eliminate Archy Butts, he would have shot in the beginning, before he disclosed his presence. Definitely he had not followed Archy to this place. Archy, as he drove down the woods road, would have become aware of it if someone had been tailing him. Therefore his coming, his spying upon John the Fisherman, had been a surprise. His captor had been lurking there, not lying in wait for Archy, but himself spying on the camp across the bayou. This was a logical, a reasonable, explanation. It might even be that the man was unaware of Archy's identity—had, in his surprise, acted more or less upon impulse. And now it could very well be that, having surprised and taken possession of Archy, he was nonplused by the whole business and embarrassed by the presence of his captive. This intention of tying him to the birch tree was confirmation. It was a means of immobilizing him, of getting rid of him, of washing hands of him while his captor faded away.

So Archy balked. He felt the lessening of pressure against his spine. The gun was withdrawn. In a flash Archy knew what was happening. The gun was about to become a bludgeon.

There was a time lag between the withdrawing of the pistol muzzle and the swinging back of the man's arm before it delivered its blow. In that brief instant Archy flung himself to the sward, twisting as he fell. The gunman swung, but Archy's head was not there to receive the blow and the gunman lunged off balance. Archy kicked upward as the man staggered, striving to right himself, and he grunted in agony as Archy's heel went home.

That was all. Archy rolled, sprang to his feet and, as his antagonist struggled to his knees, delivered a knifing blow with the edge of his hand to the neck, just under the ear. It paralyzed. A more vicious blow would have broken the neck.

Archy stooped for the pistol and stood looking down at the unconscious man. He was a stocky individual, not recently shaven. He wore a merchant seaman's hat.

Archy sat down and waited patiently. Presently the man stirred, moaned, flexed his neck. Blindly he pushed himself to his knees and wove from side to side like a brown bear. He sat in comical posture, sturdy legs stretched before him, and kneaded his neck and twisted his head from side to side. His eyes opened, and consciousness was in them as he blinked and stared at Archy.

"Hello, sailor," Archy said. "You're a long way from salt water."

The man did not try to regain his feet; he sat peering bleary-eyed at Archy. His jaw moved and his mouth opened and shut, but no words were uttered.

"What's your rating?" Archy demanded.

"Second officer," the sailor answered, mouthing the words.

"Tanker?" asked Archy, pressing his advantage before the sailor's head cleared.

"Tanker."

"Gandolin? Leon Moffitt your boss?"

The man nodded, and his chin dropped upon his chest.

"Up from Vancouver?" Archy prodded.

The sailor nodded again, answering automatically, brain still befogged.

"Before that?" Archy insisted. "Asia? The Mediterranean? South America?"

"Honduras."

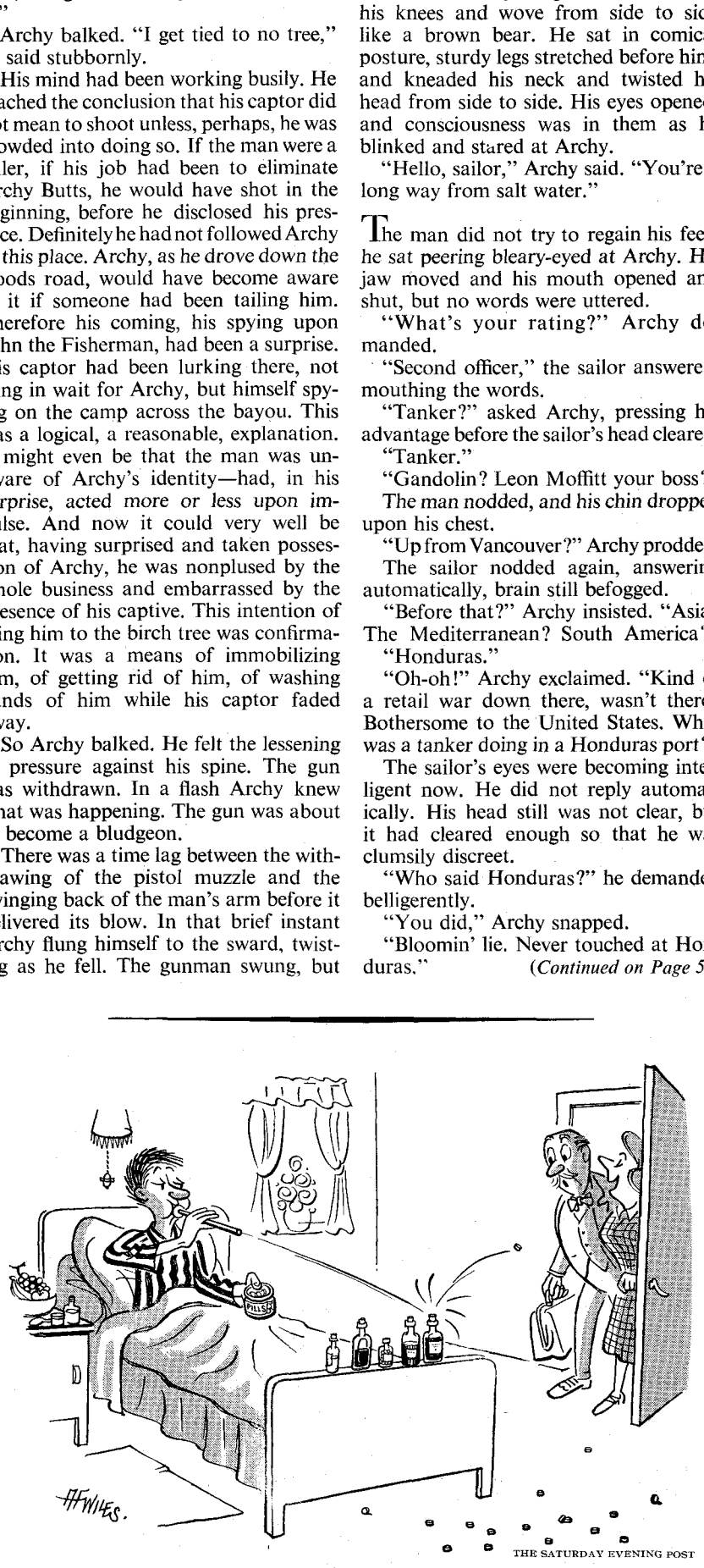
"Oh-oh!" Archy exclaimed. "Kind of a retail war down there, wasn't there? Bothersome to the United States. What was a tanker doing in a Honduras port?"

The sailor's eyes were becoming intelligent now. He did not reply automatically. His head still was not clear, but it had cleared enough so that he was clumsily discreet.

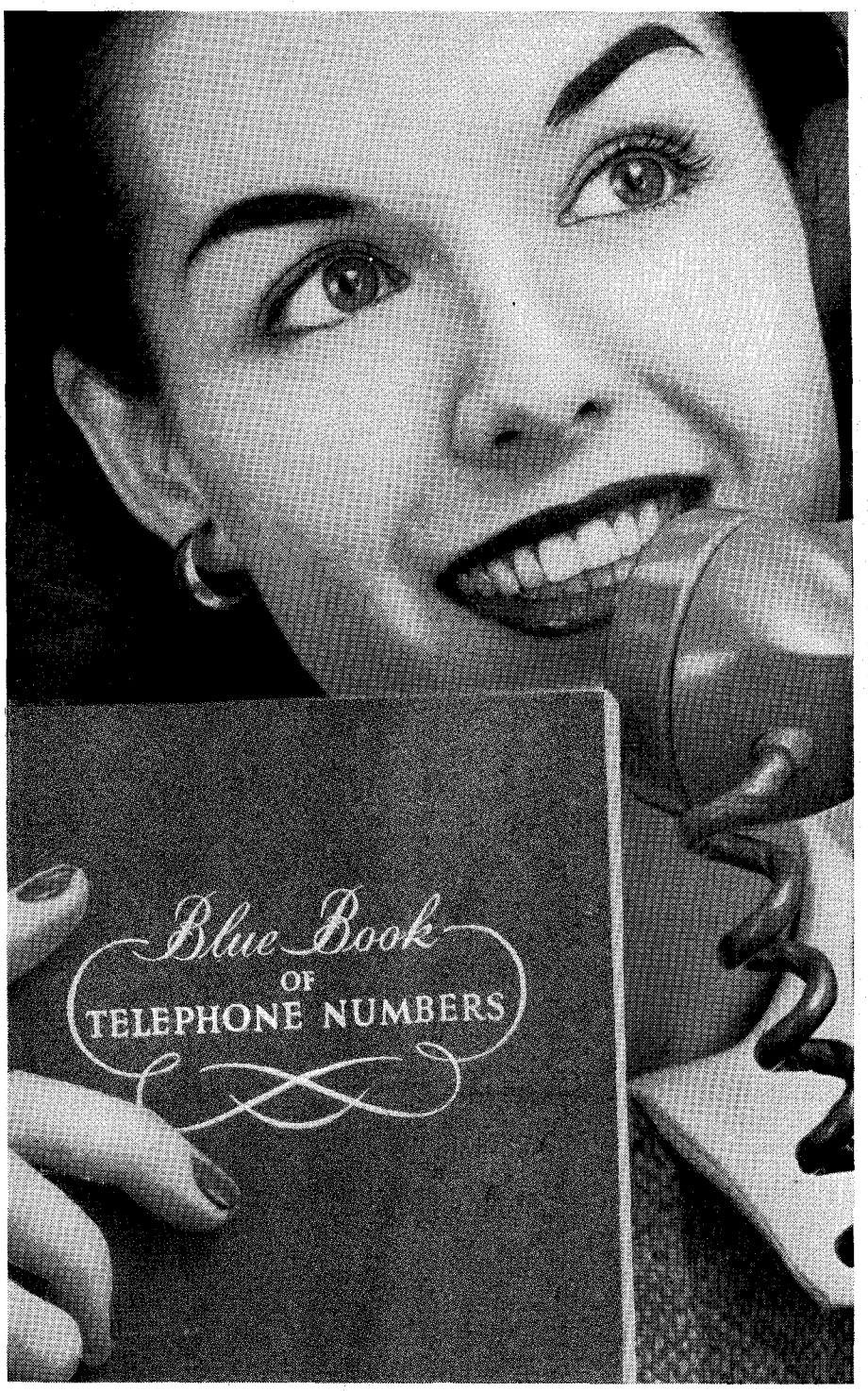
"Who said Honduras?" he demanded belligerently.

"You did," Archy snapped.

"Bloomin' lie. Never touched at Honduras." (*Continued on Page 58*)



"I think he's feeling a trifle better today, doctor."



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A good place to keep a list of the numbers you call is in an attractive Blue Book. You can get one at the Bell Telephone business office. It's free.

You'll find it handy to use. And a real time-saver, too.

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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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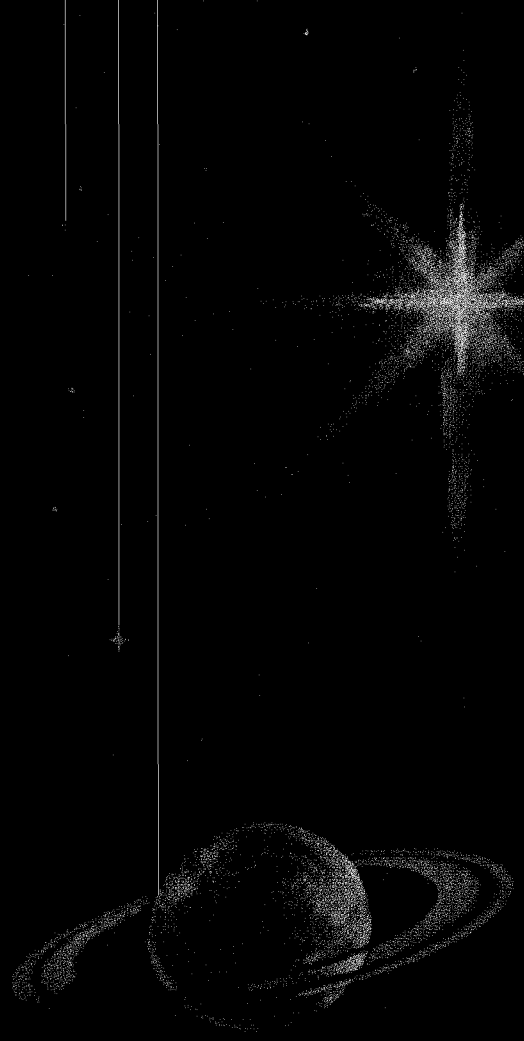

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world ... or any other!

Parker 61

The only fountain pen that fills itself by itself

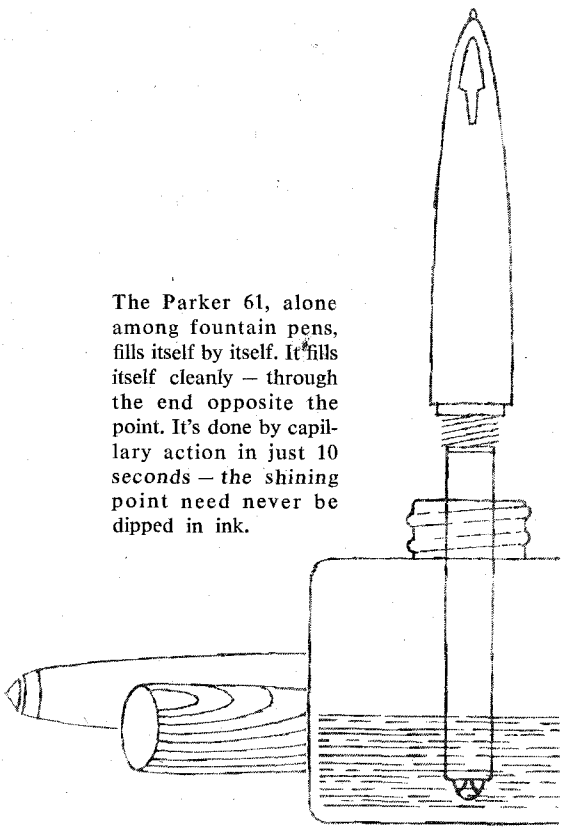
... it has no moving parts!

Unique, as a pen and as a gift, is the newly-created Parker 61. It is unlike any other pen you have ever seen or used—an inspired invention.

As you can tell at a glance, it has classic beauty, the elegance of great simplicity. And great simplicity marks its operation, too, for the Parker 61 pen fills itself by itself in 10 seconds—no pumping, squeezing, twisting, nothing. Its ink capacity is conveniently oversize. And it has no moving part to get out of order.

The Parker 61, with its frankly revolutionary capillary ink system, writes effortlessly, clearly always—even in a high-flying plane.

In its first Christmas Season, this is the distinguished gift for those friends who appreciate the new, the unusual—quite flattering to them and to you. You have a choice of rich colors and gleaming caps—sheathed in sterling silver and 12 carat gold. All pens are available with matching pencils. The Parker 61 is $20.00 or more.



The Parker 61, alone among fountain pens, fills itself by itself. It fills itself cleanly — through the end opposite the point. It's done by capillary action in just 10 seconds — the shining point need never be dipped in ink.

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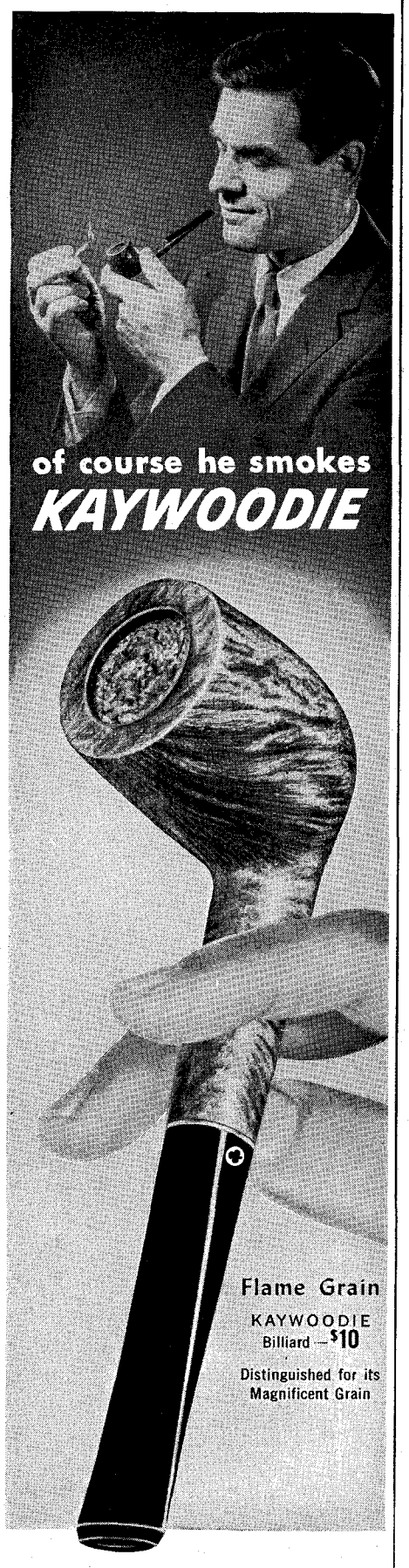

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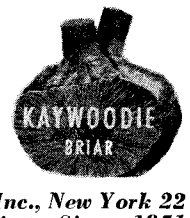
* *Send 25 cents for illustrated color Catalog 43 showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.50 to $100; gift sets $7 to $125.*



Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22
World's Finest Pipes Since 1851

(*Continued from Page 55*) "I could work you over," Archy said grimly. "Did you bring it?"

"Brought nothin'," said the second officer.

"I'm inclined to believe you. You're a forerunner. What possessed Moffitt to turn a deep-water sailor loose in the woods? Bad organization. Or are you shorthanded?"

The sailor spat out an unpleasant word.

"Naughty, naughty. Papa spank," Archy said. "I could go to work on you. I've been taught by experts how to make a reluctant man talk. But I'm chicken-hearted. Of course, you came in a car—or did Bones Leary drive you? Too bad if he did. You've got quite a walk back to Shining Brook." He stood over the sailor, jerked him to his feet and shoved him toward the road. "On your way," he said. "Give my cordial regards to Moffitt. Maybe he's blotted his copybook. Start legging it. You'll get there before dark."

The sailor, half staggering, in no condition for argument, disappeared down the trail. Archy watched him until he passed out of sight and then returned to the vantage point from which he had seen the arrival of the girl on the jug-headed pony at John the Fisherman's camp. The pony was not browsing there now. The Fisherman lolled alone in front of his tent, a book in his hands—doubtless the narration of Xenophon.

Archy's state of mind was not enviable. He had come out this morning to concentrate upon John Smith, to spy on the man, to fit him into the pattern that was weaving itself in Shining Brook. The thing he had seen had shocked him; he was surprised to discover that it touched him personally, angered him as an individual. Boots Quinto had been, or so he thought, only an interesting, puzzling individual, a fragment of the problem. Of no significance to him otherwise, certainly not of sentimental significance. But now, as he saw her fall from her pony to throw herself into John the Fisherman's arms, he was aware of something quite different. Could he have observed this action with calm detachment, even for a brief moment, Archy no doubt would have realized that the girl was Lolly Grebus, not Boots at all; but no such moment of detachment was possible to him. He was not one to dodge facts, nor to delude himself. He assayed his emotions and, to his dismay, found that he was not impersonally revolted that a dainty girl like Boots could give herself to a monster like John. It was more than that, more intimate than that. He was shocked, he was revolted, but in addition to that, he was jealous!

He was remembering Boots as he first had seen her—beautiful, delicate, humorous, immaculate. There had been about her an aura of caste, of background, of culture. Also there had been unforgettable audacity. When he had seen her again in this wilderness, not with hair perfectly done by a hairdresser, nor face fresh from the ministrations of a beautician, but with bedaubed cheeks, uncared-for hair, threadbare dungarees, she still had retained some subtle part of that class, that fastidiousness that had been hers in another environment. It was that quality that stood up in his mind, and he was revolted because she had violated that fastidiousness.

But he should not have been astonished, perhaps not even shocked. Maybe it was but natural. Possibly—and there was historic precedent for it—women were that way—prone to be fascinated by the grotesque. Beauty and the Beast! Delicate Parisians guilty of passion for Hugo's Man Who Laughs. It was incredible, but it was possible. Not only was it possible but it was dreadfully true. He had seen it with his own eyes.

Another unhappy possibility—probability—presented itself: That Boots' infatuation for the grotesque had not sprung to life in the few days that she had been in Shining Brook or while John had lived in his tent here on the banks of the river. It could be that they had known each other in the past, and that this relationship was not a new one.

The history, the personality, the appearance of John Smith had been repulsive to Archy, as one instinctively finds himself hating something not normal. But that sort of hatred was changed now. It had become a personal matter, man to man, having its roots in rivalry, in jealousy, in the primal contest of male against male for the favor of a female.

That was the fact. Archy realized it, knew there was nothing to do but accept it. It complicated his situation, it made his task more difficult, but there it was and he would have to cope with it.

Almost without volition, without consciously making up his mind to do it, Archy found himself striding toward the camp. He had no plan, but in the recesses of his mind there might have been a hope that John would resent his coming, or that, somehow, their meeting would result in physical combat. In his state of mind, that would be welcome.

He did not try to approach noiselessly. He strode purposefully and stepped out into the little glade without precaution. The Fisherman was stretched at full length, reading. He was not startled by Archy's arrival. He did not so much as turn his gargoyle head.

"I've been expecting you, Butts," he said, as one casually greets a casual visitor. He turned now, reared himself on his elbow and smiled affably. "My eyesight is extraordinarily good." He closed his book and looked up at the sun. "Time for the midday meal," he said. "Of course, you'll join me."

"For a man who longs for solitude and meditation," Archy said, "you have lots of company."

"A thing I have to endure," John Smith said. "Emerson's mousetrap. Or maybe it's personal charm. I'm a very attractive person, Butts." His big eyes twinkled. "Even you can't stay away from me. Just what, my friend, do you hope to discover by lurking in the undergrowth?"

"For one thing," Archy said, believing that frankness was the best strategy, "who comes to see you. Who, besides myself, is interested in you. If you are a lone wolf, as usual, or if you have confederates."

"Confederates?" John raised his brows and shrugged. "'Confederates' is a word that presupposes that I am here for an improper or illegal purpose. Why should you think that, Butts?"

"Did you ever," Archy asked, "have any other sort of purpose?"

"You know well that I have," the Fisherman said. "True, I may have to resort to devices to finance myself, but it is for a far from illegal objective."

"Aren't you reckless," Archy asked, "camping in this exposed spot?"

"You're thinking about that rifle shot the other day?"

"That and other possibilities."

"Nobody," John said gravely, "can protect himself from a shot fired from a distance. But otherwise I am not apprehensive. I have abnormal eyesight and hearing. I doubt if anyone could come near me without my knowledge."

"There are," Archy said, "seafaring characters in these woods—at least one of them."

"Would that interest me?" the Fisherman asked with raised brows.

"He was interested in you," Archy said. "I had to deal with him. He rather pounced on me."

"I'm obliged," the Fisherman said, "though I rather resent being under obligation to you. Of course, you sense how it is between us."

"I think I do," Archy said.

"It's an occult thing, not to be comprehended. How two men, born in widely separated spots, having no contact with each other previously, can meet, as we have met, and be aware that they are implacable enemies. You and I are that way, Butts. Haven't you felt it?"

"Of course," Archy said. "It's predestined. If the width of the world separated us, something would draw us together."

"Until," the Fisherman said, "we work out our destiny." His smile was almost friendly. "Until, most likely, one of us kills the other."

"Kismet," Archy said. "If, friend, it's a thing that is written, why postpone it?"

"You can't jostle the stars," said John. "They take their time." He surveyed Archy appraisingly. "When it comes it will be a thing to see. But other matters must come first. Today, tomorrow, until the hour is ripe, I would fight like a tiger to keep you alive."

"You are a curious man," Archy said.

"I'm a mystic," said John.

"A mystic who can pick a pocket or rob a bank or steal the crown jewels." Archy paused as a thought came into his mind. "How recently," he asked, "were you in Central America?"

The man leaned forward, and the look he bent upon Archy could have been one in which there was a vein of admiration. "Could it be," he asked, "that I have underestimated you?"

"Even a blind pig," Archy said lightly, "occasionally finds a chestnut."

"We understand each other," John said.

"Quite," replied Archy.

"There are biscuits," John said, "and salt pork and white gravy and boiled potatoes, to say nothing of coffee."

"I'm plenty hungry," Archy admitted.

"Let us not," John said, "vex appetite with argument."

They chatted in a friendly manner until the meal was eaten. After final cups of coffee, John yawned. "I usually," he said, "enjoy a siesta. If there is nothing more to say ——"

"Nothing," Archy said.

John stood, towering over Archy, and extended a huge hand. "You could develop into a charming companion," he said. "A pity you won't live so long."

He turned away and crawled into his tent.

It was not good for the springs of a car to drive as Archimedes Bolivar Butts did over the woods road to Shining Brook village. Aside from building operations on the hotel and various structures which

... ...

Starting Point

By Richard Wheeler

Though many a person
Just normally plucky
Can start on a shoestring
And soon hit it lucky,
I'm not such a fellow.
For years I've been facing
The world on a shoestring
And taking a lacing.

... ...

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would be stores, taverns, dance halls, there was comparatively little life at this time of day. The village would not commence to whiz until evening, when contractors, drillers, pushers, cathead men, pipe rackers and roughnecks surged in after their day's labor.

Archy parked his car in front of a tiny restaurant about the size of a lunch wagon. As he walked toward the door, he saw, tied to a tree at the side of the building, a familiar, shaggy, jugheaded pony. He had seen it but a short time ago out by the river, ridden by a slender girl in dungarees who had hurled herself from the saddle into John the Fisherman's arms. But that was impossible—unless the pony were equipped with wings; for the Fisherman's camp was all of ten miles away and Archy had just driven from there at reckless speed. Even if the pony had had an hour's head start, it could not have brought Boots to Shining Brook before him.

He pushed open the restaurant's door, and there was Boots Quinto, elbows on the counter, chatting with the white-coated proprietor. His first thought was one of surprise that she dared venture into town and risk being seen by eyes which might recognize her. His second reaction was of anger, an urge to seize her by the shoulders and shake her until her teeth rattled. Because she, being what she was, possessed of what attributes she owned, had made a fool of herself—a tragic fool of herself.

She did not see him until he occupied the stool next to her, and then she turned and her face lighted with a smile and she said, "Hi, mister." Her manner was casual, certainly not that of a girl who had just come from an assignation of which she should have been ashamed.

"How," he demanded, "did you get here so soon?"

She opened her eyes wide, surprised at his tone, resentful of it. "Do I detect something masterful?" she asked. "As if something authorized you to ask questions?"

"I've no right to ask questions," he said harshly, "but even the merest stranger is entitled to be puzzled."

"By what?" she demanded coldly.

"How you got to Shining Brook from John the Fisherman's camp ahead of me."

Her lovely eyes narrowed; she perked her head to one side provocatively. "To Shining Brook from where?" she asked.

"From the tent of John the Fisherman," he persisted stubbornly.

"Now here's a thing!" she exclaimed, and invited the counterman into the conversation with an urchin grin. "The gentleman has something on his mind. Wouldn't you think he had something on his mind?"

"He acts kind of upsot," said the counterman judgmatically. "Could be a hang-over. Friend of yours?"

"Are you upsot, Mr. Butts?" she asked mischievously.

"'Disgusted' would be the more accurate word," Archy said.

"With me?" she asked. "Disgusted with me!" She turned again to the counterman. "Where," she asked in a tone of spurious bewilderment, "do you suppose this man bought a license to be disgusted with me?"

"He a relation of yours?" asked the counterman.

"No."

"Goin' with you steady, lady?"

"Definitely not."

"Then," the counterman said, handing down a verdict, "the feller's out of line."

"How right you are," Boots said. "Do you suppose it's a sort of a compliment? I mean, showing he's very interested in where I go and what I do?"

"I still say he's out of line," said the counterman. He reached for the strings of his apron. "Want I should do somethin' about it, lady? What I say is, in this place of mine people got to act like gentlemen, how they treat ladies."

"No, Sir Galahad," Boots told him. "I think he's just eccentric. There's some kind of a worm in his apple. . . . Did you bite into a worm, Mr. Butts?"

"A pretty sordid worm," he said.

"Having to do with I was out at that man's camp this morning? What time would that be, Mr. Butts?"

"Ten o'clock," Archy answered.

"He's barmy," said the counterman, "as a crumpet."

"A very expressive phrase," Boots said.

"I learnt it off'n a limey," the counterman said. "What I mean, this character's a button short. He sees things that ain't. You better lemme bounce him."

Boots wagged her head at him rebukingly. "You see," she said to Archy, "the impression you create. As a crumpet, the man said."

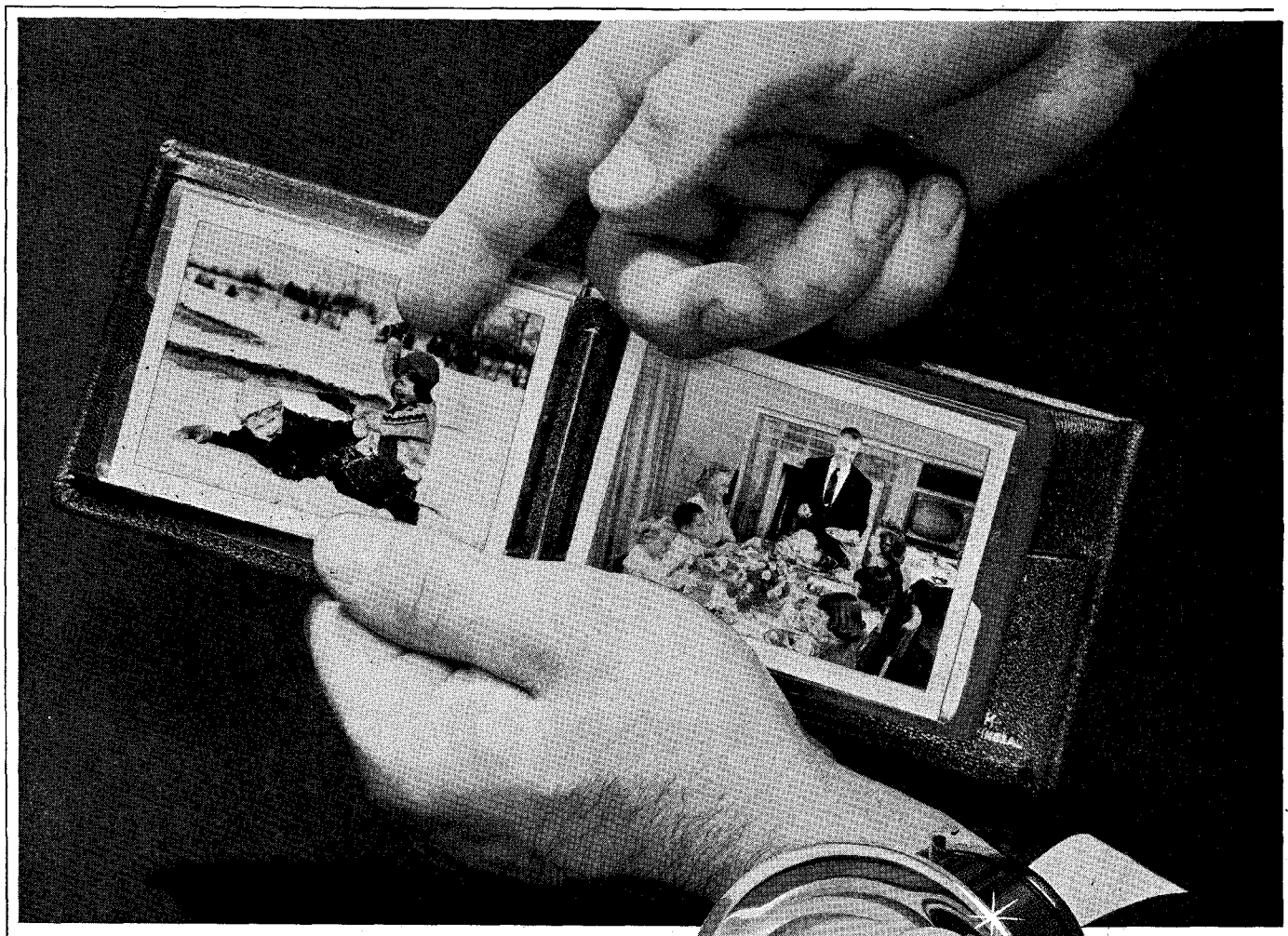
She was enjoying herself at his expense—jeering at him like some mischievous urchin. She must know by now that he had seen her throw herself into the Fisherman's troglodyte arms! But there was no flush of shame, no avoiding of his eyes. Only hardihood.

"Friend," Archy said to the counterman, "why am I barmy as a crumpet?"

"By your watch, you say. By your watch you say you seen this lady at a location ten miles away from here?"

"I did," Archy said categorically.

"As a whole batch of crumpets," the counterman said. "A whole, teetotal batch of crumpets. And why? Because, mister,



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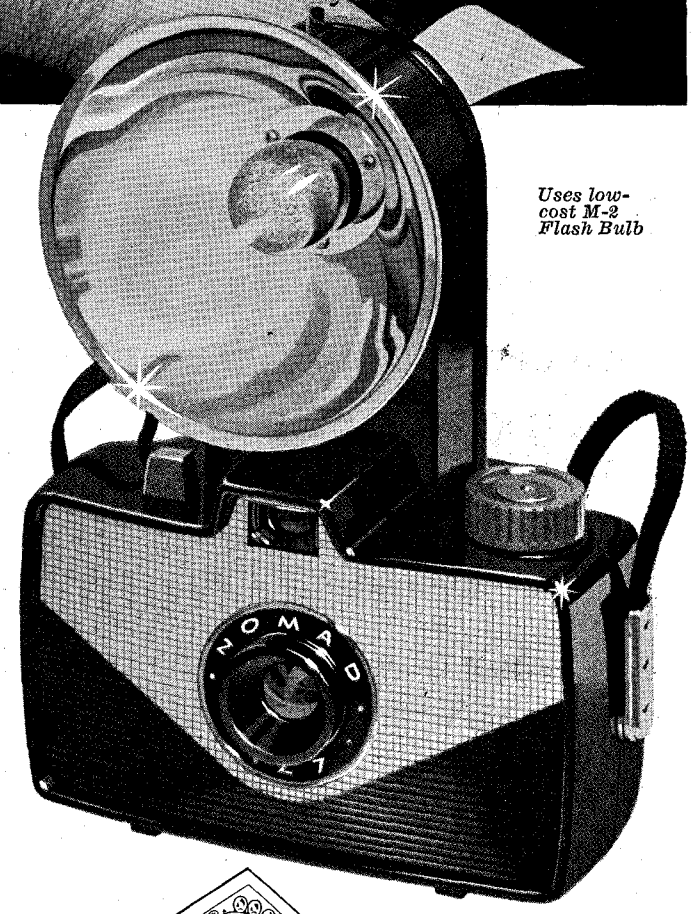

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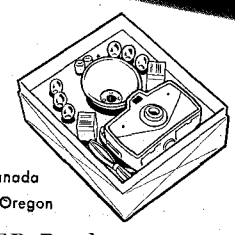

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at ten o'clock this here identical, selfsame mornin' this lady was asettin' exactly where she is, on that stool, just finishin' up her first cup of coffee."

Before Archy could retort, there was a distraction. The door from the street opened and someone entered, and then a voice, an affected voice, exclaimed, "Well, darling! I was wondering how I could get in touch with you!"

Archy, turning to see who spoke, found himself looking into the lovely, sardonic eyes of Nadine Clark, and he knew that her words had been addressed to him. Although the endearment meant nothing, was the casual mode of address of theatrical people and of café society, it embarrassed him.

"Good afternoon, Miss Clark," he said uncomfortably.

He heard a sound from Boots that might have been a snort. She spoke in a whisper. "You get around, yourself," she said. "And without an alibi."

Nadine walked to the counter and appropriated the stool next to Archy's. The counterman was popeyed. Boots Quinto pulled the brim of her hat down over her eyes. Nadine glanced at her carelessly.

"Who's your little friend?" she asked, and there was urban snobbery in her voice and manner.

"I wouldn't know," Archy said. "A hanger-on here."

Nadine's laugh tinkled. Evidently the girl in the dungarees and dirty, floppy hat was to her practically nonexistent. "That means," she said, "a lady barfly. So they have them up here?"

"What we don't have up here," Boots said, "and don't want, are shopworn gold diggers out of Park Avenue penthouses. Too rich for our backwoods blood. Right?"

Boots, being deliberately crude as additional camouflage, winked hoydenishly at the counterman, who was still off balance from the impact of Nadine's seductive beauty. Nadine, trained in the school of sophisticated repartee of the rapier sort, was not capable of holding her own with bludgeons. She bit her lip and grasped Archy's arm.

"Take me out of this dive," she said viciously.

"Hey, lady," expostulated the offended counterman, "this ain't no dive. This here is high class."

"She can dish it, but she can't take it," Boots said.

Nadine slid from her stool and moved toward the door. "Coming?" she asked sharply.

Archy did not want to go; he did not want to stay. What he wanted was to be alone—to sort things out, to get his mental feet on the ground. He had been placed in the unhappy position of being compelled to doubt the evidence of his own eyes. This counterman, who could be an unbiased witness, had said that Boots Quinto had sat here at the counter, drinking coffee, when Archy himself clearly had seen her ten miles away in the arms of John the Fisherman. The only possible conclusion, if he was not to doubt his own sanity, was that the counterman was a suborned witness—that Boots Quinto, seeing the possible need for such testimony, had paid or persuaded the man to lie. But then there presented itself the unanswered question: If Boots had indeed been present ten miles away, with no transportation but a pony, how had she managed to arrive at this spot before he did?

Nadine turned her head, frowning. She all but stamped her foot. "Well?" she demanded sharply.

But again he did not have to make a decision, for there came a second interruption. The street door of the café was thrust open again, and two men entered. First came the slight, wiry figure of Bones Leary, then the tall, well-knit, athletic figure of Leon Moffitt. Leary, with the technique of the gunman, the underworld bodyguard, stepped to one side, crouched and surveyed the room for possible danger. Moffitt pushed past him, then halted as if he had encountered an obstruction. He uttered a curious sound indicative of surprise—unpleasant surprise. His eyes flicked from Nadine to Archy Butts, to Boots Quinto. He did not like what he saw.

"I didn't think you would dare!" he said to Nadine.

She stood facing him, shoulders square, chin upheld. Her lip curled as she answered him. "I'm not a timid person," she said.

"When did you come? Why did you come?"

"Because," she said, "we weren't satisfied. We thought you needed watching."

"I need watching!" he snarled, and laughed shortly. "You come here, and I'm not notified. And now who do I find you have picked for playmates? William Hawks' smart boy and Baldwin's girl friend. So I need watching!"

Nadine stood a moment with narrowed eyes. Then she turned her head and looked at Archy Butts, and then at Boots Quinto. Almost with the stride of a man she crossed the space between herself and the counter; her hand darted out and snatched the felt hat from the other girl's head. If she had been uncertain of herself, shaken, when she slipped off the stool and made for the door, she had mastered herself now.

"Why, good afternoon, Miss Quinto," she said.

"Good afternoon, Miss Clark," Boots responded.

"You," Nadine said, "are a much-sought-after person."

"So I understand," Boots said evenly.

The two girls confronted each other; there seemed to be a personal issue between them deriving from the past.

"I never did like you, Boots," Nadine said.

"I can't say I disliked you, Nadine," Boots said, choosing her words. "I tried to ignore you. I mean you just didn't belong."

"Extradition is a simple process," Nadine said.

"Why, yes, it is indeed," Boots said evenly. "But aren't you almost the last person in the world to want me taken back to New York? You and Mr. Moffitt." She allowed her eyes to travel from Nadine to Leon Moffitt. She spoke sardonically. "Maybe the situation is improving," she said. "When thieves fall out ——"

Archy listened with expressionless face. When people commence to bicker they tend to become indiscreet, and Archy hoped that these two girls would continue to overlook his presence until they allowed their tempers to lead them into some indiscretion.

It was Bones Leary who spoiled it. "If them dames want to hair-pull," he growled, "make 'em take it outside. You want to hang out the family wash with the snooper listening?"

Moffitt nodded. "Nadine," he said peremptorily, "button up your lip." He

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took her arm. "Come along. We have talking to do."

She tore away from him. Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes glinting. The Park Avenue veneer disappeared; even the painfully acquired nicety of speech vanished. Archy thought she was about to attack Boots with clawed fingers, and made ready to interfere. But it was upon Moffitt that she turned with language from the gutter. Moffitt's lips were white.

He bit off his words. "Shut up and come with me," he said.

She responded with an unpleasant epithet. Moffitt slapped her with all his strength, so that she was flung back against the counter. Archy was on his feet, confronting Moffitt, toe to toe.

"But you shouldn't," he said softly. "You really shouldn't slap a lady. Even if she deserves it."

"Keep out of this, Butts," Moffitt snarled.

It had been a grueling day for Archy Butts. Too much had happened, and too much that had happened had been galling. His tight nerves needed release.

"This," he said almost gaily, "I've been looking forward to."

With which he brought up his left fist in a crisp uppercut to Moffitt's chin and followed it with a solid right to the corner of the jaw. Moffitt sprawled. It had come so suddenly as to startle the others in the room to immobility, even Bones Leary. Then Bones snatched at his shoulder holster—but he was too late. Archy had gripped the man's wrist, twisting it so that the automatic dropped from his paralyzed fingers. He jerked Leary's arm behind his back with a hammer lock, and then propelled his head foremost against the wall. The crash shook the flimsy building. Archy stood straight and gazed down at his two prone victims.

"And that," he said with satisfaction, "clarifies the situation."

Neither man stirred. Archy smiled crookedly at Nadine Clark as she stood tense and pallid. "They're both yours," he said.

The counterman leaned across his counter, eyes bugged, mouth open. Boots Quinto had not moved from her stool. Her pert, elfin face expressed nothing.

"Come on, you," Archy said to her roughly.

She slid off the stool and followed him docilely out of the café and to his parked car.

"Get in," he said.

"But ——"

"Get in," he repeated implacably.

She climbed into the front seat and sat with inscrutable Mona Lisa face. Archy got in beside her, lips grimly compressed, and drove out of town toward the Pansy Grove store.

Archy turned off the paved highway onto the new road under construction, and proceeded slowly, stopping, turning aside for chugging earth-moving machinery; jolting over piled dirt, straddling furrows. Huge bulldozers driven by skilled hands lunged at the light car like so many ruthless juggernauts. In the ditch at the side of the elevated roadway lay a tractor with broken track. Dust, clatter, titanic activity told of the need for haste—the necessity for roads to carry the transportation units so essential to the operation of an oil field.

He drove sullenly, not looking at his companion or speaking to her. Boots, on her part, braced herself as best she could against the swaying and jolting of the car and continued to wear that cryptic Mona Lisa expression which would have maddened Archy had he turned his head to observe it.

At last she spoke. "You hit pretty," she said, "but what did it benefit?"

"Be still," he snapped.

As if there were not enough things to worry him, Archy now remembered Lumpy Sawyer. Lumpy had been assigned to keep an eye on Bones Leary, but it was evident that he had not been keeping an eye on the reefer-smoking gunman. Lumpy was not a man to neglect an assignment—unless he was prevented. Lumpy had been threatened; there had been those who resented his prying into their affairs. Was it, Archy asked himself, possible that the threat had been carried out? Or had Lumpy seen or heard something that made drastic action necessary? Archy expelled a breath. With all that confronted him, with matters moving swiftly toward some climax—as he was certain they now were moving—he would have to drop everything else to find out what had happened to Lumpy.

The car turned off the road and nosed against the hitching rail in front of the Pansy Grove store. Mrs. Violet Magin's husband sat, feet up, engrossed in a volume of the encyclopedia. He looked up, frowning at being interrupted, and then closed his book upon his finger.

"Where'd you git him?" he asked in faint surprise.

"In town," Boots answered.

"What did ye do with t'other young feller? The outsize, bumblin' one that trips over his feet?"

"He left me flat," Boots said.

Archy heard a whinny and, instead of mounting to the stoop, he walked purposefully around to the back of the store. There in the corral, nose in the feedbox, stood the shaggy, sway-backed, jugheaded pony. Archy turned on his heel and strode back to the stoop.

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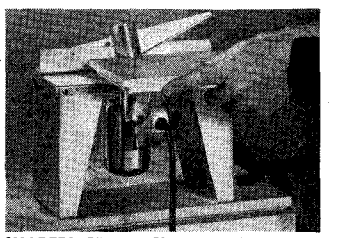

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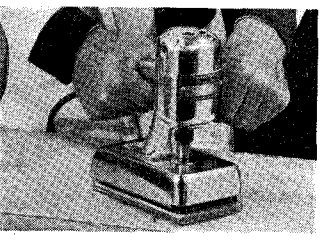

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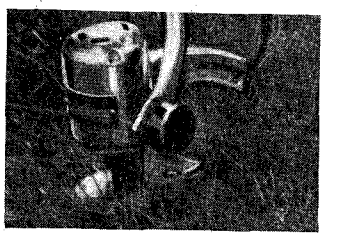

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"How," he demanded of Mrs. Magin's husband, "did that pony get back here?"

"Boots' pony, ye mean? He didn't git back. He hain't been away."

Mrs. Magin emerged from the obscurity of the store and stood peering at Boots and Archy with sharp, sparrow's eyes. "What you young folks aquarrelin' about?" she demanded.

"It takes two to make a quarrel," Boots said lightly. "It's all Mr. Butts."

"Is that so? What's gnawin' on him?"

Archy leaned against the post. "Mrs. Magin," he asked, "what time this morning did Miss Quinto ride away from here on her pony?"

"Not that it's any of your tarnation business," said Mrs. Magin, "but she didn't."

"No sirree," said her husband, "like I told ye. Ma, suthin's discombobolated betwixt these young folks. Calc'late we better take steps. If young spriggins here's barkin' up the wrong tree, mebby we better set him on the trail."

"What I say, allus, is it's best to leave nature take its course," said Mrs. Magin.

"My experience with nature," said Mr. Magin magisterially, "especial when it sticks its nose into the affairs of young folks like these here, is that it's incompetent, irrelevant 'n' immaterial, as the lawyers say. Yup. So I figger it's a good idee to clear up a p'int that seems to be vexin'."

"Go ahead and mess things up," said his wife. "You're the durndest-lookin' Cupid ever I see."

"Wa-al," said Mr. Magin, "ridin' off on a pony seems to be the p'int at issue. Naow, young feller, the fact is this here gal didn't go off on no pony this here mornin'. Nope. She went off in a car with that clumsy cuss that folks call Lumpy."

"With Lumpy!" Archy exclaimed. "What time was this, Mr. Magin?"

"Along about twenty minutes apast nine," said the old gentleman.

In spite of himself, Archy's eyes sought Boots Quinto. She was amused. She was most annoyingly amused.

"If this is so," Archy said miserably, "and it must be true, then whom did I see this morning throwing herself into the arms of John the Fisherman?"

Mrs. Magin snorted. She pointed down the road. There, loping toward the store, was a scrubby pony with a slim, small girl on his back, a girl in dungarees, shirt open at the throat, and wearing an aged, floppy felt hat.

"Appearin' kind of providential," Mrs. Magin said dryly. "From gossip that's astreakin' around, I'd say this here Lolly Grebus was more apt to be hurlin' herself into most any man's arms than anybody else in this neck of the woods."

Archy Butts was uncomfortably conscious that the red of embarrassment was hot upon his cheeks; he was conscious, also, of an upsurge of emotion that was one of relief mingled with something stronger, something that pleasured him more and left him tongue-tied. It also left him remorseful and afraid. Could behavior such as his be forgiven? He lifted his hands and let them drop. And then he saw that Boots Quinto was laughing—laughing at him and his misery.

"'When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,'" she quoted from Mr. Shakespeare's twenty-ninth sonnet.

"All right," said Archy. "All right. I'm bewailing my outcast state. I'm troubling deaf heaven with my bootless cries."

"And looking," Boots said cheerfully, "very silly." She turned her back and walked to the door, where she turned with a malicious grin. "Mrs. Magin," she asked, "does making a fool of himself ruin a man's appetite? If not, you might invite him to stay to supper."

Mrs. Magin scowled at Archy. "Lucky fer you," she said, "the gal's got common sense."

Mr. Magin opened his book again, but did not start to read immediately. "The' ain't many settlers scattered around here," he said, "but what the' is mostly comes to this store to trade. Some from quite aways off."

"Naturally," said Archy, wondering what Mr. Magin was leading up to.

"So," Mr. Magin went on, "the' hain't much happens fer miles around that don't git gossiped to Mrs. Magin 'n' me."

Archy listened, because it was evident that Magin was not talking aimlessly.

"Anything out of the ordinary run sets 'em to buzzin'."

"Are they buzzing about anything right now?" Archy asked.

"Cacklin' like a flock of hens when a hawk's soarin' overhead. Hunters that don't hunt. Fishermen that don't fish. Young Cobber Jones claimin' he seen a small plane—not the comp'ny's—flyin' low and makin' some kind of signals. Ever since that killin', folks has been in a state of mind."

"But nothing specific?" Archy asked.

"More like what ye might call a premonition," Mr. Magin answered.

Mrs. Magin's strident voice called from inside, "Supper's ready. Come 'n' git it."

The table was spread in the kitchen. Mrs. Magin's husband asked a brief blessing. Mr. Magin sat at one end of the table; Archy at the other. On Archy's right was Boots Quinto, and on his left Mrs. Magin. The food was on the table—meat on a huge platter, potatoes and vegetables in bowls, bread stacked high on a plate. There was constraint, at least on Archy's part. Boots ate as if she had missed a number of mealtimes, and did not raise her eyes from her plate. She was being perverse, certainly not helpful. The silence was increasingly awkward as she left the initiative to him.

"Well," he demanded at last, angry with himself, angry with her, "what do you want me to say? What do you want me to do?"

Again she gave him that Mona Lisa smile, but continued the silent treatment.

"All right," he said, "I made a mistake. Can I do more than say I'm sorry? I'm groveling."

"And you certainly ought to grovel," Boots said. "You should have known! You should have had common sense enough to be absolutely and completely confident I wouldn't get into any such spot. But no. You believed the evidence of your own eyes to the contrary. Either you trust a person implicitly or you don't. If you do, then no matter what your eyes see her do, that you know she wouldn't do and couldn't do, it's pretty skimpy if you believe your eyes and not your—your ——" She hesitated for a word.

"Your heart," snapped Mrs. Magin.

"Boots," he said, using her first name—at which she raised her brows—"I've been trained in a tough school to rely on facts, on what my eyes and ears and sense of touch tell me. Not on emotions, or prejudices, or wishful thinking. This time I was wrong. A thousand times I would have been right. If it happened again exactly as it did this time, I would have to believe my eyes and ears and fingers."

Boots raised her eyes from her plate. They were not angry, not hurt, not saturnine, but frank and understanding and friendly.

"Mr. Archimedes Bolivar Butts," she said, and her white, perfect teeth gleamed through a smile, "I'd have been all-fired disappointed in you if you'd said anything else. I like a character who sticks to his guns."

Archy was astonished, flabbergasted. For a moment his face was completely blank with surprise. But then he relaxed, he smiled, and the smile became a grin. "Boots," he said boyishly, "you're quite a gal. Get you a ball and bat and you can play on my team."

They heard a car drive up and stop in a squealing of brakes and a shower of pebbles. Heavy feet pounded up the steps and into the store.

"Where's everybody?" a voice demanded, Lumpy Sawyer's voice.

"Here!" Archy called. "In the kitchen!"

Lumpy lurched into the room and stood leaning against the doorframe for support. His broad, homely face was streaked with earth and blood, and his knuckles were barked and raw. He gaped at Boots Quinto.

"There you are!" he said. "I thought they had snatched you."

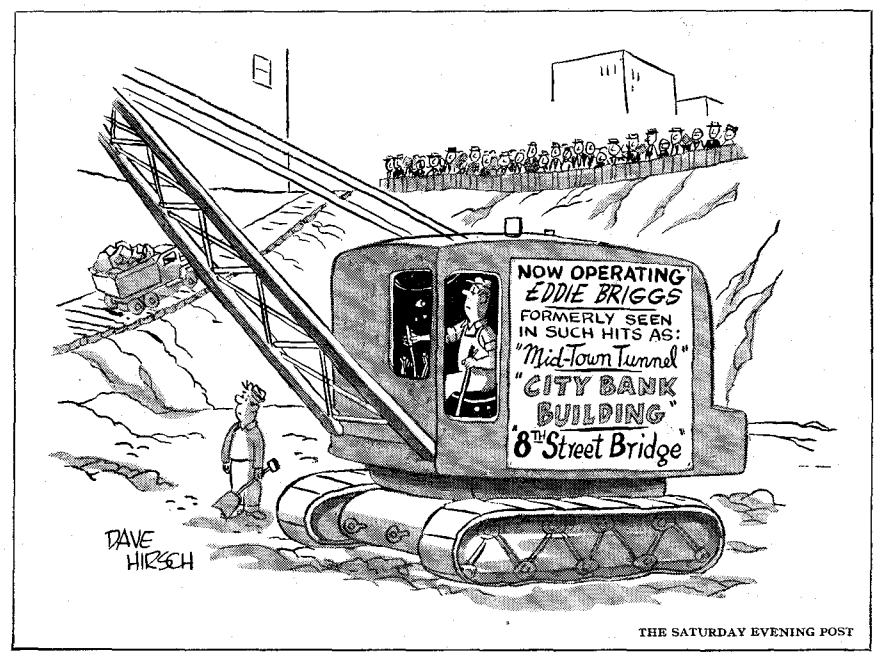
"Mr. Butts brought me home," she said.

"What's about Guatemala and tankers and emeralds?" Lumpy panted.

Nobody answered him as he stood wavering, on the point, it seemed, of collapse.

"The Mounties," he said, "are on their way here to pick you up." He was speaking to Boots. "That rumpus in the café spilled the beans. The counterman blabbed. . . . I got worked over by experts, but I busted away. . . . We haven't got all night. We got to stay foot-loose—you, Butts, and the cupcake and me. We got to scram out of here quick, but quick. Because of little playmates, hell has busted loose in the vineyard."

TO BE CONTINUED



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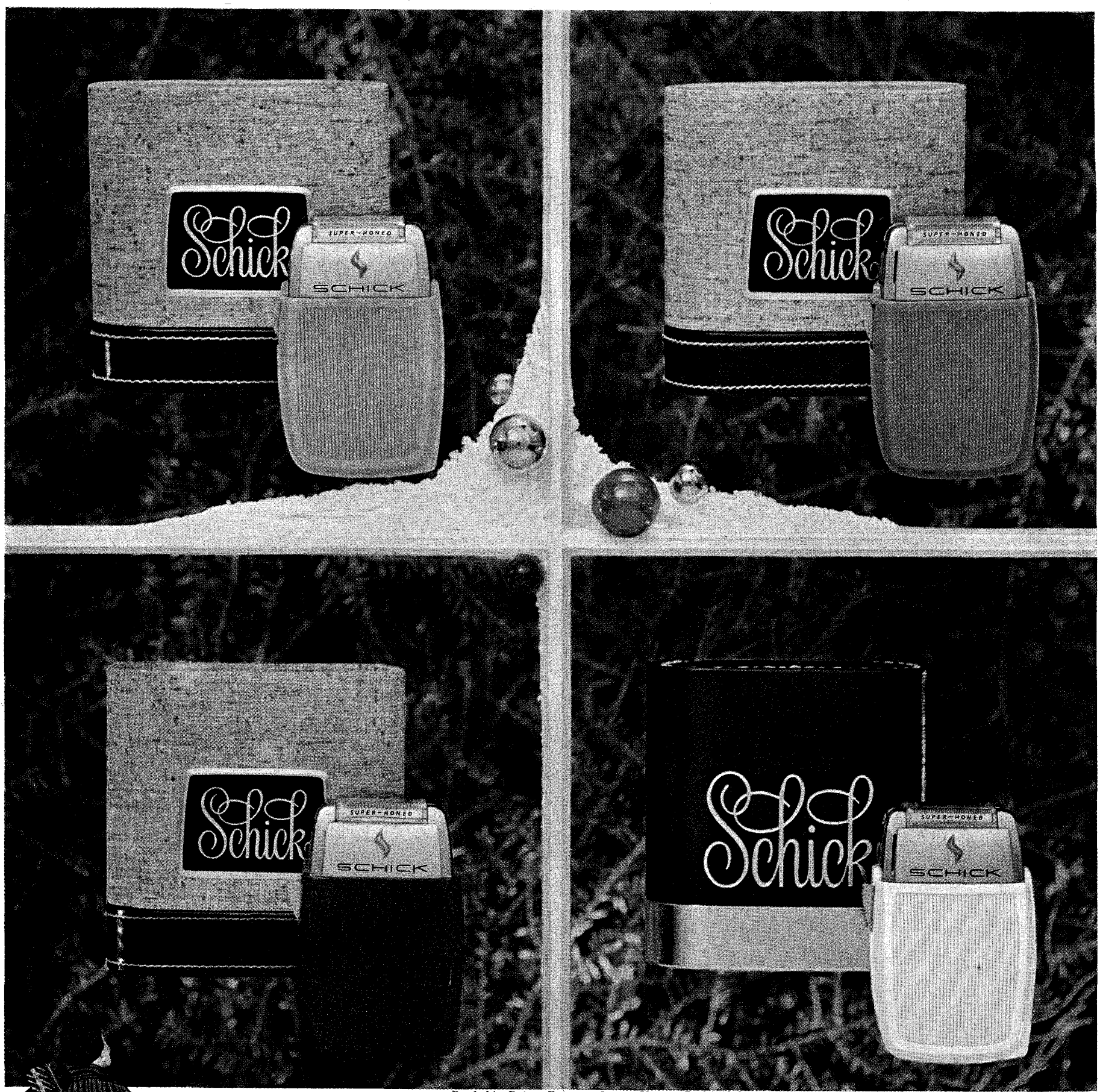

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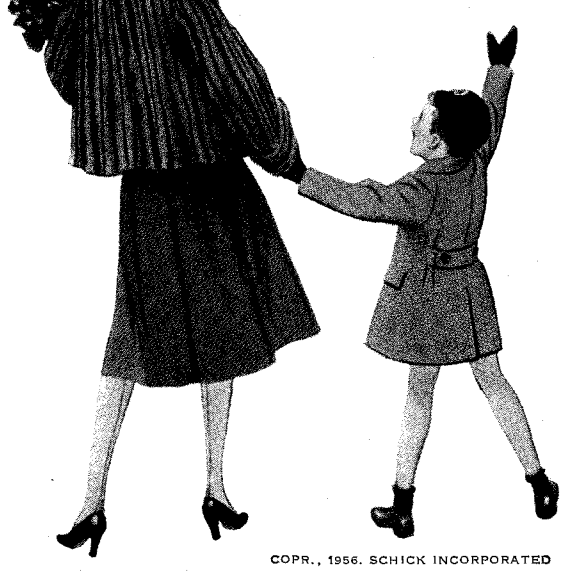

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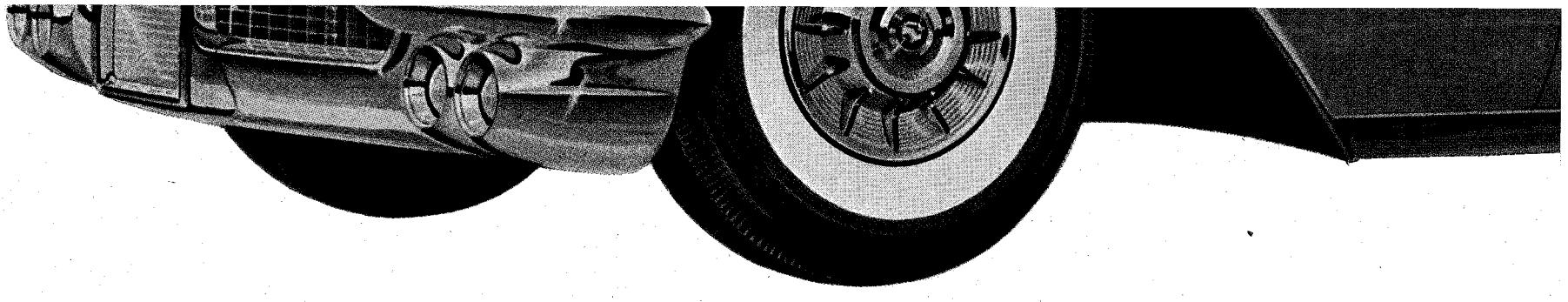

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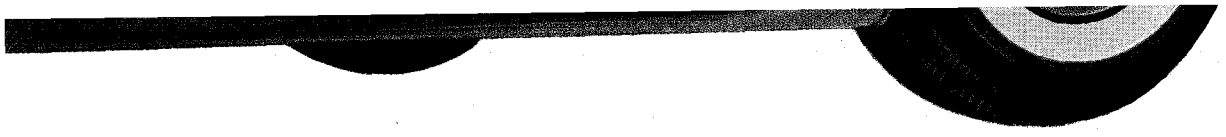

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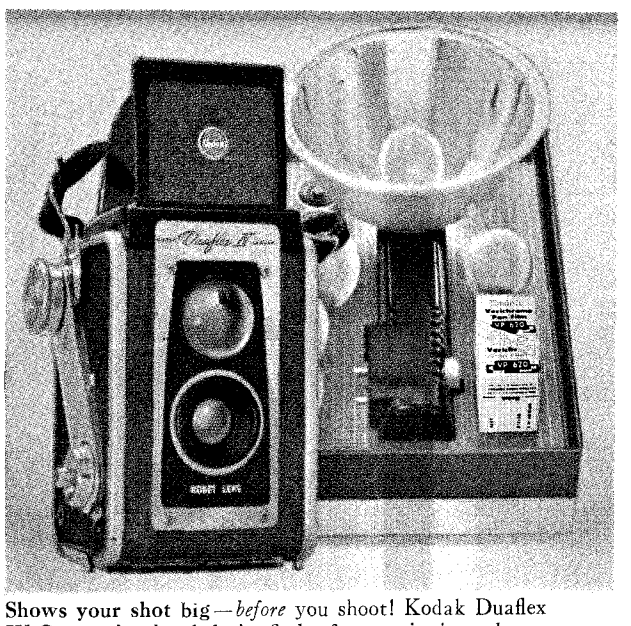

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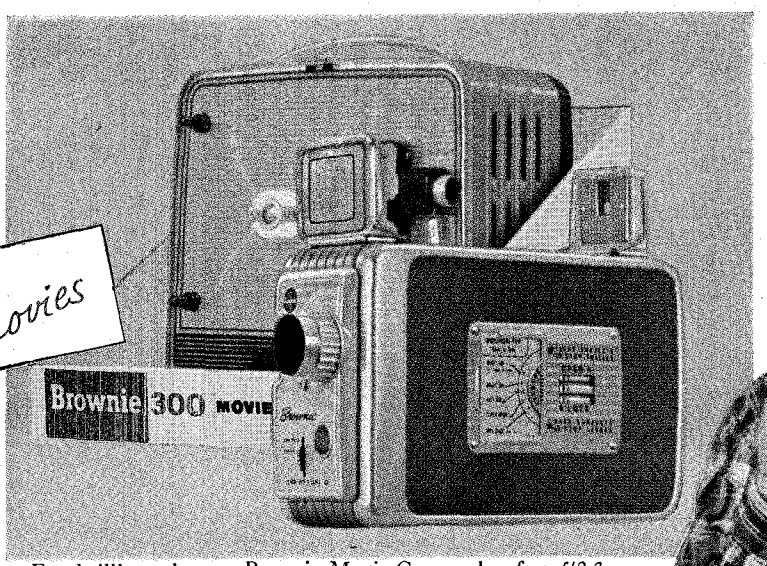

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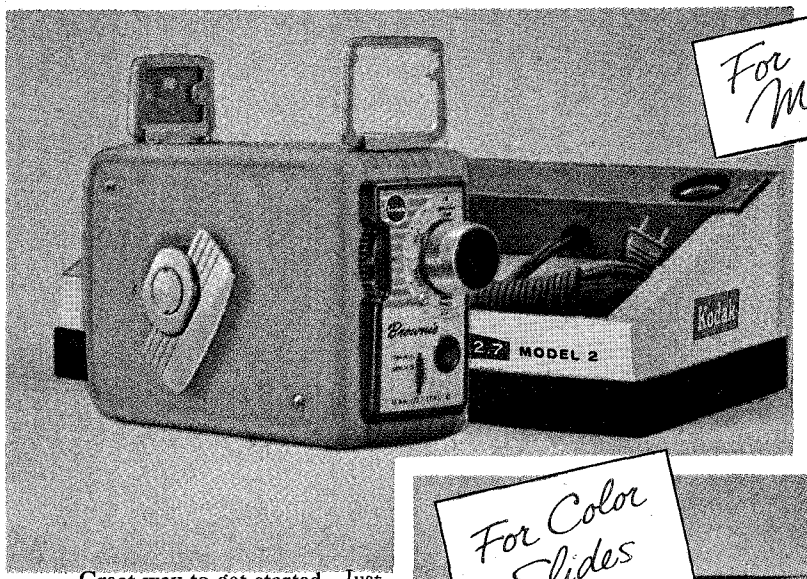

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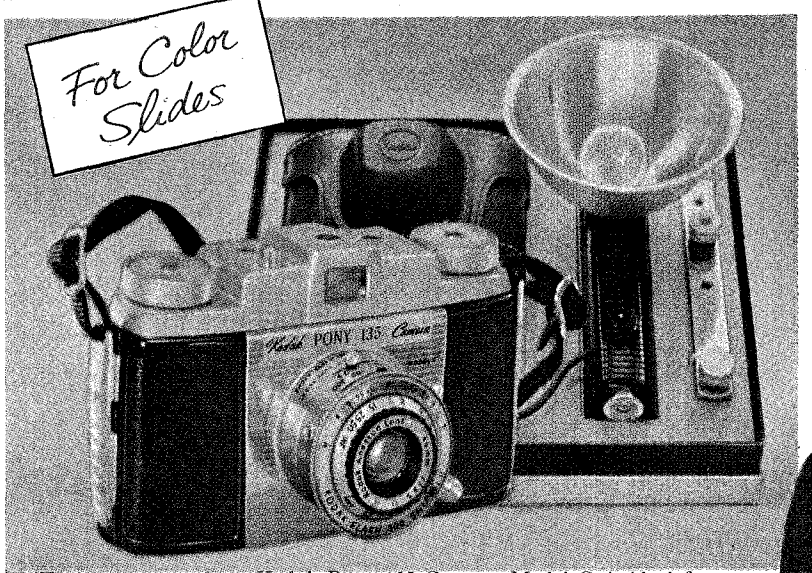

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My Dad, Walt Disney

(Continued from Page 29)

there had to be a big turnover. That meant plenty of openings for an up-and-coming man.

As a starter, he went out to the Universal lot and gave the studio receptionist what he called his "credentials." These were cards on which he had printed: "Walt Disney, Universal News and Selznick News Representative, Kansas City, Missouri." He asked the girl to show his card to the man who had handled the newsreel shots he'd been sending from Kansas City.

"What'll I tell him you want?" she asked.

"Just say I'd like a pass to see the studio," Dad said.

Once he had the pass, he gave that studio a going-over. He'd arrived early in the morning, and he stayed until late at night. He examined every set. When he found one where they were shooting pictures, he hung around to get tips on movie directing.

It took him a couple of weeks to discover that nobody wanted to hire a twenty-one-year-old novice as a director. Pretty soon he was asking for any old job, as long as it was in a movie studio. His forty-dollar grubstake ran out. His brother Roy, who was in the veterans' hospital at Sawtelle nearby, sent him the small sums he could spare. Dad decided to give free-lance cartooning another whirl while he was waiting for a studio job. So he rented a beat-up camera, built a camera stand out of scrap lumber, and set up shop in his Uncle Robert's garage.

Dad once told me that there are two kinds of people. "The first kind," he said, "are licked if they can't get a job. The second kind feel that they can always do *something*, even if jobs are scarce."

Looking back now, I think this early period in Hollywood reinforced Dad's natural inclination to be a self-starter. Instead of crying the blues, he dreamed up an idea of selling joke reels to Mr. Alexander Pantages, who owned a string of Pacific Coast theaters.

He hung around the Pantages office until he waylaid a junior executive in a corridor and told him about his idea. The man was bored. "Mr. Pantages wouldn't be interested in this," he said.

A voice from a nearby office boomed, "How do you know I wouldn't?"

Then Mr. Pantages came out and introduced himself. Dad explained his notion.

"Make up a sample," Mr. Pantages told him. "If it's what you describe, you've got yourself a deal."

When Dad started to make his joke reel, he used what he calls "my little stick figures." He sketched in a head, a mouth and eyes. Torso and limbs were a simple collection of lines which looked like white matchsticks on a black background. This style was adopted to save time, but it served Dad's purpose. His animated stick figures seemed to be telling each other a joke. Then the rest of the joke appeared in type over them. The settings were rudimentary—a moon in the sky, or a tree, or a park bench. He cut details to a minimum because he had to do all the drawing himself, and the camera work too. If he expected to produce one joke reel every week, he had to keep everything as simple as a child's drawing on a slate.

Meanwhile, a man back East who represented Lloyds Film Storage Corporation was trying to peddle the sample reel of Alice in Cartoonland that Dad had made in Kansas City. Dad was almost ready to close with Mr. Pantages when he got an offer for Alice in Cartoonland from a distributor in New York. Dad had been conducting a dogged correspondence with Eastern exhibitors, and the Lloyds' man had been showing the sample reel. Usually the exhibitor looked at it without comment. Now somebody was offering $1500 a cartoon. Dad went to see Uncle Roy in the hospital.

He sat on the edge of Uncle Roy's bed and said, "We're in! Fifteen hundred smackers a reel!"

"For how many reels?" Uncle Roy asked.

"For a series of twelve," Dad said. "Let's go, Roy! This is the break we've been waiting for."

But such impulsiveness gave Uncle Roy pause. He was only getting eighty-five dollars a month from the Government, and he had been giving Dad part of his tiny income so he could make the joke reels for Mr. Pantages. Now he was being urged to go ahead with another deal, and he didn't want to make a snap decision. He asked, "Can we do it?"

They talked over ways and means. Finally he grinned at Dad and said, "O.K. But we'll need capital. What will it cost to make the first reel?"

Dad suggested $500. The next day Uncle Roy tried to borrow the money from their Uncle Robert. But Uncle Robert was no easy touch. He'd had more than one argument with Dad.

"He demanded a lot of respect, and he didn't think I gave it to him," Dad told me. "Our first argument was about what railroad I'd come West on. When I arrived, Uncle Robert asked, 'Did you come through Topeka?' I said I hadn't. He said, 'If you came on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, you came through Topeka.'

"'Not the train I was on,' I said. 'It bypassed Topeka.'

"Uncle Robert was getting hot under the collar, but I wouldn't give in. He had his wife call up the Santa Fe, and when he found that my train really hadn't gone through Topeka, he was sore at me for weeks.

"He was also mad at me for something else," Dad said. "In Kansas City, when I was so broke, I'd borrowed sixty dollars from my brother Raymond, who was working there as a bank teller. After that, Raymond kept after me for that money. Christmas came and Roy wrote to me from California, 'We're all kicking in to buy Mother a vacuum cleaner. I'll put in for you. You get Ray to put in his part.'

"When I called Ray, he told me, 'You put in for me. After all, you owe me sixty bucks.' So I wrote Roy back and said, 'I guess we'd better skip Raymond. We'll buy it ourselves.' But that wasn't the end of it; when I came to Los Angeles, Uncle Robert had heard that I still owed Ray money." So when Uncle Roy went to Great-Uncle Robert to borrow $500, Uncle Robert said, "No. Walter doesn't pay his debts."

That made Uncle Roy angry. He almost said, "We don't want your five hundred," but he decided to be discreet and polished the apple with Uncle Robert until he got it. When he had the check he told Dad, "We'll pay him back with the first five hundred we take in. He'll be number one on our list."

"Uncle Robert meant well," Dad says now. "It was just that he was kind of pompous."

Knowing Dad, I'm sure he doesn't want me to play up anybody as a heavy in this story. "I get mad at people," Dad says, "but I never carry a grudge."

He's told me more than once that all the hard licks he ever got really did him good. Dad functions best when things are going badly.

"When things are going good," he says, "I'm afraid something's going to crack under me any minute. A kick in the pants can be the best thing in the world for you. Take the time in Kansas City when my Laugh-O-Gram Corporation failed and I was broke. That failure forced me to drop commitments I'd made, based on friendship instead of logic. Until then, I was always trying to bring the world and his neighbor in as my partners."

With Uncle Robert's check safely in hand, Dad approached a real-estate man and asked to rent studio space in the rear of his office. He offered to pay five dollars a month.

The real-estate man was amused. "What do you expect for five bucks?" he asked.

Dad laughed and said, "I don't know—maybe just enough space to swing a cat."

"Tell you what I'll do, my friend," the man said. "I'll let you have just that."

Dad had to abandon the joke reels for Mr. Pantages. The fact that someone wanted to buy Alice in Cartoonland excited him so much that he forgot to go back to Mr. Pantages and apologize—and he's still sorry that he didn't.

Production costs ate up Great-Uncle Robert's $500 before the first Alice reel was finished. Uncle Roy had to dig up another $250 before the film was completed. Then he and Dad sent it back East and collected $1500 for it. They had their first profit, $750, and it looked awfully big to them.

Dad shot the little girl who played "Alice" against a white drop. Then he drew the cartoons that went with her, and re-exposed the negative, frame by frame. He had trained his Uncle Robert's police dog to take part in the proceedings, and organized a gang of neighborhood children to act as Alice's pals. These kids were paid fifty cents each.

According to the script, Alice was a girl with an overgrown imagination. She'd tell the other kids a wild tale about something she had done, and Dad would show her doing it in animated cartoons. Or she'd have a dream, and it would be depicted in Dad's drawings. There were about 300 feet of cartoons in each 900-foot reel. The rest was padded out with children chasing around with the dog.

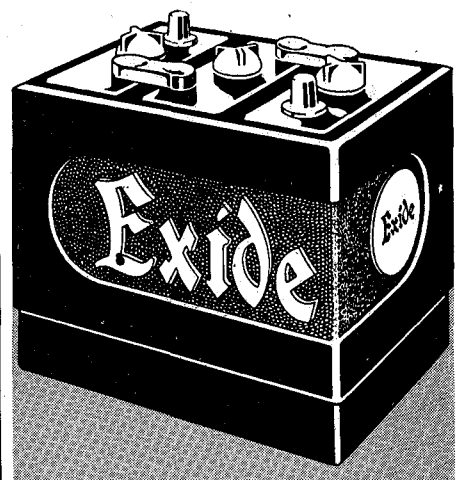
Dad was his own cameraman and director. He even built the sets himself. But each new film in the series cost more money to make than the last one, until it became a question whether any profit could be made at all.

Dad and Uncle Roy practiced Spartan economy. Uncle Roy had left the hospital as soon (*Continued on Page 70*)

Advice From the Lovelorn

By IRENE WARSAW

Because you adore him, it's
best not to muse
On the utter divergence of
some of your views.
It's rather important, dear—
take it from me—
To learn to be still when
you cannot agree.
Opinions unspoken lose half
their delight,
But so will his glance if he
finds you are right.
Don't strive for a nice
intermediate zone.
Just sit at his feet and don't
stand on your own.
Approve what he favors; be
kind to his fears;
And quote him—it's lyric
to masculine ears.
Be sweet when he's sullen—
it's futile to pout.
The course is quite clear to
me now. One finds out.



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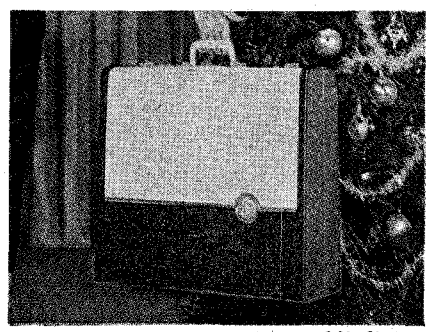

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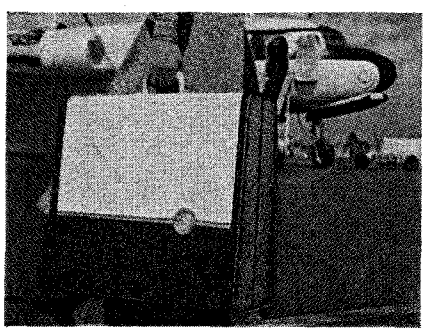

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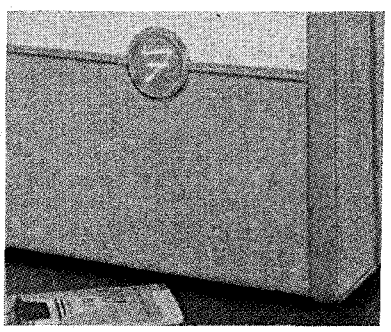

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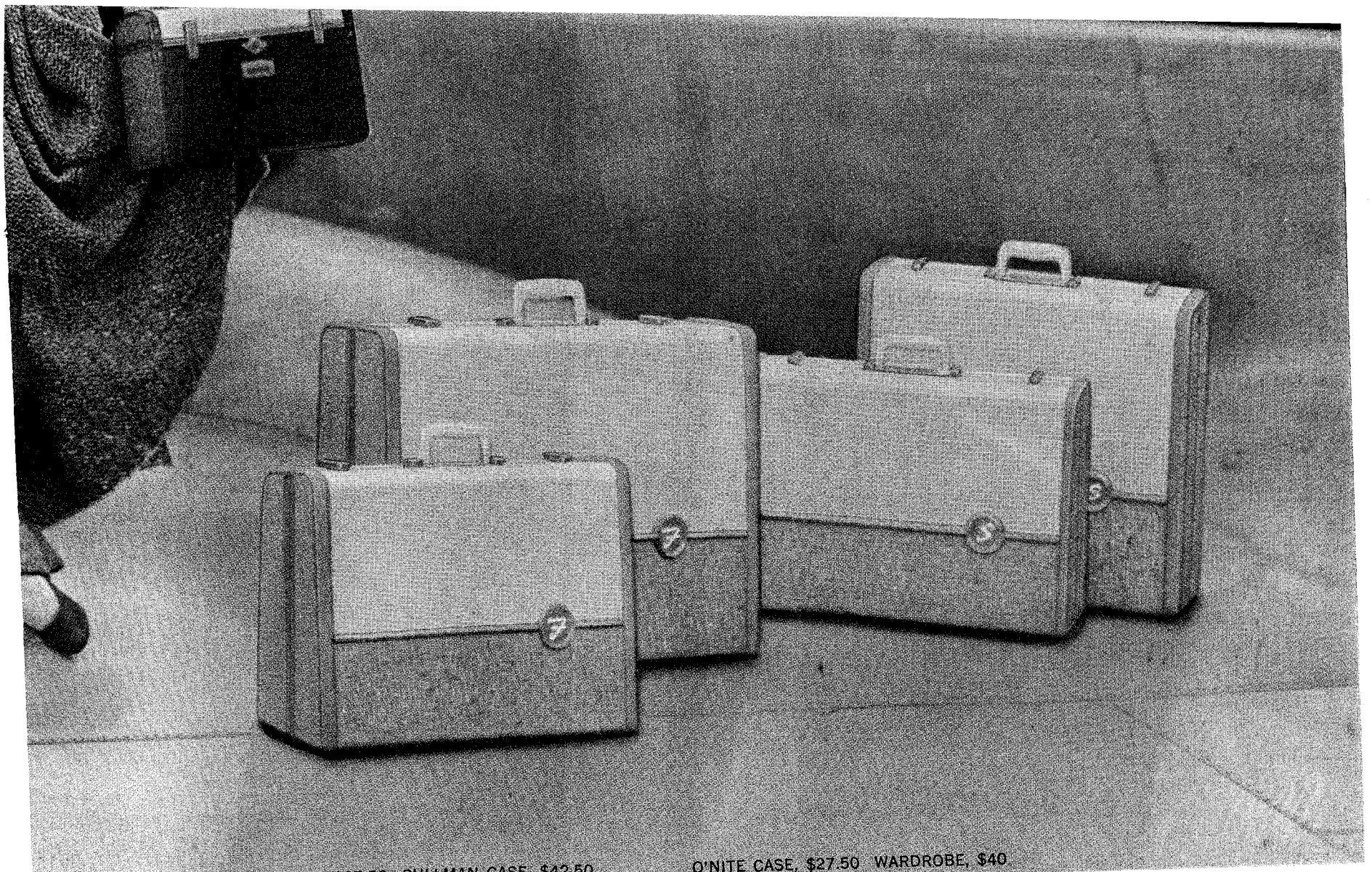

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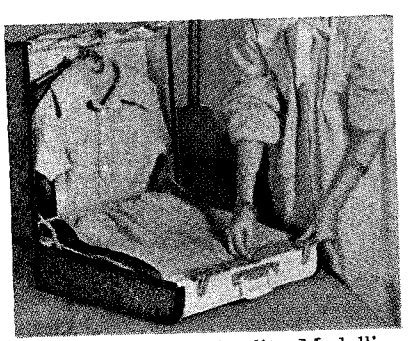

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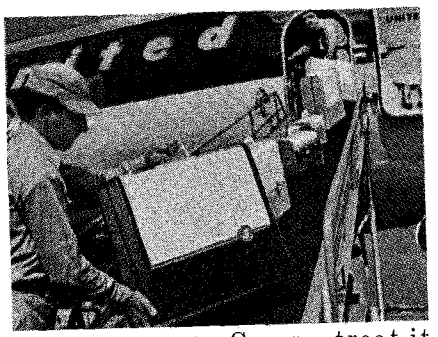

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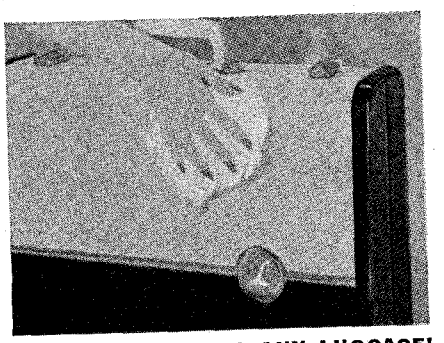

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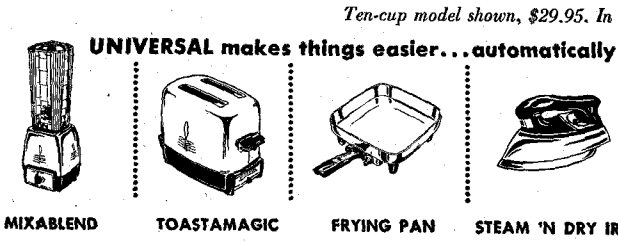

MIXABLEND TOASTAMAGIC FRYING PAN STEAM 'N DRY IRON

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

(*Continued from Page 67*) as the twelve-reel deal was set. He moved into a small apartment with Dad. At first, they ate in a cafeteria, saving money by spreading one dinner on two trays and sharing it. But even that was too expensive. Uncle Roy was still not quite well, so he'd go home every afternoon and take a nap. Then he'd get up and cook supper on a little gas burner, and when Dad got home they'd eat together.

"Roy was a good plain cook," Dad says now. "His specialty was canned beans with lots of ketchup."

When the young firm of Walt and Roy Disney got to the point where they had to borrow money or go under, Dad thought of Uncle Roy's girl, back in Kansas City. Uncle Roy had been going with her for a long time before he'd headed West for hospitalization. "Why don't you write to your girl Edna?" Dad asked. "She's got money." Uncle Roy wouldn't hear of it. So Dad sent her a letter: "Don't tell Roy I've written, but we need money. Can you lend us some, and if so, how much?"

She had a job and she was living with her family, so she'd managed to save a little. Also, she was mighty fond of Uncle Roy. She sent Dad a check; he can't remember now how much it was, but it came just in time.

Then Dad told Uncle Roy what he'd done. "You're going to be mad, but here's her check. It's money and we need it." Uncle Roy swallowed his pride. I'm sure that he has repaid his girl by this time, for later on he married her. And they've stayed married for thirty-one years.

In his search for funds, Dad also remembered an organist at the Isis Theater, in Kansas City, for whom he'd once made an animated film for audiences to sing with. It showed the syllables of the words on the screen, together with a bar of music; when it was time to sing the next word or syllable, Dad's film had the bar of music jump up and down and wipe off what had just been sung. Then the next word flashed on the screen. Remembering that organist, Dad wrote him from Hollywood to ask for a loan. He sent the Disney brothers $250.

I asked Dad how he'd managed to pour increasing sums of money into his Alice films. If the first one had cost only $750, why had he spent more on the second?

"I put more money into the settings," he said, "and the kid actors began to ask more. And I had to hire a cameraman. I'd tried to teach Roy how to turn the camera crank. There was an even rhythm you had to use in cranking an old-time silent-movie camera. The trouble was, Roy never quite mastered the rhythm, and as a result we got a fluctuating tempo on the screen. If you undercranked it, it made the actors and cartoons jump around faster on the screen. If you overcranked, it slowed them down."

Dad did all of the work on the first Alice himself, and he did all of the animation for the next five. Then he trained a youngster to lend a hand with animation. Finally he sent for Ub Iwerks, the boy with whom he'd worked on cartoons in Kansas City. Then the market got shaky.

After Dad and Uncle Roy had delivered their sixth cartoon, the New York distributor came West to cancel his contract. He hadn't had much luck in selling the first six reels, he said. Now he wanted to be released from his agreement to take twelve. He almost persuaded Dad and Uncle Roy to drop the whole thing, but a final conference stiffened their backbones. No cancellation, they said, because they'd already made Alice No. 7. When that one was delivered it was a smash hit.

I have asked Dad what difference there was between Alice No. 6 and Alice No. 7.

"I honestly don't know," he told me. "Maybe I was getting smarter at throwing gags to the audiences."

Success changed everything. The distributor picked up his option for a second series of twelve films. Dad and Uncle Roy kept getting more money per reel each year, and the Alice in Cartoonland series lasted for three years. Dad can't remember just how far the price went up, but he does know that five years later, when Mickey Mouse was born, his cartoons were bringing $2250 each.

"Roy and I lived very conservatively," he says. "During our unmarried years we drew only thirty-five dollars a week apiece for living expenses. Watching every dime, we managed to save between twenty-five and thirty thousand bucks, which we invested in solid assets. By 1928 we owned a piece of real estate that had cost us fourteen thousand dollars. And we'd built two homes—by this time both of us had gotten married."

I'm not sure that Mother approves, but I see no harm in telling about Dad as a low-pressure swain who went acourtin' with a relaxed selling technique. At least that's the way he'd like to have you think it was. The story begins in 1923, when the Alice in Cartoonland series was just getting under way. Dad and Uncle Roy had hired a girl named Kathleen to help in their studio, and when a second girl was needed, they asked Kathleen if she could dig up somebody.

"I know a stenographer who's not doing anything," she said. "Her name is Lillian Bounds. She only lives a little way from the studio, so the job won't even cost her carfare."

"Ask her if she wants to come to work," Dad said. So Kathleen walked the few blocks to where Mother was living, and said, "I have a job for you, on one condition. Promise you won't marry the boss."

Mother came to work that afternoon. She was newly arrived from Lewiston, Idaho, where she had attended business college. But she wasn't businesslike enough to ask how much the pay was. When she discovered that it was only fifteen dollars a week, she seemed satisfied. My guess is that by that time she had her eye on Dad.

Mother has never told me much about Dad's courtship, but she did break down once and tell me about the first time he kissed her. It was one night when they were working late and Mother was taking dictation from Dad. "Suddenly," she tells me, "your father leaned over and kissed me."

"And then what?"

"I blushed," Mother said. "It was customary in those days."

They didn't get married right away. There was a period during which Dad drove Mother home from work in a rattletrap jalopy, but was ashamed to go in and visit with her folks because his mismatched coat and pants were pretty shabby. One night he told her, "I'd like to come in and meet your family—when I get a new suit."

Mother said, "What you have on is fine."

Uncle Roy was the watchdog of the moneybags, so Dad went to him the next day and asked if he could draw enough from the kitty to buy a suit.

"We'll both buy new suits," Uncle Roy decided. "And we'll spend as much as thirty-five dollars apiece."

Uncle Roy picked out a thirty-five-dollar suit, but Dad's selection had a forty-dollar price tag. Uncle Roy felt Dad had taken advantage of his good nature, but he decided to be big about it.

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Dad promptly made a date to meet Mother's sister and brother-in-law, with whom she was living. After a polite "How do you do?" Dad made small talk for a while. Then he asked eagerly, "How do you like my new suit?"

"My question certainly broke the ice with Lilly's family," Dad says now.

He swears that he had no intention of getting married. As I've reported earlier, he meant to stay single until he was twenty-five years old and had $10,000 saved. But it is obvious that Uncle Roy had made no such resolution. He sent for his girl Edna, back in Kansas City. She came to Los Angeles and they were married in April, 1925.

Dad says, "When Roy told me he was going to be married, I realized that I'd need a new roommate. So I proposed to Lilly."

He tries to be gruffly matter-of-fact about his love affair with Mother. He says that he worded his proposal like this: "I'm eating with your folks all the time, so we might as well get married." I don't believe him. The truth is that Dad's an out-and-out sentimentalist. He cried at my wedding, and I've seen him tearful at others. He weeps at sad movies. As an emotional pushover, he's God's gift to the movie industry, for he lives almost every story he sees on the screen. (The good ones, anyway; the bad ones he walks out on.)

But to hear Dad tell about marrying Mother, you'd think that he was seeking a lifetime supply of her sister's fried chicken. I tried one day to make him admit the truth.

"You must have loved her, Dad," I said.

"Well, yes," Dad admitted, "but what's love? How do you know it's not just a need for companionship? Not that I'm knocking companionship; it's important. You should have seen your grandfather if he had to be away from your grandmother overnight. He mourned."

"It's the same with you," I told him. "When you go anywhere without Mother, you're lonely."

He kept skittering away from the subject and I kept boring in. Finally he said, "Your mother was a good listener. I'd talk to her about what I hoped to do, and she'd listen. As a matter of fact, she listened then better than she does now."

Then I played my ace. "You don't know it," I said, "but your two daughters, Sharon and I, found a love letter you wrote to Mother before you were married. Boy, were you silly and romantic! Sharon read that letter aloud to me. 'Listen to this,' she'd say. It was very sweet, and I said, 'No, no, Sharon; we mustn't go any further.'"

"And a good thing you didn't," Dad said. "You kids forget that we were once young and emotional too. You look at us now, and think we're kind of saggy and that we've always been this way. Not long ago one of my writers at the studio was working on a love scene. He's a good writer, but when he went home and tried his scene out on his family, his kids said, 'Oh, Daddy! Imagine you writing about love!'"

I don't know that Dad ever proposed to Mother. A boy and girl can arrive at the conclusion that they're going to be married without a formal proposal. At least that's what happened to my husband Ron and me. Dad's story is that he and Mother planned to chip in together and buy a car. Thinking that he'd get a practical answer, Dad asked, "Which do you think we ought to pay for first, the car or the ring?" With her eyes glowing, Mother said, "A ring."

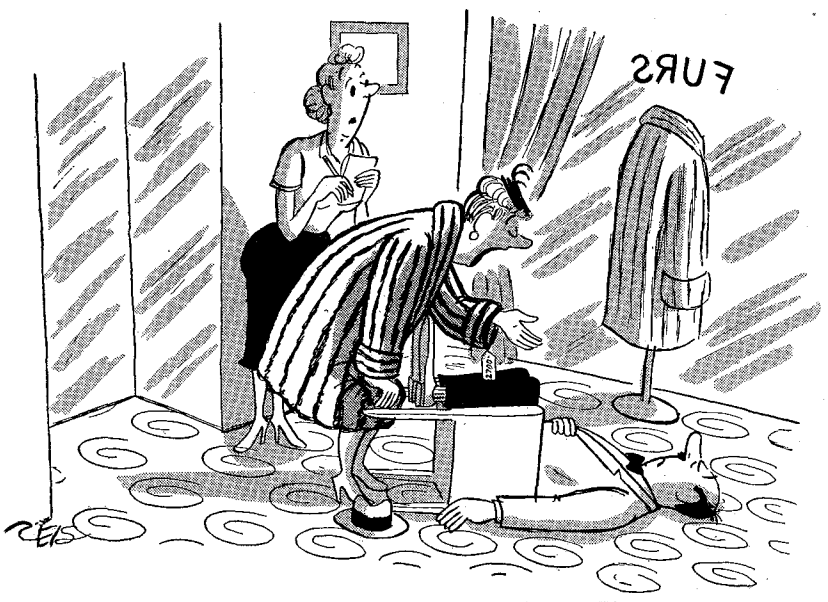
Dad paid for that ring out of money he and Uncle Roy had saved. Uncle Roy located a man who knew where diamonds could be bought cheaply.

"For all I know," Dad told me, "the jewels in that place were hot. We went upstairs and into a back room, and a man pulled rings out of little drawers. He had one that was set with a three-quarter-carat stone. It looked like a locomotive headlight to me. He had other rings for thirty-five bucks, but I selected the three-quarter carat because it was fancy. It was in a basket mount and it had little blue sapphires set around it. The asking price was seventy-five dollars. I was trying to convince Roy we could spend that much when the jeweler knocked it down to seventy."

Mother went to Idaho with her sister for her wedding. Her mother lived there, and her brother was fire chief of Lewiston. Dad followed her north and they were married in the living room of Mother's brother's home, in July, 1925. According to his plan, Dad should have been twenty-five years old with ten grand in the bank. But he married at twenty-three, and he was just getting by.

After the wedding, the bride and groom took a westbound train. They planned to return to Los Angeles on the H. E. Alexander, a coastwise steamer.

As luck would have it, Dad had an infected tooth on his wedding night. He sat up with the Pullman porter until dawn, helping him shine shoes to pass the time and forget his (*Continued on Page 75*)



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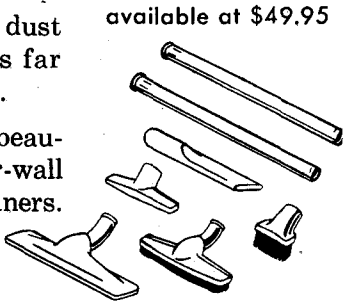

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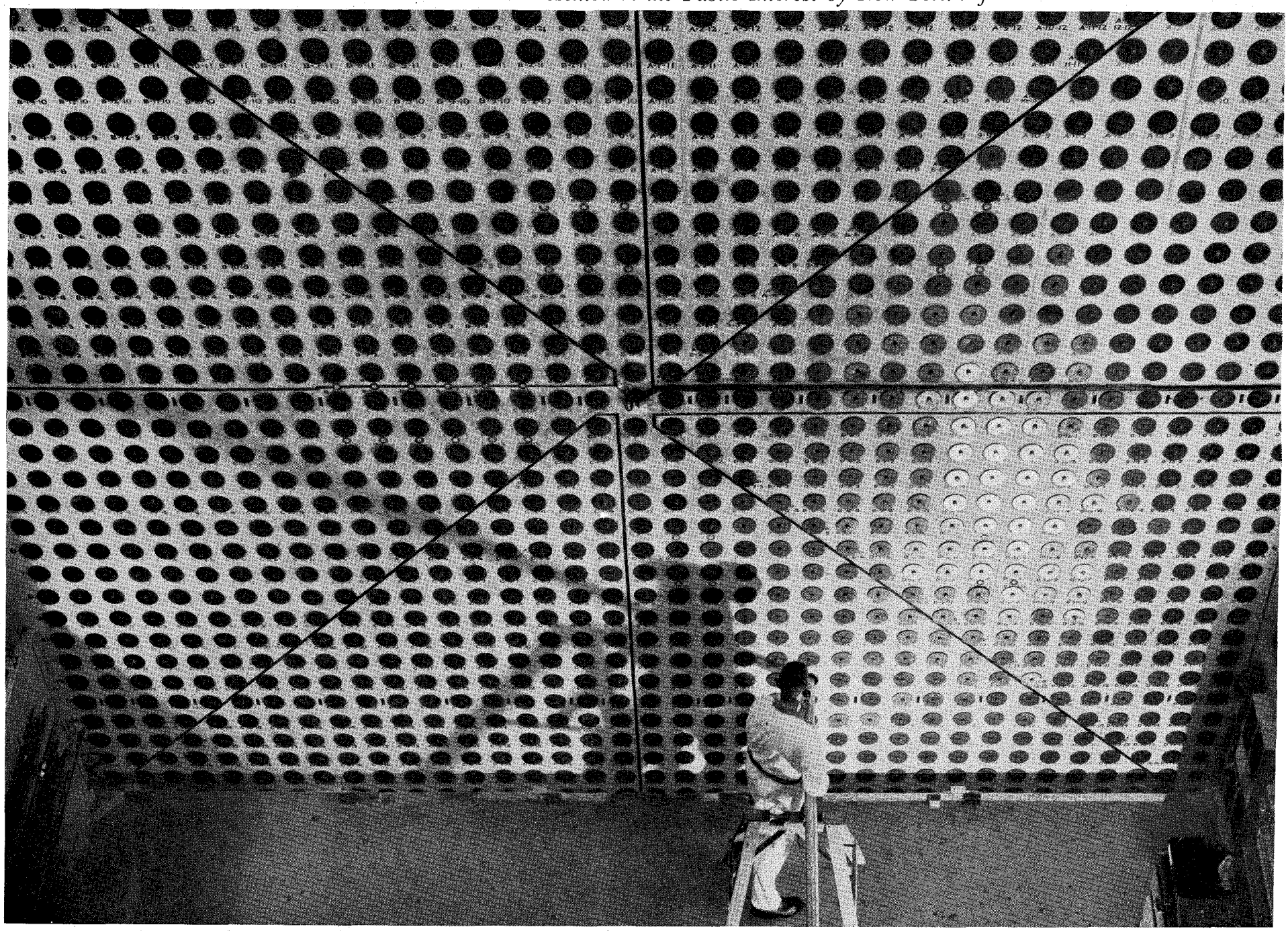

Spectacular devices aid the atomic scientist in his quest for knowledge. Here a uranium fuel element is loaded into the Research Reactor at Brookhaven National Laboratory. The reactor provides neutrons and radioactive isotopes for hundreds of experiments, both at Brookhaven and at other research laboratories in universities, hospitals and industry.

Should your child be an Atomic Scientist?

by LAWRENCE R. HAFSTAD

Vice President in charge of the Research Staff, General Motors Corporation
(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

AT THE SPEARHEAD of human knowledge is atomic science. Since 1939 it has raised from zero an industry we now reckon in billions of dollars, an industry based on something no one ever will see, the neutron, a little part of the atom.

This unseen portion of matter is a monument to man's intellect—something that materialized out of creative, disciplined imagination. Once pure theory, today it is an immense reality, a tremendous force for good.

What atomic science will do for tomorrow's world I would hesitate to predict, although much of my lifetime as a physicist has been spent helping to find both military and civilian uses for this new form of power. But I can say this emphatically. Its future is unlimited.

Already we have a nuclear-powered submarine. It has cruised more than 50,000 miles without refueling.

With casual assurance, scientists and engineers are discussing the idea of nuclear-powered ships.

They are talking also about "package" atomic reactors for developing power in the world's wastelands. This would be one of mankind's greatest boons.

A distinguished diplomat put it succinctly. "Can you imagine what atomic energy will mean to the peasants of Afghanistan?" he said. "For the first time in their lives, they will have electric light."

Here at home, scientists even visualize an era in the foreseeable future when atomic energy may begin to supplant the power we extract from coal and petroleum, should our reserves of them commence to dwindle.

There is no reason for any feeling of mystery about this. It is just another physical phenomenon.

Accept the fact that such a thing as a neutron exists, exactly as you accept the fact of electricity each time you switch on a light. Accept the fact, too, that if this neutron collides with the uranium 235 nucleus, a peculiar process called "fission" occurs. Two fission fragments fly apart at high velocity and let loose large amounts of energy.

Then consider that from one pound of fissionable uranium you get as much energy as from 2,600,000 pounds of coal. Now, you'll understand why enthusiasts grow so excited about atomic energy.

But power isn't the sole miracle in atomic energy.

The by-products of atom-splitting are equally challenging. Gamma rays that are released in the fission process can be utilized for food sterilization. And in other chemical reactions. Many plastics, for example, can be stabilized against temperature changes by treatment with gamma rays.

Radioactive isotopes that come out of the split atom are still more valuable. Every day, they are turning up new clues in the endless war against disease. Medical researchers are employing them right now to track down brain tumors.

In agriculture, plant biologists and agronomists are using isotopes to enrich the soil and improve farm crops. By means of isotopes, they recently brought forth new species of rust-resistant oats that stand to save American farmers $100,000,000 a year.

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Isotopes are even being utilized today to make chickens lay more eggs.

And that's not all their uses, by far. We need to know more, for instance, about the wearing qualities of metal. Just why do certain machine parts wear out?

Isotopes are telling us.

We need a better understanding of the manner in which one part of an alloying element in 10,000 parts of base metal produces such striking improvements.

Isotopes may shed new light on it.

It is actually impossible to enumerate the packets of new knowledge that isotopes and other radioactive materials are revealing to us. We scientists are like kids turned loose in a toy department; there are so many things beckoning for our attention, we hardly know where to start.

So, you see, the boys and girls who select nuclear science for a livelihood will have the privilege of working on the frontiers of knowledge.

Deep intellectual and spiritual satisfactions await them. I never knew a true scientific explorer who was bored by his work.

"Are there any openings for newcomers in atomic science?" you ask.

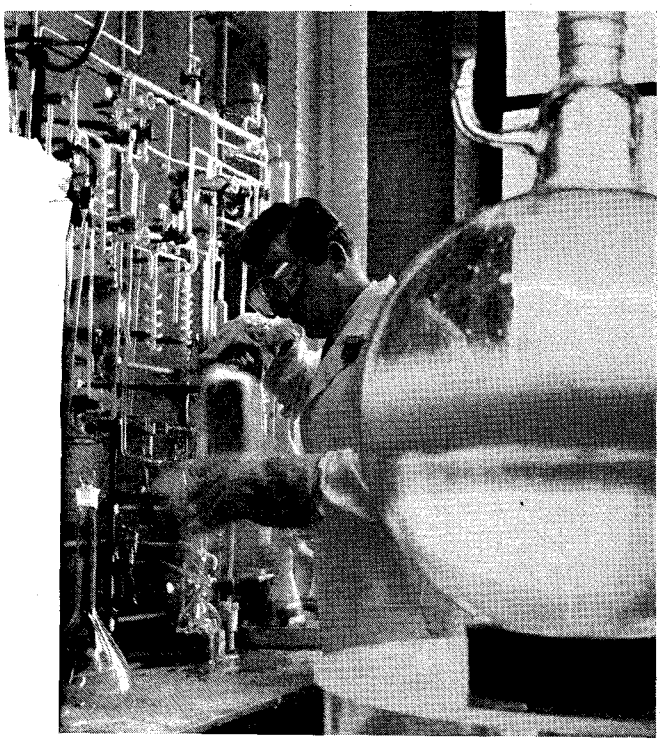
I can honestly answer that the opportunities are infinite—for boys and girls both. The need for new blood in this line is vast. It is one of the fastest-growing categories in science, and its demands for trained manpower have seriously outstripped the supply.

A few years ago, merely a handful of scientists were dealing with the atom. This year, 15,000 scientific people are engaged in atomic activities for the government and private industry. Tens of thousands more are wanted.

The Atomic Energy Commission has officially estimated that 40,000 more scientists and engineers will be required within the next several years to work on applications of nuclear power. This is just one phase of atomic science. There are scores of others.

The salutary fact is that the *idea* of research no longer has to be "sold" to industry, the government, or the public.

Industrial firms now realize that their survival depends upon scientific alertness in the laboratories. The government is continually enlarging its technical horizons. Colleges and universities, traditional incubators of scientific thought, are broadening the scope of their research programs. And there are burgeoning scientific foundations, privately operated and financed, which are setting up hundreds of specialized research projects for government and industry.



In medicine, the atom has opened vast new horizons. Above, a scientist at Sloan-Kettering Institute uses radioactively-tagged compounds to study the difference between normal cells and cancer cells in the search for cancer-controlling chemicals.

With all of these organizations, expansion in the atomic field is checked only by the scarcity of trained personnel.

What types of scientists and engineers are welcome in atomic science?

Almost every kind. Physicists are needed to do basic research on the underlying facts of nature; we have nearly exhausted our present store of basic research. Mathematicians are necessary to predict neutron behavior. Chemists must search out better methods for processing fission products. Metallurgists must determine materials that can withstand the incredible heat and stress involved in atom-splitting. Medical men and biochemists must ascertain the effects the atom can have on health. Biologists and agronomists must seek methods by which the atom can improve crops. Engineers of every variety—mechanical, civil, electrical, metallurgical, mining, to mention a few—are equally essential. They must translate the broad findings of the scientists into practical usage.

No matter what aspect of science a person is interested in, he is likely to find an outlet in the atomic arena.

What does atomic science demand of the boy or the girl who wants to make a profession of it?

First, in my opinion, he (or she) must have imagination. Second comes intellectual curiosity, a deep-rooted desire to understand how and why things behave as they do. Third, the young scientist must have patience. Often he will reach dead-ends in research. He must be willing to keep on trying.

As one of my very good scientist friends declared, "The only time you don't want to fail is the last time you try."

A fourth and especially urgent requirement is a mathematical bent. And the boy who aspires to go far in atomic science must have a true mathematical talent. Math is the language of "the trade."

A fifth characteristic is the ability to collect data, organize facts and analyze them. A sixth requirement is that a boy enjoy hard work, for the problems are everlasting.

And, seventh, the good scientist-to-be should be a non-conformist. He must be willing to get off well-traveled mental highways and strike out for himself. The brief history of atomic science is the story of men and women who had the intellectual courage of their convictions. Too much cannot be said for this.

The financial rewards?

Latest government studies indicate that a college graduate with a Bachelor of Science or an engineering degree can easily get a job paying $400 a month. Within not too many years, he should be up to $750 a month. Men who reach the higher levels of management will, of course, earn considerably more. In industry, salaries of $25,000 and $35,000 are not unusual.

"Show me a man of ability and experience, and I'll meet his price, whatever it is," the head of a large company in the atomic field recently remarked.

The possibilities for advancement are splendid. Visit any atomic laboratory and one of your first impressions is that the staff is made up of young people. The working conditions are excellent, too. In this connection, let me stress that it is not a dangerous business. Its accident rate is so low that the National Safety Council rates it as one of the two safest industries in the country.

As in any profession, disadvantages can be cited. The hours are long. The work is arduous. For scientists, the risk of lack of success is great. In research, many failures must be expected for every success.

One can certainly select an easier way of making a living.

If your child does settle on atomic science for his lifework, he must have a thorough education. Were I the parent of a youngster with a scientific gleam in his eye, I would do my best to impress him with the truth that his future is starting in his classroom today. Nuclear science is only an extension of the basic fundamentals he learns in his early science courses.

I would tell him, "Steep yourself in fundamentals. Make them part of your consciousness. The rest of what you learn will come naturally."

A Bachelor's degree in science or engineering is the least a boy should have, and a Master's degree is better.

Anyone thinking of basic research in physics or chemistry should go on to get a Ph.D. It's a virtual necessity for landing a good job in government, industry, or the academic world. Besides, it brings a better salary.

Just recently, a study was made to compute how much more money a scientist with a Ph.D. was likely to earn during the course of his life than one with a Bachelor's degree.

It came to $100,000.

I might point out that opportunities to acquire graduate degrees have improved greatly. More than thirty universities are giving graduate courses in nuclear engineering and other atomic sciences. A number of industries encourage their young laboratory employees, financially as well as otherwise, to continue their graduate education in special courses or night classes while they hold down their regular jobs.

I believe it is also worth emphasizing that atomic science, because of its stringent requirements, is not a calling for the average student. It insists upon a high level of mental refinement, and I think it is important for us to try to train our youth up to it.

Mylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Atomic Science is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work *and* Retailing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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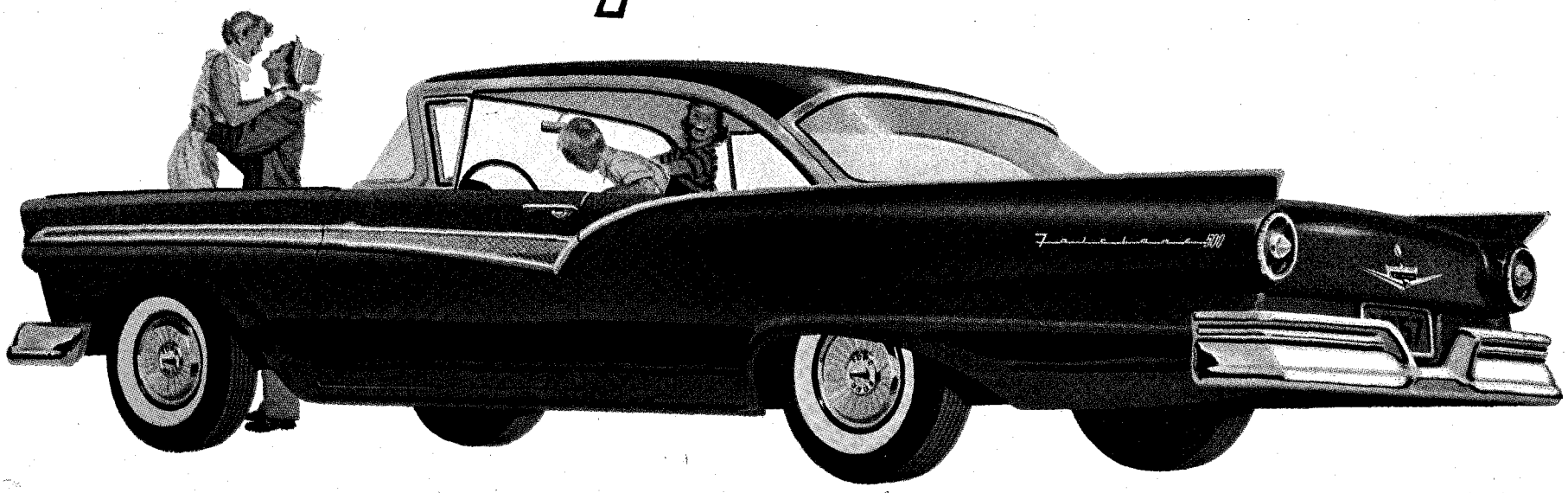


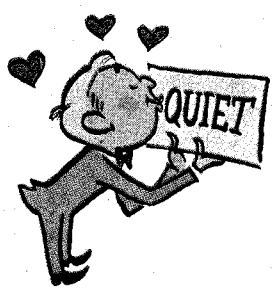
Ford's Fairlane Five Hundred (in case you wundred)

Oh, sweet chariot, swung low
You're a dream-car come true.
There's no car in your field
That is longer than you

Your trim, sculptured lines
Stretch o'er seventeen feet.
Even medium priced cars
Find it hard to compete

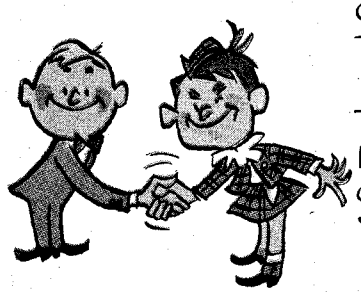
You, who first in your field
Went so low and so wide—
You're so heavy and big
And so roomy inside!

And you say that you come
In two sizes this year?
Why, for choice, there's no car
That can come even near!



There's no car at the price
That's so rugged. That's sure!
Your all new Inner Ford's
SOLID... SILENT... SECURE

And what car can compare
With your Thunderbird "Eight"
Or what car has a "Six"
That is so up-to-date!



To think a low Ford price
Brings all this. That's the thing
Oh, sweet chariot, swung low
You're so easy to swing!

(Of Ford's great new story—we've told but a fraction
So see your Ford Dealer... and try Ford in action!)

'57 FORD

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(*Continued from Page 71*) throbbing jaw. When he and Mother reached Seattle, Dad went to a dentist and had the tooth pulled. A fine honeymoon, I must say.

The newlyweds leased a tiny kitchenette apartment in Los Angeles for forty dollars a month. After that, Mother worked at the studio only in emergencies. The Alice series was going well. Uncle Roy and Dad were getting $1800 to $2000 each for them, and coming out with a little margin of profit on each one.

As a newly married man, Dad drew forty dollars a week out of the joint Disney bank account. He gave Mother ten dollars for household expenses. The rest went to pay installments on a car and household furniture. Eventually they built a house for $7000, which Dad thought was an awful price for a house containing only 2000 square feet of space—a prefab at that; only in those days they were called "ready-cut." It was an English-type job, very small and very dark. But Mother thought it wonderful. It still stands in the Silver Lake district, near the old Disney studio on Hyperion Avenue. The last I heard of it, that studio building was occupied by a vitamin-pill company.

Mother's wonderful—I'm sure she was just as wonderful then—but sometimes nowadays it seems that she isn't really thinking about what other people say to her. Dad'll come in and say, "Guess what? I'm going to be given an award by some people who think I've done a good job," and she'll say, "Um-m-m-m, that's nice, Walt." Which is a pity, because a man likes to have his family thrill to such things too.

One day at breakfast Dad was reading the preamble to our Constitution out loud. I wasn't there, but Mother told me about it afterward, which proves that she doesn't have a one-way sense of humor; she can laugh at herself too. It was a scene straight out of a George Burns and Gracie Allen routine. Only this one was for real.

"Aren't these glorious lines?" Dad asked. "Listen to this, Lilly. How would you like to have the command of words of the men who wrote this? It's moving prose, that's what it is."

"Yes," Mother said approvingly, "and wasn't it wonderful that Lincoln wrote it all by himself."

Dad looked at her with astonishment and said, "Lilly, this is the preamble to the Constitution. When this was written Lincoln wasn't born."

But Mother has never been absent-minded or vague when it comes to being Dad's passionate partisan when the chips are *really* down. Of that I'm sure. She has watched him accomplish the impossible so often that she gets worked up about one of his problems only when he goes farther out on a limb than usual—and in Dad's case that has to be pretty far.

Dad and Mother had been married about two years when the Alice in Cartoonland series showed signs of petering out. The man back East who'd been selling Alice to the theaters asked for a new series with a new character.

"I came up with a rabbit," Dad says. "We wrote a lot of possible names for him, threw them in a hat and invited the distributor to pick one, blind. He drew the name Oswald."

One of the biggest joys of modern civilization is finding some time left on a parking meter.

JOE RYAN

Dad dropped the half-live, half-cartoon format he had used in Alice. Oswald was an all-cartoon rabbit. He had long ears and long feet, and a little knob of a tail.

The Eastern man who distributed Disney films had a brother-in-law representing him in Hollywood. The brother-in-law brought checks to Uncle Roy for the last Oswald shipped East; then he picked up the next Oswald film and the poster Dad had made for display in theater lobbies. It was a job for a simpleton—or so it seemed. But brother-in-law, it transpired, was an undercover man.

Dad didn't know what was up until he and Mother went to New York at the end of his first Oswald contract to negotiate a new one. Oswald had caught on. He was playing the best theaters and bringing in encouraging bundles of change. Dad and Uncle Roy were being paid $2250 a reel. Dad opened negotiations for a new contract by asking $2500.

"I'll give you eighteen hundred," the distributor said. Less than he'd been paying! Dad knew something was wrong, and he soon found out what it was. The man's brother-in-law had made secret deals with some of Dad's artists, offering more money if they'd go with him.

"Either you come in with me at my price," the Eastern distributor told Dad, "or I'll take your organization away from you."

"Go ahead," Dad said. "I'll build a new organization."

He sounded a lot braver than he felt. When he got back to his hotel, he told Mother that the bottom had fallen out of the Disney studio.

Dad didn't let Uncle Roy know that their joint enterprise had been sabotaged. He was worried sick himself, but he didn't want Uncle Roy to worry during the days and nights which would intervene until he could get home and talk to him in person. So he sent Uncle Roy a telegram. It said:

"EVERYTHING O.K. COMING HOME."

Then he said to Mother, "Let's get the first train out of here. I can't do myself any good in New York. I've got to hire new artists and get a new series of cartoons going. I can't sell a new series with talk. I've got to have it on film."

So Dad and Mother got on a westbound train, and all the way across the continent he tried to think up a cartoon series built around a new character. Somewhere west of the Mississippi he decided to do a mouse.

Several stories about Dad have told of a mouse that lived on Dad's desk in Kansas City, and how he gave Dad a fondness for mice. Dad told me, "Unlike most of the stories printed about me, that one is true. Mice gathered in my wastebasket when I worked late at night. I lifted them out and kept them in little cages on my desk. One of them was particularly friendly. I guess I do have a special feeling for mice."

Mice had been used in cartoons before, but they'd never been featured.

"I think I've got something," he told Mother. "A mouse. I'll call him Mortimer. Mortimer Mouse. I like that, don't you?"

Mother thought it over for a minute and shook her head. "I like the mouse idea," she said, "but Mortimer sounds wrong."

"What's wrong with it?" Dad asked. "Mortimer Mouse, Mortimer Mouse. It has a swing, Lilly."

But Mother wasn't buying. She couldn't explain why the name "Mortimer" grated; it just did.

"All right," Dad said. "How about Mickey? Mickey Mouse?"

It was a name destined to become world famous, but in the months just ahead it would give Dad a lot of trouble. One exhibitor, explaining his reluctance to book the new cartoon series, put the case bluntly. "It's no use, Walt," he said. "Nobody has ever heard of Mickey Mouse."

Editors' Note—This is the third of eight articles. The fourth will appear next week.

I Ruled Uncle Sam's Problem Child (Continued from Page 49)

curious island. At that moment, Ford Q. Elvidge and wife perhaps were the only American civilians who could get to Guam without both passports and official Navy clearance—although the island now is a territory of the United States, and its residents are full-fledged citizens. A Guamanian can't leave the island without a passport. And he can't return if he is a member of the Communist Party or otherwise suspect on a security basis.

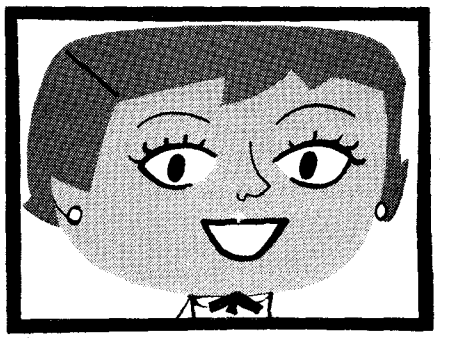
It was one of the things nobody had emphasized to me in the previous few weeks of 1953. Other shocks were to come: I discovered that Guamanians don't really like us now, us Statesiders, although they hailed us as deliverers only twelve years ago. The conclusion that the lovely little island and its people face an uncertain future, turned out to be inescapable. The certainty that the current prosperity must end hangs like a miasma over the island.

The dilemma of the people, enthusiastic about automobiles, electric refrigerators and all the trappings of American living, is obvious. One of these days, they must give up most of these things and return to the calm, subsistence life they knew before World War II—or get out of Guam. If they get out, they must learn to compete at a pace faster than they've known. They must face life in cold rains and bitter winds which they have not even imagined. They must somehow come to feel like the United States citizens they are, citizens with full rights and full responsibilities. This is the dilemma of the sad Puerto Ricans now huddled in New York's slums. The principal difference is that there are not very many Guamanians, and they do not have to make the painful decision just yet. There is laughter on Guam. But the reckoning must come.

I was an unlikely choice for the job of governing the newest of United States territories. In February, 1953, I'd been called by Raymond C. Davis, an old friend assisting personnel reorganization in the Department of the Interior. Paraphrased, what he said was: "Ford, the governor of Guam, Carlton Skinner, has resigned and we need a new man right away. He must have a lot of legislative know-how and should be ready to go right away. The secretary would like your answer in twenty-four hours. The pay is $13,125—the $125 for airmail postage."

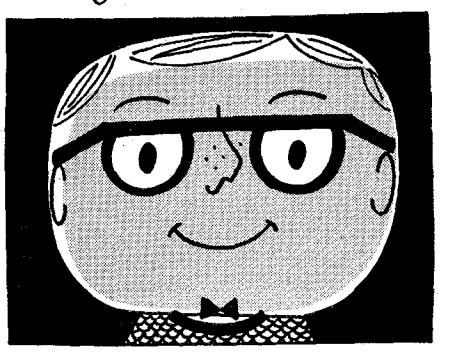
He knew perfectly well that I was sixty and had been a Seattle, Washington, attorney for over thirty years. But I wanted one thing clear. I said, "Now, see here, I'm not ready to go out to a South Sea

"I keep files neater with my Bostitch stapler"



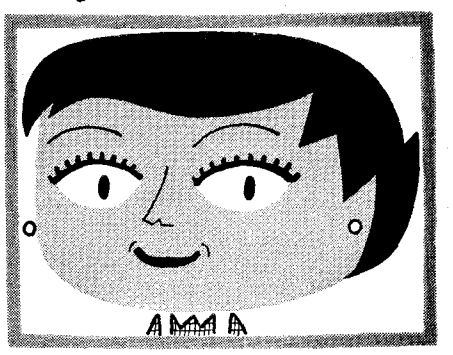
In offices, this compact fastener assures lossproof filing. Handy on the desk, too.

"I make scrapbooks with my Bostitch stapler"

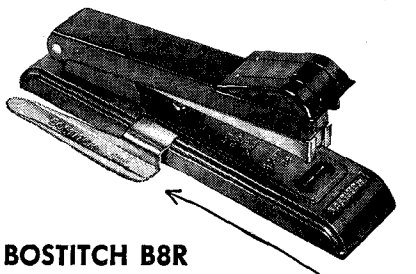


Children find it fun to use when mounting clippings or souvenirs. Great for party favors. A "must" for study rooms.

"I wrap gifts faster with my Bostitch stapler"



As a household stapling "plier," it seals bags and wrappings; as a tacker it posts notices and labels things in a jiffy.



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Island and sit under the palm trees and smell the flowers."

"It isn't that kind of a job," Davis said. "This is a toughie. There's difficulty between the military and civilian governments. We need a governor out there right away before the situation gets out of hand. The secretary and I think you can handle it."

When I put down the telephone, I still had one question which definitely needed answering. To my son-in-law and partner, John Veblen, I stated it. I said, "John, just where is Guam?" John consulted a map and presently reported that it was just 1500 miles from Manila—and a long, long way from anywhere else.

I'd never held office and certainly wasn't job-hunting. Although I'd been active as a Republican, my principal political experiences had been in representing private companies at Washington State legislative sessions. So I was familiar with the practical workings of legislatures, although always as an outsider. I wasn't eager to leave Seattle. But I had made a good many speeches about good government, and the theme of many of those speeches had been that we can expect out of government only what we put in, that a citizen owes his state his best efforts as well as his loyalty.

That night my wife, Anita, clinched it. She said, "Ford, an eighteen-year-old called up by the armed forces to serve his country can't decline." So, the next day, we put our house up for sale. I took the job as the second civilian governor of Guam.

In Honolulu we had our introduction to the tribulations of a Johnny-come-lately to diplomacy. There we acquired new respect for the staying powers of admirals, generals and their wives. At a dinner dance, we ate, sat, talked, danced, talked and sat. Anita finally said to one of the guests, "It's getting terribly late. I wonder if we shouldn't be thinking about going home."

Her reward was a slightly icy look from the officer's wife, who replied, "Well, perhaps, dear. We've all been waiting some time for you to leave. It's your place to go first."

So "protocol" became more than just a difficult pronunciation to a couple from Seattle.

Less simple was my first lesson on Guam. At the airport we met Guamanian members of the legislature, civilian-government department heads, and Navy, Marine and Air Force representatives. In the midst of the reception, José D. Leon Guerrero, an island political leader; Alfred Flores, a prominent farmer; and Joaquin Diego, a district commissioner, made an official request: Would I, three days later, crown the local queen at the annual coconut festival in the village of Inarajan?

On Sunday, therefore, Anita and I drove to Inarajan, almost at the southern tip of Guam's thirty-two miles, along the way glimpsing tin-roofed villages and Guam "ranches." (A ranch usually is a shack set in a couple of acres of coconut palms, with a few pigs and chickens wandering around.) Inarajan was thronged. When a new animal arrives in any zoo, curiosity will bring a crowd. I was the new animal. Immediately I learned the one indisputable fact about the island people—everybody operates a camera. No exceptions. Shutters clicked like grasshoppers in a plague as we approached a decorated platform to await the queen. Almost at once the procession began—princesses, ladies in waiting, maids of honor, and what not. Island people spend lavishly on such celebrations. Little children carrying the scepter and crown were gorgeously dressed. The queen herself was a sixteen-year-old beauty, with a lovely robe and an elaborate hairdo.

I straightway learned the second basic fact about Guam. The man on whose arm she came was her uncle, José D. Leon Guerrero; the fact was that whenever a Guam politician makes a request on behalf of anybody else, the odds are that he's talking about a relative.

The queen knelt properly. I took the crown—a beautiful, shimmering creation of tinsel silver, with curlicues and points all over it—from the crown bearer and set it down on the queen's hair. Immediately the crowd roared with laughter. Ladies in waiting and a couple of aunts rushed up and began untangling the points and curlicues of the crown from the queen's elaborate coiffure. It took them five minutes, while the crowd howled.

So Elvidge was made. He may not be remembered as the greatest Guam governor, but Guam will never forget him as the governor who crowned a queen with the crown upside down. I wish that there had been no greater difficulties in the next three years.

Between 1898, when United States Navy officers described it as a tropical slum, peopled only by ex-prisoners and Chamorro peons of the decadent Spanish crown, and December 8, 1941, when Japanese warships found it virtually undefended, Guam had an absolute Navy government. This brought health, education and some prosperity to the islanders, but not freedom. Closed to immigration, Guam was quiet, peaceful and forgotten. It exported only a little copra, and boys who volunteered as Navy messmen were almost the only islanders to leave. Left over from the otherwise-hated Spanish government—which at one time had killed or deported all Chamorro males in suppressing a religious rebellion—were universal Catholicism and a language containing traditional Chamorro words, some German and much Mexican-accented Spanish.

In 1944, the Marine Corps' 3rd Division and 1st Provisional Brigade and the Army's 77th Division attacked Guam savagely. Artillery pounded the capital, Agana, into rubble, and Japanese died in bloody jungle fights all the way from Orote Peninsula to the northern headlands. As the Guamanians, survivors of starvation, rapes and mass beheadings, trailed out of the jungle waving tiny American flags in their thin hands, lumps rose in the throats of the fighting men who saw them. Here was a handful of little brown men and women, some not even speaking English, who had demonstrated loyalty as few ever do.

Subsequently, hilltops were cleared for Adm. Chester Nimitz's Pacific Fleet headquarters. Bulldozers pushed wide roads through Agana's ruins, and airfields were hacked out. The war's end found Guam jammed with troops and almost literally covered with guns and supplies stock-piled for the planned invasion of Japan. The Navy then resumed its peacetime government. Military land use dropped to about one third of the island's 225 square miles, including huge Anderson Air Base, where B-36's now are headquartered. Elsewhere the jungle took back its own, covering rusting Quonsets, vehicle parks and even a couple of forgotten aircraft.

Money was no problem for the 28,000 Guamanians, but almost everything else was. Families had been orphaned. Property had been destroyed. Houses, hospitals, churches and schools were gone. General health was poor as a result of the Japanese occupation. But jobs were plentiful. Men with horrible scars on their necks, where Japanese swords fell, but failed to kill, worked on military construction. The only necessity for a retail business was something to sell—beer, souvenirs, entertainment for lonely men. Twelve thousand Filipino contract workers arrived, and 4000 contractors' men from the States. With the military and their families, plus Guam's normal increase of seven births for every death, the population approached 85,000—377 per square mile.

"Martha?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1950, Congress passed the Organic Act, taking Guam out of naval control. Thereafter, the full-fledged territory with a unicameral legislature enacted its own laws, levied taxes, and could even collect territorial income taxes equal to, and a substitute for, Federal income taxes. The military and off-islanders, as well as permanent residents, had to pay. This immediately gave the brand-new government a potential income of $11,000,000 a year. The civilian government assumed control of education, a hospital, power lines outside military areas, portions of the telephone and water systems, port facilities, police and public-health functions. The governor, appointed by the President of the United States, had executive responsibilities, but could veto legislation only as a state governor does—with the single exception that a second veto of the same bill could be upheld by the President against the territorial legislature.

All this information I had picked up in the weeks before we went to Guam, and I could see no reason for special difficulties. Governor Skinner, a Democrat, had been in office the first three years, during the governmental-organization period. But when I arrived, I made a few discoveries in rapid order:

No resident of Guam ever had paid income taxes, and many weren't paying them now. Real-estate taxes, based on 50 per cent valuations, were only 1 per cent. Even on those, collections lagged.

The hospital was torn by strife among its doctors, several of them European refugees who had brought old hatreds along. Truckers seldom could get merchandise off government docks in any reasonable time. To pick up a telephone was like opening Pandora's box: you might get the Department of Finance, or Charley Corn's Panceteria, or nobody.

The Navy electric plant was providing only 2250 K.V.A. (Kilo volt amperes) for all of Guam's burgeoning civilian needs and had refused to allot more. All of Guam wanted electric refrigerators and washers, but few homes had the power to operate them.

The civilian government was buying water from the Navy's big Fena Dam reservoir, but officials didn't know to whom it was being sold. Practically nobody paid his utility bills on time, and some not at all. Unsightly commercial buildings occupied government land on the Paseo, planned as a park, and occupants had no intention of moving.

The health department was ignoring uncovered garbage cans and neglected outdoor toilets. Mosquitoes and flies were once again threatening Guam with the dengue fever and with other diseases.

Guamanian politicians were as busy as bees, attempting to protect their own against outsiders, whether statesiders or Filipinos. "Guam for Guamanians" had arisen as a desperation slogan. Apparently they had failed to realize that when the doors of the United States were opened to them as citizens in 1950, the doors of Guam automatically were opened to other American citizens to immigrate, establish businesses or take jobs. Hawaiian-born Japanese and Filipinos were doing precisely that, and very efficiently. Unable or unwilling to compete, Guamanian merchants were going bankrupt and calling on the legislature to save them.

The island economy was in confusion. People accustomed to a low-income, easy tropical life now were earning stateside incomes and spending them swiftly in long-term credit buying. The island had nearly 15,000 civilian automobiles—about 100 for every

(*Continued on Page 80*)

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Give Sunbeam

THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

for a Merry Christmas

This year make it the Sunbeam AUTOMATIC MIXMASTER

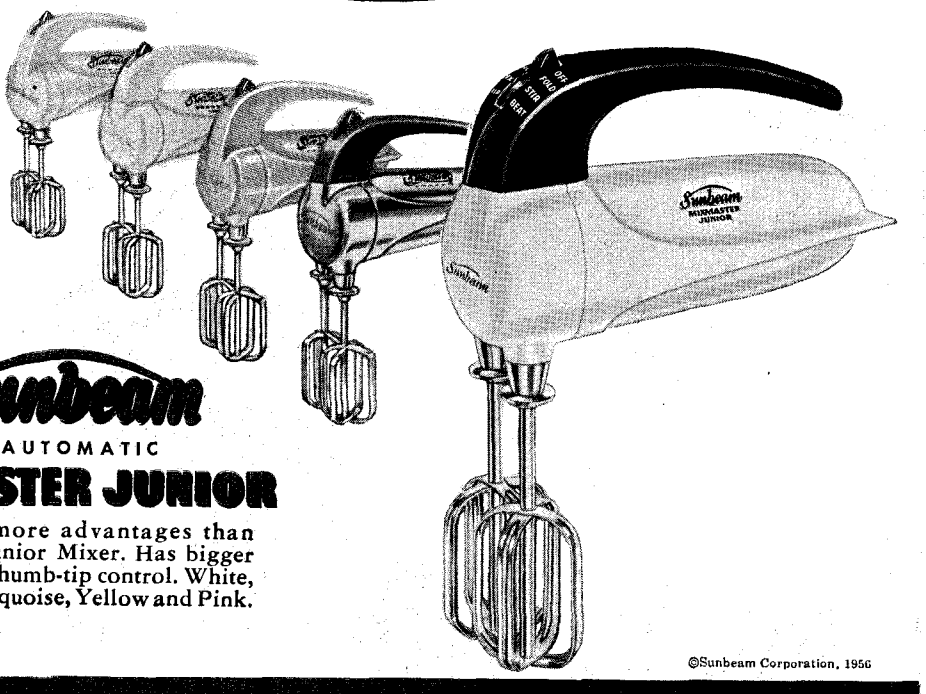
America's most popular food mixer with all the marvelous features that give you higher, lighter, finer textured cakes—creamier, fluffier mashed potatoes—velvet-smooth icings and sauces—better, easier food preparing. Has exclusive Bowl-Fit Beaters, Automatic Bowl-Speed Control, and a motor that gives full power on all speeds. Available in White, Chrome, Turquoise, Yellow and Pink.

Sunbeam Controlled Heat Automatic FRYPAN

EASY-TO-SET DIAL For Controlled Heat

EASY-TO-SEE FRY GUIDE Gives Recommended Temperatures

Correct controlled heat for cooking or frying without constant watching. Makes everything more delicious. Square shape cooks 20% more than round pans. Available in 3 sizes—Medium, Large and Super to meet every family need. Can be immersed up to control panel for easy washing.



Sunbeam AUTOMATIC MIXMASTER JUNIOR

Gives you more advantages than any other Junior Mixer. Has bigger beaters and thumb-tip control. White, Chrome, Turquoise, Yellow and Pink.

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SEE INSIDE for America's Favorite Gifts

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TRIC BLANKET EET

ves you "big dial" bedside gentle warmth, even when k-resistant—fully washable. Single or double control.

y-to-set control dial. Fully in Yellow, White and Rose.

Sunbeam Controlled Heat AUTOMATIC SAUCEPAN

Gives you perfect Simmer-Safe Cooking! Reduces roast shrinkage up to 23%. Holds food nutrition by preventing excessive evaporation and makes foods taste and look more delicious. Reaches Simmer-Safe temperatures quickly, and maintains them with amazing accuracy. Available in 3 and 5 qt. sizes, cover included.

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC STEAM or DRY IRON

The Sunbeam Steam or Dry Iron has exclusive steam flow vents that give you an all-over cushion of rolling steam to iron on! Holds more water than most irons, yet is lightweight—weighs only 3 lbs. net. Hot in 30 seconds—steam in two minutes. Thumb-tip control lets you instantly switch from steam to dry or from dry to steam.

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC TOASTER

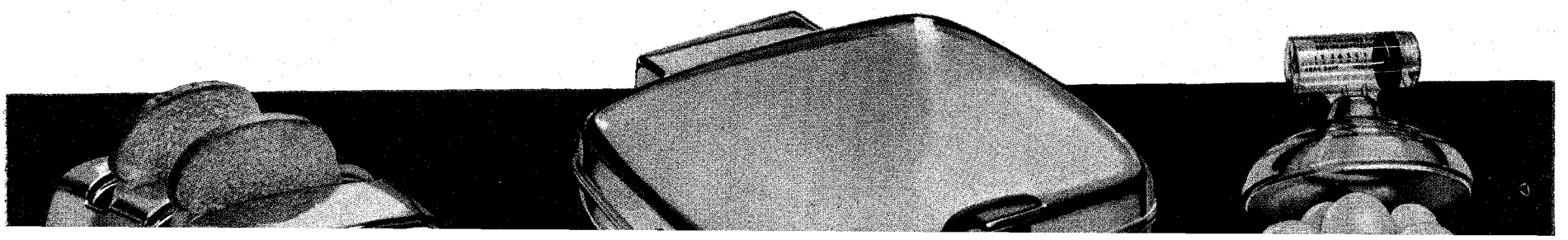
Only the Sunbeam toasts with RADIANT CONTROL. You get uniform toast whether bread is thick or thin, frozen or fresh, rye or white. The bread lowers itself automatically and the toast raises itself automatically—without banging. No levers to push. No motors. Automatic beyond belief.

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC WAFFLE BAKER & GRILL

The ideal WAFFLE BAKER and GRILL for BOTH perfect waffles and toasted sandwiches, as well as bacon, eggs, pancakes, etc., because it has exclusive Radiant Control. Grill plates are available separately for quick conversion to a grill. Gem-like chrome finish.

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC EGG COOKER

Cooks one to six eggs just the way you like them every time without watching. It's completely automatic. Attachment available for perfect poached eggs.



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Lady Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

Sweeping America! Only the Lady Sunbeam has the easy-to-use "compact" shape and the exclusive MICRO-TWIN head—one side for shaving underarms, the other side for shaving legs close, clean and smooth. Available in 6 beautiful colors. Comes in standard gift box or deluxe white leather zipper case.

Lady Sunbeam Controlled Heat AUTOMATIC HAIR DRYER

Completely different! Much faster than an ordinary hand-type hair dryer and far more comfortable than any other type. Your hands are free for reading, writing, fixing nails, knitting, etc. Gives you famous Sunbeam Controlled Heat that lets you select just the temperature you want. Easy to put on—simple to operate. No electric wires in cap. Your choice of Pink, Yellow and Turquoise.

Sunbeam ELEC AND SH

The Sunbeam Electric Blanket gi control and maintains the same room temperature changes. Shrin Blue, Yellow, Rose and Green.

ELECTRIC SHEET features eas washable—Sanforized. Available Single or double control.

Sunbeam Golden glide SHAVEMASTER

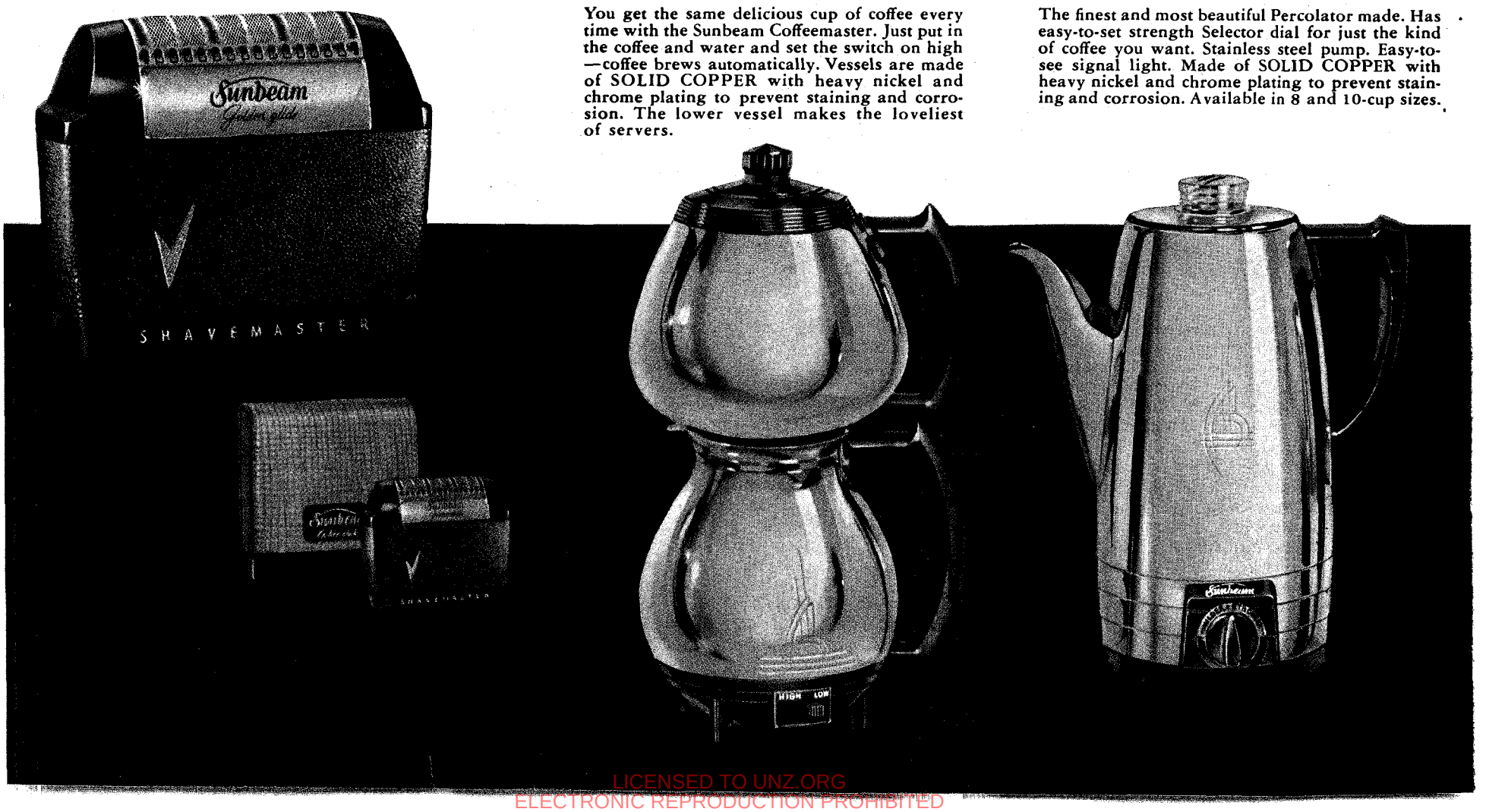
Newest and finest! Shaves closer and smoother than blades or other electrics by actual independent tests. Only the new Sunbeam Shavemaster has the new, scientifically precision honed Golden Glide head and faster, armature-type REAL motor. Available in handsome carrying case (shown) that can be used for a wall cradle holder. Also available in a genuine leather zipper case.

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC COFFEEMASTER

You get the same delicious cup of coffee every time with the Sunbeam Coffeemaster. Just put in the coffee and water and set the switch on high—coffee brews automatically. Vessels are made of SOLID COPPER with heavy nickel and chrome plating to prevent staining and corrosion. The lower vessel makes the loveliest of servers.

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC PERCOLATOR

The finest and most beautiful Percolator made. Has easy-to-set strength Selector dial for just the kind of coffee you want. Stainless steel pump. Easy-to-see signal light. Made of SOLID COPPER with heavy nickel and chrome plating to prevent staining and corrosion. Available in 8 and 10-cup sizes.



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(*Continued from Page 76*) square mile available to them. The accident rate was fearful.

Hundreds of wild, abandoned dogs roamed the boondocks. Enormous buffo toads haunted the gardens, and African snails—*Achatina fulica*—weighed up to a pound each and ate everything. Very little local produce was for sale. Even eggs for the military came from the States.

Many of the Guamanians, once enthusiastic pro-Americans, now bitterly resented statesiders and their influences. "Saviors" had become a derisive term, appearing with biting sarcasm in the press.

My dream of the tropical life—wearing a white suit, smelling flowers and sitting under palm trees—didn't survive my first day at the office. Oh, I wore the white suit—officially and for a purpose. One of my first acts was to order an island-wide cleanup. Then I put on my best white suit, shoes and hat to match—the works. In that garb, I proceeded to inspect village garbage cans and privies, just to be sure they really were clean. Somehow that feature of governing hadn't been in my plans, but it worked.

Taxi dancing had not figured largely in my plans, either. But I couldn't avoid it when I had to look at the dance-hall signs in villages around Agana, or at Agana shops full of the girls who ostensibly earned their living dancing. My wife said, "You should have seen those girls. They'd be walking along the street, and you'd think they were a lot of lovely high-school girls—beautifully curled hair, and they'd be wearing jeans and their shirts just like high-school girls. One morning I saw a group of them and I thought, 'What are those girls doing out of school at this time of day?' Then a truckful of marines or Air Force men came by and let out wolf calls—and then you knew right away what they were."

These girls went everywhere—I even saw some of them at a club where I was officially invited. No doubt about it, they were having a merry time. The stores were stocking expensive jewelry and clothes for their benefit. They were not much resented because their presence was much too helpful to many businesses. Of course, they were prostitutes, and of several races, including the Caucasian. The lonely Filipinos and other males—outnumbering women on the island four or five times—made Guam a paradise for the prostitutes.

Perhaps I was naïve. To a Navy officer I said, "Look here, how do these people get to Guam? Don't they need clearance? How does this happen?"

The officer just looked at me. "Governor," he said, "our clearance is for security, and we haven't any reason to think these girls are subversive."

So the odd fact remains—you can't go to Guam if you belonged to the League Against War and Fascism in the wrong years. But a prostitute who never belonged to anything can go. However, she'll have to find some other cover job than taxi dancing. For Elvidge's moral crusade, I enlisted two powerful forces: a women's club and the church. The Guam Women's Club delegation which promised me their support included the club president, Mrs. Paul Shriver, wife of the United States judge; Mrs. John Ehrhart, club vice-president, and that fine Guamanian woman, Mrs. Agueda Johnston, who lost her husband in a Japanese prison camp, but returned to her long-time teaching job on the island after the war. Father Felixberto Flores, a leading priest, placed the power of the church alongside the women's club. Pastoral letters went out. So, when I proposed a bill to outlaw taxi dancing, legislators passed it docilely, even though several had interests in the business. The dance halls closed, and most of the girls drifted away from the island.

Of course, taxi dancing wasn't a major problem, but taxes were. The government simply wasn't collecting. Revenue comes chiefly from the income tax, which means that off-islanders mainly pay the freight. A Guamanian worker may earn $4000 a year, average. Families are very large—I soon learned not to boast about my three children and four grandchildren—and most have several extra dependents—the elderly, the orphaned or the illegitimate. So almost no Guamanians with ordinary incomes owe any income taxes. Thus, "Guam-for-Guamanians" circles approved my collection program, if the military and off-islanders did not.

My main task, though, was to get the proper people to Guam to do the government jobs. The Guamanians very much want to run their own show, but there is no pool of experienced people available. The Internal Revenue Service sent us experts to untangle taxes. In the explosive hospital fight, I hired Dr. John Kennedy, just returning from the Palau Islands, as director to smooth out clashes and install a firm medical policy. For utilities, we found the answer to a maiden's prayer in El Paso, Texas. Winston Churchill Cooper was no bookkeeper—I had to hire accountants for that—but he knew where to string power lines, what to do about leaky water mains and, most important, how to make the telephones work. He took away some of the spice of life. It had been an experience to call a marine commander and get only an old lady speaking Chamorro.

> A small town is a place where people know the reason before a man can explain.
>
> DAN BENNETT

Similarly, the police-department problem was solved by outsiders, one chief from Berkeley, California, the next from Eugene, Oregon. Today I'd put that department, all of them Guamanians except chief T. D. Brown and his secretary, up against any similar organization on the mainland. They're fearless, incorruptible and efficient. Violence has decreased; so has gambling, and even the 15,000 autos have fewer smashed grilles.

The fact that we had to reach out to the mainland of the United States for these officials once more emphasizes Guam's problem. Six years ago the people of Guam were legislated from protected wards into responsible citizens in one jump. But you cannot legislate talent or experience or training. Today Guam's government can operate only by bringing in outsiders. For a skilled man, the island's opportunities are many. But the needed skills also are in demand on the United States mainland. The result is that outsiders willing to go to Guam are often escapists or misfits. Only a few have the missionary spirit needed to do a good job.

We lost men who could not stand the climate or the isolation, and others who could not escape entirely what they had left behind. But we got things done in spite of sweat and strife. It cost $144,000 for stateside aid in straightening out the incredible port confusion, but today the port is handling $25,000,000 in cargo annually with a minimum of delay. Every new enterprise in Agana agonizes to find out who really owns land it needs—the Navy cut those wide roads through without regard for property lines—but new firms do get into operation. New parks and youth centers have been established. Guam is listed as a "clean" port by the Navy, with no venereal disease, malaria or dengue. One strange disease is present—amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Lou Gehrig's disease. Although it strikes only Guamanians, and total cases are not many, the incidence in a couple of villages at the south of the island is the highest known. Neither cause nor cure has been found.

Some problems were unexpected, but certainly I should add that one that was expected never developed. There was no difficulty with the Navy. Perhaps playing golf with admirals and generals helped. But whatever the reason, I got complete co-operation from all services. Civilians now have five times the previous allotment of power.

Some accomplishments during my term were planned, some accidental. I'll claim credit for clearing the Paseo of commercial buildings, in spite of private and legislative opposition. But it's clear. Ceremonies for the twelfth anniversary of liberation last July twenty-first were held in the park. Incidentally, one parade float featured pretty twelve-year-old Julia Perez, complete with yellow dress and purple-orchid corsage. Her claim to fame is that of being the first Guamanian baby born during the fighting for the island.

But solution of the problem of the government apartment house and the buffo toads reflects no special credit on me. The building sheltered civilian families, but could hardly be said to be giving them rest. A decorative pool at the entrance was ignored by residents, but beloved of the plate-sized toads, which gathered there in the nights of the romantic season to sing, and laid thousands of eggs with monotonous regularity.

Nobody had any ready solution for the uproar until a Philippines representative sent Guam a couple of barrels of live fish as a gift. These were Tilapia, called the wonder fish of the tropics—they eat like mad, grow like mad and breed like mad. A single pair will produce thousands of offspring a year. The more stagnant the pond, the better. Tilapia throve in government ponds and soon may be scattered all over the island as an important food source. But the happiest thought was to drop a few into the pool at the apartment house. Within days, they'd cleaned the algae and eaten all the toad eggs. There is peace—and sleep—in the apartments beyond the pool.

I don't intend to imply that all Guam problems are solved. I'll confess some wry amusement when I had to veto a whole set of "comma" bills passed by the legislature to correct punctuation of laws already on the books. Every one of the new bills had some punctuation errors of its own. But I wasn't amused when the legislators attempted to establish preshowing censorship of movies, with the strong backing of the church. They twice passed the bill, but my second veto finally was upheld by the President, who used almost exactly my words in pointing out that similar laws already had been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. I would repeat the veto today. If Guam is to be a part of the United States, its laws must conform to the American pattern.

Guamanian politicians appear not to have grasped entirely that the Bill of Rights, which they have embraced, is also a bill of obligations. The Guamanian legislators keep trying to protect their own against outsiders. To hold that effort within legal grounds, at the expense of personal popularity, is the unhappy lot of any island governor. I ran a rugged administration, at times giving orders when suggestions might have been more politic. But it had to be tough in order to get anything done. The price I paid was to be labeled a dictator. But taxes were collected, the telephones were made to work, juvenile delinquency was reduced and police became efficient. I'm proud of my part in those accomplishments.

Guam's biggest problem today is its temporary military economy. For the next few years, military construction and fringe industries should provide plenty of jobs and income. But obviously the Guamanians must adopt the competitive methods of the democracy they desired. The Guamanian clerk or auto mechanic must become as efficient as the mainlander or the Japanese from Hawaii, or find another business. Guamanians now are outnumbered on their own island and rapidly are losing control of it. They no longer can afford the bad joke: "A Guamanian isn't lazy; he's just tropical."

I feel sorry for the Guamanian, now wealthy, a member of service clubs, outwardly a cosmopolitan, but nursing a deep grudge against Caucasians. I don't know whether some specific insult has come his way or whether the feeling merely has grown through the years. But when he refers to himself, out of the corner of his mouth, as "just a brownie," I know Guam has an emotional problem. One wealthy man with several daughters pin-pointed it. He said, "If Guamanian girls marry stateside men who are able to accommodate themselves to life on Guam, there is no trouble. But the Guam girl who marries and goes to the mainland frequently is unhappy."

Americans now have presented the people of Guam with an entirely new pattern for living. But the result has been a disturbance of old traditions and a resulting inferiority complex, coupled with resentment stemming from lack of education and competitive background. One moment, these people are for America and being Americans; but the next minute they're talking about "so-called saviors" and "Guam for Guamanians." They get extremely sarcastic, very hostile under their smooth exteriors. They want to be alone, but they can't go it alone. The resulting frustration affects the whole pattern of living on Guam. I hope that the training and education now available will dissipate much of the defiance and enable the Guamanians to compete with other citizens.

But the future isn't secure. The day that military building becomes merely maintenance, something on this once tranquil island has to give. There is only a little copra as a cash crop for export. Scenery, climate and beaches are right for a tourist paradise, but there isn't even a proper hotel now. Tropical produce is possible, but no overseas markets are available. Handicrafts, never important, now are disappearing. Even the abundant fish beyond the reef are caught by Filipino or Japanese fishermen, not by Guamanians. At the moment, the best that Guam can hope is that military spending will level off gradually enough so that the people will have time to readjust themselves to a life dependent upon what they can raise themselves. This isn't likely to attract an educated Guamanian. For him, I see only emigration to Hawaii or the mainland as a solution.

I don't know whether he can adjust himself to living off the island—or whether Guam can ever again be the peaceful, drowsy place it once was.

THE END

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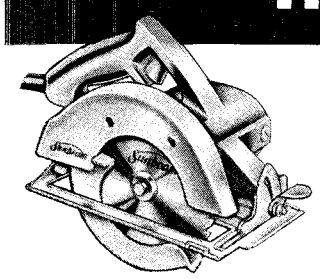

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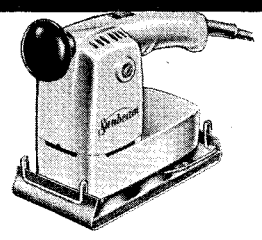
Handles any sawing job on 2″ dressed lumber—6½″ blade cuts 2x4's at 45° angle. Powerful 1¼ HP Sunbeam motor. With 2 conductor cord $56.25. With 3 conductor cord and adaptor plug $57.50.



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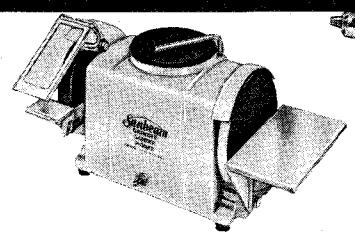
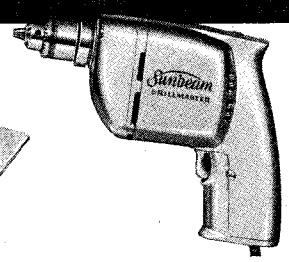


GRINDER, SANDER HONER

Three tools in one! A practical addition to the workshop. Sharpens tools quickly and easily. Hones keen edges after grinding. It grinds, it sands, *it hones.* Powerful motor develops up to ⅓ H. P. $49.75.



DRILLMASTER® DRILL

Plenty of power to drive labor saving attachments. Drills 1″ in wood . . . ¼″ in metal. Higher torque, drills faster. Fan-forced air keeps grip cool. With ¼″ Geared Chuck, $27.95. Same with Hex-Key Chuck, $25.95. With Keyless Chuck, $24.95.

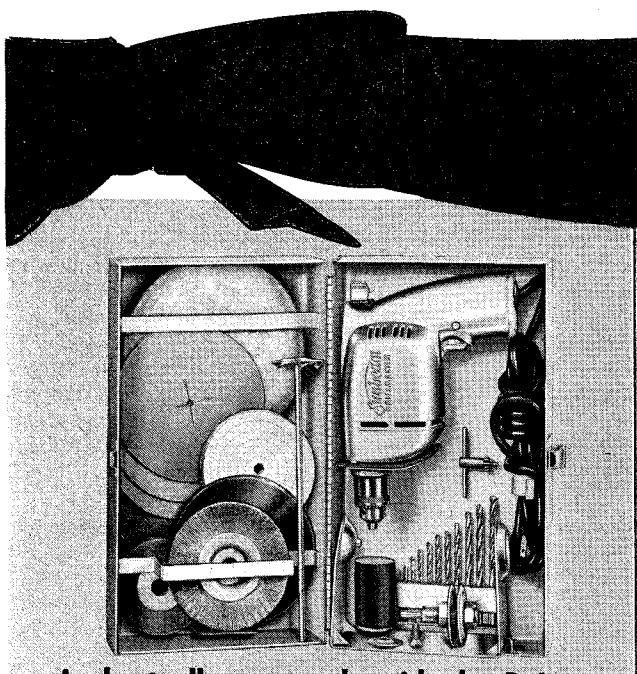
RIPS
CROSS-CUTS
JIG SAWS
COPES, HACKS
SCROLLS
KEYHOLE
SAWS

ENDS ARM AND BACK ACHING SAWING JOBS

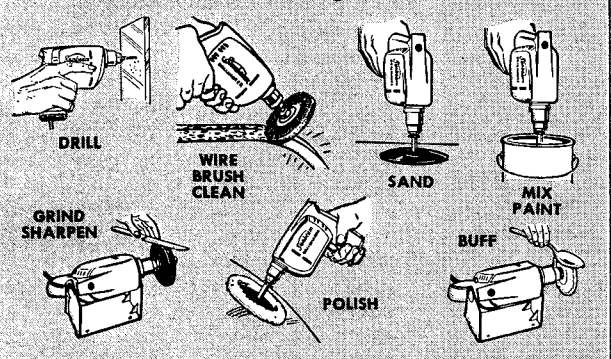
SENSATIONAL NEW ELECTRIC HAND SAW

- **Goes through a dressed 2x4.**
- **Special blades make tough cuts in iron and steel . . . accurate cuts in plastics.**

This Sunbeam sensational Electric Hand Saw ends arm and back-aching sawing. Cuts 2″ dressed lumber, ¾″ stroke — 50% longer. Change blade quickly, easily. Cuts faster, smoother! Lightweight. Complete with rip guide and blade. $42.50.



Look at all you can do with the DeLuxe DRILLMASTER® DRILL KIT



Carefully selected, most frequently used top quality accessories in roomy, all-steel storage carrying case. Has hundreds of uses. Kit with Drillmaster Drill, Geared Chuck, $39.95. Same with Hex-Key Chuck, $37.95.

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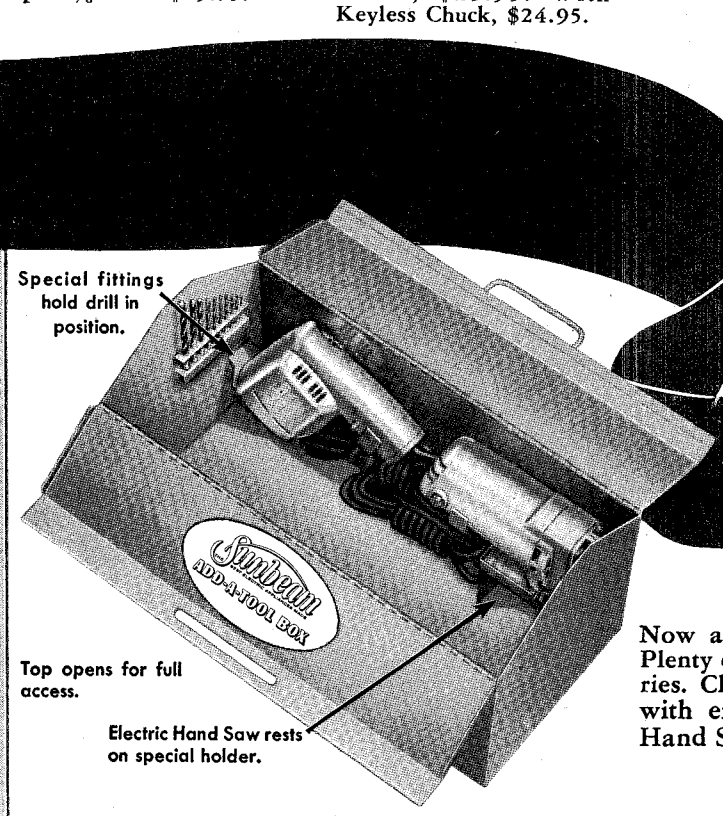
Special fittings hold drill in position.
Sunbeam
ADD-A-TOOL BOX
Top opens for full access.
Electric Hand Saw rests on special holder.

Now a practical all metal Add-A-Tool box. Plenty of storage space for tools and accessories. Closes with handle type fastener. Get it with either Sunbeam Drillmaster Drill or Hand Saw, or separately at $8.50.

Get this ADD-A-TOOL BOX — 3 BIG MONEY-SAVING OFFERS

SAVE $5.50

$42.50—Sensational new Sunbeam Hand Saw with rip guide and blade.

$4.45—Set of 4 assorted blades.

$8.50—Add-A-Tool Box.

A $55.45 value for only **$49.95**

SAVE $4.20

$27.95—Drillmaster Drill with ¼ inch Geared Chuck.

$5.25—Set of 10 high speed drill bits.

$8.50—Add-A-Tool Box.

A $41.70 value for only **$37.50**

SAVE $4.20

$25.95—Drillmaster Drill with ¼ inch Hex-Key Chuck.

$5.25—Set of 10 high speed drill bits.

$8.50—Add-A-Tool Box.

A $39.70 value for only **$35.50**

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The Way of Love (Continued from Page 32)

granny's lace doilies hung out to dry. Maybe good place for rabbit hunting, he had thought, or a little trapping along the creek. But that had been before the trouble and before the dream. Now he had no time for hunting or trapping or anything other boys his age pleasured in, and the goldenrod and silken milkweed were bothersome weeds.

The trouble had started with the land and sprangled out from there like blue bindweed, choking and killing. After granny died there had been disputes, quarrels, expensive surveyors and finally lawyers and trials. The McMillins, whose land came sprawling down Bear Tail Mountain and jutted up against the Killians', had said that Luke's parcel was by rights theirs. Old debts and mortgages and deeds of trust the remaining Killians did not know of were raked over and law-studied and, in the end, Luke, having to grow up fast now, had lost granny's homeplace to the McMillins to settle a debt, but had kept, free and clear, the spot granny had so expressly given him.

It was a place big enough for a little house and a shed, a pasture and two small fields. Not much, but enough for Luke Killian, who had been used to only the small loft in Granny Killian's cabin, a few faded and shabby clothes, his gun and his hound as material possessions.

The cabin loft had been clean and comfortable, pungent with dried herbs and lavender, and granny's coverlets had sparked up the place with color. Moonlight and wind-pine music came through the little window, as did the squirrels and chipmunks, and once an owl roosted on a rafter at the foot of Luke's bed. His heart had been light as thistledown then, each day a golden thing to hold in his hand, a gift to be examined and studied and lived and loved.

Until he had been hauled into court, settling the debt, the faded, shabby clothes had never bothered him. If granny lived, she would likely have patched his shirt and washed it and sewed on a button before letting him go off to court to be looked at and judged. But as it was, the shirt had been soiled from the dust and dew of travel and a gallus held up by a nail.

Even then he wouldn't have been bothered if Rebecca Allerton, a cousin of the McMillins, hadn't said on the witness stand, for the whole countryside to hear, "Yes, I know Luke Killian. We were in school together once. I always thought him a dirty, shiftless, lying sort of person."

The words had been stricken from the record, but there was no way of erasing the scars they made on proud, sensitive, hot-blooded Luke Killian.

"Stricken from the record? What's that mean?" Luke had asked of his lawyer, hoping somehow it meant that Becky didn't mean them.

"It means, son, that her words are of no account here."

"But she said them, didn't she?" Luke asked incredulously. He had paled and trembled and flushed and paled again. Had looked at his hands and his shirt and become aware of the missing button and the nail-hung gallus.

Becky's testimony, given lightly, carelessly, with a toss of her pretty corn-silk hair, had seared into his brain. *Dirty. Shiftless. Lying.* The words were as gall on his tongue and a stone in his heart, and after that the outcome of the trial had mattered little. The trouble had become the words and not the land. He must rid himself and the Killians of the words. Make Becky take them back. Somehow.

Then, out of the bitter days that followed, had come the dream, and it was the dream that tore at the sassafras roots and jerked at the briers, that caused the firm set of his jaw and the hard glint in his blue eyes. His clothes became shabbier than ever and the black hair grew long and neglected.

Luke ate hastily of his sandwiches and allowed the beauty and order of the dream to wash over his body. There, hard by where the crystal-clear stream passed over the rocks, he would build his home. A little white house with white chimney pots, surrounded by a white picket fence supporting white roses. A white walkway would lead to the white shed. Roaming the pasture would be a white horse and a white cow and white chickens. The pasture fence posts and the tree trunks he would whitewash, the lanes he would spread with white chat. Nowhere would there be a place as clean and white and neat as his. When all was finished, he would dress himself in a white suit, go into town, get Becky Allerton—kidnap her if necessary—and bring her out to see it. Stand up there on the little knoll and look down where one could see it all at once. All the gleaming whiteness. Then let her say he was dirty and shiftless. Becky would take the words back then. And he'd have back the good pine-washed feeling he'd had there in granny's loft when his world was young.

Hastily he washed down the remains of his sandwich with the lukewarm water, grabbed his mattock and began his terrible work. Lift, strike, tug, pry, pull. The girl in the thickety disappeared and came back. The sun slanted westward. High above, a hawk sailed 'round and 'round endlessly. Blue jays scolded. Crows made fun. Luke Killian did not raise his head to examine the fine golden day going on around him. Lift, strike, tug, sweat, pry, pull, bleed. The land danced crazily before him. His head ached. A queer alien lightness possessed his body. He reeled and fell and lay prone.

When he awoke, the girl was bending over him, sloshing water into his face and over his body. For a moment he thought it must be Becky. Becky, washing him clean, trying to get off something that stuck like the gum of the sweet cherry. He raised himself to an elbow and after a few minutes it came to him that it was the strange thickety girl beside him. She had dragged him to the stream and it angered him that he had shown this weakness.

"You needn't have bothered," he said shortly, sitting up, noting that she had removed her blouse to use in sloshing the water over him. Her shoulders were soft and white and her slip was made of the same rough, feed-sack material granny had used for the coverlets. She looked vaguely familiar, and Luke tried to place her among the neighboring families.

A slow red crept over the girl's face under Luke's scrutiny. She wrung out the blouse and put it back on. "I'd have done it for a dog," she retorted, and Luke, unaccountably, felt better for her having spoken in terms like his own, and smiled wanly. A spitfire here, he reckoned.

She was built slight, he noticed, and wondered how she had managed to get him to the stream. He searched around for something to say that would erase the harshness of his words, but found nothing, so said, half rising, "I've got to get back to work."

"Sit still a while," she commanded. "My ma died of sunstroke."

"What's that got to do with me?" Luke asked, but he sat back, surprised at the weakness in his arms and legs. "Who was your ma?"

The girl was a long time in replying, and when she did, the words came out flinchingly, as though she expected the coming storm, "Mattie McMillin."

"McMillin?" Luke jumped to his feet, eyes blue steel. "Then what are you doing here? Did the McMillins forget something they wanted? This, maybe?" He swung his arm in an arc to include his land.

The girl drew back as if struck, but she met Luke's eyes levelly, defiantly. "The debt was an honest one. You would have been the last to leave it unsettled."

"What is it then?" he demanded. "What's left unsettled that brings you here?"

"It's for you to say." The cold, defiant look faded and a softness came into her gray eyes. "What's drivin' you, Luke Killian? Been drivin' you ever since? Was it what she said about you? Cousin Becky Allerton?"

Now it was Luke who drew back as if struck. How could this girl so unerringly put her finger on it? Had he not kept it well inside him?

"I was there at the trial, Luke," she said, as if looking into his thoughts. "I

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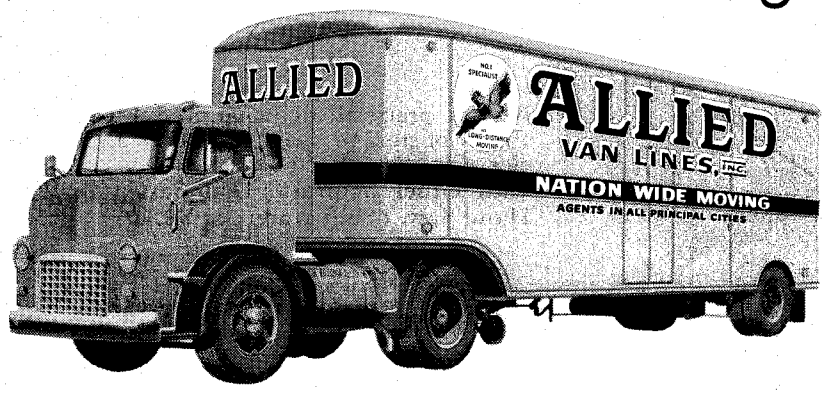

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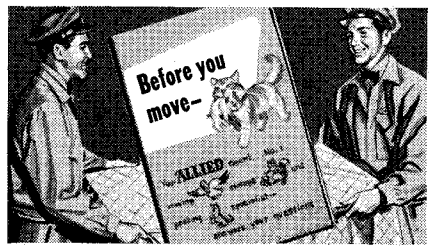

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was there every day. I heard what she said and I saw what it did."

For a moment as their eyes locked, his glazed and frightened, like a trapped animal, hers soft and knowing, he felt that she had stripped him bare, found the core of his being, brazenly put her finger on it, and a thousand jagged, splintery things born of loneliness, weariness and despair racked his body and clouded his mind. The land reeled again and his legs crumpled beneath him, turning his world black a second time.

When next he awoke, it was evening. There were branches stuck into the ground around him, improvising shade. He tore them out angrily and flung them about, looking toward the thickety, but no one was there.

"A McMillin!" He spat out the word. If it hadn't been for them he would never have been in the trial, never have heard Becky say what she had. But he'd make Becky take the words back. A year,

• •

Christmas Problem

We're now at the season
when children evince
More signs of confusion and
strain than they should
Because they're aware that
it's time to drop hints,
But a little too early to start
being good.

By P. J. Blackwell

• •

maybe two, three. But when he had his place, all shining whiteness, Becky would take the words back. She hadn't meant them. The McMillins had made her say them. Maybe he'd even marry Becky, if necessary; then the whole countryside would know that she had taken them back.

The girl was there again the next day. Not in the thickety, but at the far end of Luke's place. Looking up, half sweat blinded, a fierce headache pounding at his temples, he saw her, digging, prying, pulling at the sassafras as he was doing. Sudden anger trembled him like wind in a poplar. Sinking his mattock into the ground, he went toward her, thinking to pick her up bodily, if necessary, to remove her from his land.

"This is Killian land," he informed, a few paces away.

"I know."

"You see any welcome signs out?"

"No."

It perplexed him that she did not look up, so that he could show his anger, rather than have to study up the words. He noticed that her arms were scratched and bleeding like his own, and her blouse was torn across the shoulders, revealing the white skin again.

"This is man's work and you've no call to be doin' it," he softened.

She looked up then, the level, clear gray look. "For some reason, you're in a hurry to get it done, Luke. I've been watching and I'd like to help. It's the least I can do."

"Why?" he asked, wasting no words and wishing to get to the core of the thing.

"You're still ablamin' the McMillins for what happened. What Becky said. I'd like to work it off as a debt. Be free of it."

"And you think pulling a few roots is agoing to do it?" He laughed bitterly.

"It's all I know to do." She lifted her hands in a helpless gesture, and he saw they were blistered and raw already.

For a moment he wanted to pick her up and fling her into the plum thickety whence she had come. "You're awastin' your time," he said and stalked off to his own end of the clearing.

She came every day and was often there before him, he having to walk all the way from Uncle Ben Killian's, where he stayed now against the time he could get his shed built and whitewashed. She brought her lunch, he noted, and told time by the sun as he did. And she dug and pried and pulled and sweated and bled. It angered him that he even noticed her. Wanton, that's what she was, he decided, else why did she come, and he took satisfaction in spurning her the distance of the clearing. Let her rip her skin up, he told himself, watching the wavery, unsteady girl-swing of her mattock.

At night he often returned to the clearing to inspect her work. Though she cleared no more in a day than he could jump across in any direction, her work was thorough and she piled the brush and roots neatly. He picked up her mattock once and whistled low at the weight of it and ran his callused hands over the handle to see if it was splinter free.

One day when a sudden summer storm drove them under the same sheltering tree, he said crossly, noticing the new-browned, scratched toughness of her skin, "No one's asking you to work."

"I know," she said softly, "and I'm obliged."

There was a gladness in her face that Luke had seen nowhere before, and it incensed him that she could so easily free herself of her debt. Her self-taken debt.

"What you againin' by it?"

"It's nice here." She indicated the field, now dotted with summer daisies, tuned with meadow larks and alive with butterflies.

"Its mine," Luke said, still fearful of the McMillins.

"I know that," she retorted sharply, color rising.

"Then why do you come here like this?" His voice was raised to match hers. "You want I should do something about it? Like this?"

He closed the gap between them and took her roughly by the shoulders and pulled her to him, setting off a strange and alien pounding in his own ears and a maddening in his throat that made him shove her away quickly, confused and bewildered. He had never felt anyone's heartbeat before. She was little and light in his arms and her soft brown hair smelled of witch hazel.

He saw the slow dull red creep over her face and was ashamed of his actions. "I had no call to do that," he said, thickly.

"It's all right." Her voice was strained and she kept her face averted. "A person is unaccountable for their actions when they're being driven."

Luke did not know which one of them she meant, for it must be true, he suddenly realized, that she was being driven by Becky's words as much as he, only in a different way—trying to make up to him for them by grovelin' in the roots. A proud McMillin agrovelin' in the roots for a Killian.

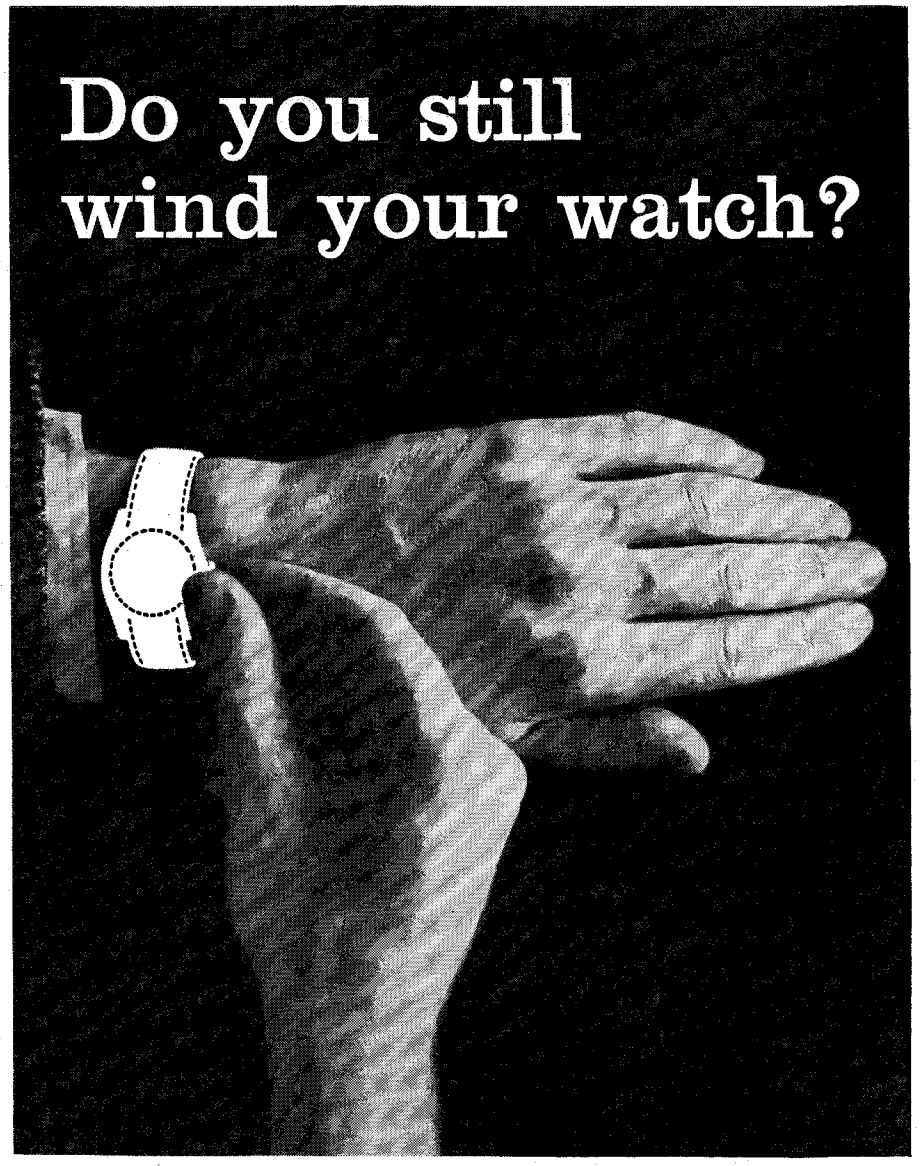
"You needn't feel the weight of Becky's words," he told her.

"I'll be free of them when you are," she replied.

He ran a tongue over dry lips. "I don't even know your name," he said, for want of something better.

"Wildrose."

"Wildrose," he repeated, and to drive the moment away from them and to punish himself for his actions, he began talking of his secret plans for the clearing. He told haltingly of the white house and the fence and cow and pigs.



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She did not come again. Luke looked up often from his work, expecting to see her, uncommonly lonesome. Little things they had shared together, even at a distance—the deer coming to drink, the goldfinches lighting in the clearing, the muskrat sunning on a log—left him with a dismal feeling now.

The sassafras turned red and was sporting its autumn jewels when Luke heaved the last one out. Looking up, he was surprised that summer was over, that the work was done. Three years it had taken him to clear the place. And now that it was done, he didn't quite know what to do. The mattock had so become a part of him that he felt a little bare and giddy without it.

Luke's next plan was to take one of granny's quilts to the fair and with the prize money buy some wire and staples, fence in a small place, get his white hogs and in another year be able to start the shed. So, one fair day, with the coverlet tucked under his arm, down Piney Bald, up Horseshoe Holler he made his way as dawn pinked the October sky.

At Beach Spring he came upon Wildrose. Their eyes met and held for a moment. It was apparent that she, too, was going to the fair, for she was also carrying a coverlet. He stepped out in front, the rightful place of a mountain man so as to be of use and protection in case of sudden trouble or danger. It was a common, ordinary, everyday thing to do, but now it loomed of great importance to Luke. She did not have to follow after him. It could be her way of saying she did not trust him, that he was not man enough to follow. When he heard the light footsteps behind him, he was inordinately glad. It made him hold the branches carefully, so that they would not fly back in her face, slow his step and shorten his stride so that she would not tire.

"I'll carry that," he said, stopping abruptly and turning, remembering that she had a package. So suddenly did he stop and so close was she behind, she bumped into him and he caught at her to keep them both from falling. It started the strange hammering in his chest again and a humming in his ears. He turned quickly to keep her from seeing.

They spoke no more until they arrived at the fair and entered their quilts. "I'll be going back at sundown," he offered, and watched the gentle grace of her as she walked away.

Luke wandered restlessly through the crowd. Three years of fighting a sassafras patch isolated one from the world and its ways, a world that was always remote from Piney Bald anyway. He did not know how to start up a conversation with anyone, nor how simply to stand and watch, but felt hurried to be done with a thing and on to another, as if he must get it done before another hour passed.

By midafternoon he had covered everything and was tired of it all. The place was dusty, dirty and noisy, with loud and discordant music blaring forth every few feet and, over and above all, the loud-speaker sending out urgent requests for Tom Jones or Jim Adams to come to the secretary's office. A long-distance telephone call seemed constantly to await somebody, and always there was the lost child waiting to be claimed. As he saw the folks going by arm in arm or in small laughing groups, a fleeting thought passed through Luke's mind that he should turn himself in. "Lost. Luke Killian. Please, will someone claim him? Anyone."

He watched the children on the merry-go-round, ate a hot dog, considered buying a white felt cowboy's hat, but thought better of it, assessing its value in terms of staples and whitewash, and then the loud-speaker blared forth: "Becky Allerton is wanted in front of the dance pavilion!"

Becky Allerton. The name shot through him like a thousand little needles. Of course, Becky would be here. Everyone came to the fair. Why hadn't he thought of this before? Readied himself? He brushed at his blue jeans hurriedly, wiped his shoes and smoothed his hair while his thoughts took shape. He could slip quietly away and let time come to its fullness. But suddenly the plans he had made back in the sassafras patch seemed so far away now, and in a moment of sudden clarity he saw how silly they were. It would be years before he could get his place ready for Becky's inspection. Maybe Becky wouldn't be around then.

Perhaps if he just told her about it, made her see it, tell of what he had been doing? He tried to remember what Wildrose's reaction had been when he had told her about it that day of the summer storm. Had she secretly laughed? Thought him overly ambitious? Silly? Sissy, maybe, talking of white picket fences and white roses?

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"Becky Allerton, will you please go to the dance pavilion? It is urgent," the loud-speaker repeated.

Luke pushed his way through the crowd toward the pavilion. He wondered if Becky had changed much in three years. He had, he knew. Broader of shoulder, thicker of chest. His arms were stronger, his hands hard and callused. He smoothed at his hair and pressed back the collar of his sport shirt, ran his tongue over his lips.

Standing in front of the pavilion, waiting, he saw Wildrose waiting too. Had she called Becky there? Knowing that he would hear and come too? Quick resentment blazed through him and he was about to turn away, thwarting Wildrose's plans, when he heard several fellows say, "Hi, Becky."

"Hiya, fellows," Becky said easily. "Who called me here?" She looked around and her gaze fell upon Luke. "Say, I hope it was you, mister." She let her eyes travel up and down Luke appreciatively. "Do I know you?"

"I called you, Becky," one of the fellows said. "Thought you'd like your name on the loud-speaker, honey."

Luke mentally forgave Wildrose.

"I'll kiss you for it, lover boy. I'll purely kiss you for it," he heard Becky going on. "After I'm through with this guy, that is, if I ever get through with him." She turned back to Luke and looked up at him through long-lashed, half-closed eyes.

How careless were Becky's words, Luke thought, to speak of kissing so lightly. How smooth and silken she looked.

"Don't I know you, honey?" she said, laying a hand on Luke's arm.

"I'm Luke Killian."

"Luke Killian. Luke Killian," she repeated, her brow daintily puckered. "Do you know me, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's good enough for me. I hoped it was you who called me here, lover. For I'd sure like to have urgent business with you."

The crowd laughed, poked one another in the ribs and winked suggestively, and Luke was shamed for Becky Allerton.

The music started up and he felt himself being pulled, unwillingly, out onto the dance floor by Becky.

"Where you been all my life, Luke?" Becky asked, laying her corn-silk head against his breast.

Fury stirred inside Luke, beginning slow and mounting fast. Where had he been! Three years of his life he had spent grubbing in a sassafras patch to help rid himself of words spoken by this girl in his arms. This girl who did not even remember him, whose words were spent carelessly, vulgarly even.

"Relax, honey," Becky whispered. "You're as stiff as a board."

He felt a sudden desire to shake Becky until her teeth rattled. Not only for himself but for Wildrose, who had let herself suffer, too, on account of words spoken by her. He looked to where Wildrose had been standing, but she was gone.

"I wish I could place you, Luke," Becky said. "You haunt me."

The anger in Luke gave way and in its place came a feeling that he could not describe. He knew he was suddenly free of Becky's words, for he realized now that Becky's words were of no account, that they were really stricken from the record. He was free in a way that he had not planned; but where was the clean, pine-washed feeling he had longed for when he had ridded himself of them?

"Tell me where I knew you, Luke," Becky begged.

"I was in a trial once," Luke replied absently, trying to make out this new void inside.

"A trial? With me, Luke?"

"You were a witness. You said I was dirty, shiftless and lying." Luke was surprised that there was no rancor in his voice at all.

"Oh, no! I didn't!" Becky giggled.

"Yeah, you did," he said lightly, and goading himself for his foolishment, he went on, "I worked and worked to prove you wrong. Cleaned a sassafras patch, was agoing to build myself a little white house and have all the surrounding things white."

"Oh, Luke, how quaint! And how perfectly idiotic—a white house in the middle of a sassafras patch!" Becky laughed at the joke.

"Yeah, isn't it?" Luke said, dismissing it for the thing that it was—nothing.

The music stopped and Luke departed hurriedly, stumbling on the steps, Becky hollering at him to wait. He must find Wildrose and tell her he was free at last, and thus free her. He searched through the crowd, slowly and methodically at first, the desire to find her mounting inside until he was almost frantic.

"Wildrose!" he shouted out foolishly.

"Lost someone, bud? Try the loud-speaker," a man told him.

"Lost someone?" Luke repeated querulously. *No, no,* he breathed fervently. *Not now.* For once again something stirred inside Luke. A calm, sure, slow-growing thing, not born of hasty words or hot tempers, but a thing that had been growing all summer, sending down long taproots tough and sturdy, and here among the hot, dusty crowd he knew it at last for what it was. *Easy now,* Luke silently cautioned himself, sensing the strength and immensity of it. "Wildrose," he whispered the name softly, knowing that this new thing sprang from there. He looked at the sky and noted the sun was low, and pushed his way quickly to the quilt booth.

"Has Miss McMillin claimed her entry yet?" he asked breathlessly.

"Miss McMillin has called for her prize money and asked that her quilt be put on sale. It won first, you know. Pretty, isn't it? Unusual in the two colors."

Luke looked at the quilt for the first time. There was his little white homestead appliquéd on a green background. House, picket fence, flowers, pig, cow, just as he had told it to her. She hadn't thought it silly or idiotic at all, but had made of it a thing of beauty. Hope surged through him like a mighty river.

He came upon her at twilight along a wooded ridge. She had tried to quicken her steps, but he had easily outdistanced her. He stood behind her now, holding her close against him, waiting, giving her time. They were high-strung people, the McMillins and the Killians. He felt the rapid beat of her heart and the trembling of her body—like a trapped thing. He hated holding her thus if it was against her will, but he must know.

"We're free of her, Wildrose. It is as though she and her words never were." He started talking, calmly and softly and steadily. He told her of his boyhood with granny, of the squirrels and the owl and the pine trees. On and on, telling her of how Becky's words had stung. How he had thought to rid himself of them by his little white place.

"Why white, Luke?" she interrupted, and his heart swelled, for her voice was rough-edged, spoken from a throat as full as his own. But he kept on, explaining as best he could that he supposed it would have stood for cleanness, but that now he knew that the whiteness was a thing inside, a feeling, and if you had it, most any color would be fittin', and he had it now.

Slowly he turned her around, lifted her chin, forced her to look at him. There was a nakedness in her eyes that he had never seen before. He dropped his hands and looked quickly away, as one does when stumbling unbidden on another's privacy, but when she made no move to cover up, stood there with a proud lift to her shoulders, he took her into his arms and kissed her thoroughly, wholeheartedly, with his might, the way a Killian did everything. It was a moment too intense, too precarious. Something safe had to be done. And, as befitting a mountain man, bred to protect in case of sudden danger, he said lightly, yet careful of his words, for words were so important, "I bought us a quilt at the fair."

To a girl like Wildrose, it was the same as saying, "Here's a ring for your finger."

She flicked back a corner of the quilt, smiled and said, "I'll make us some more, Luke."

The breeze stirred the scarlet sumac along the path and brought down a shower of hickory nuts off in the woods. Luke scanned the sky, his sky, dark rose in the west. It would be a fine day tomorrow. A fine, golden, pine-washed day.

THE END

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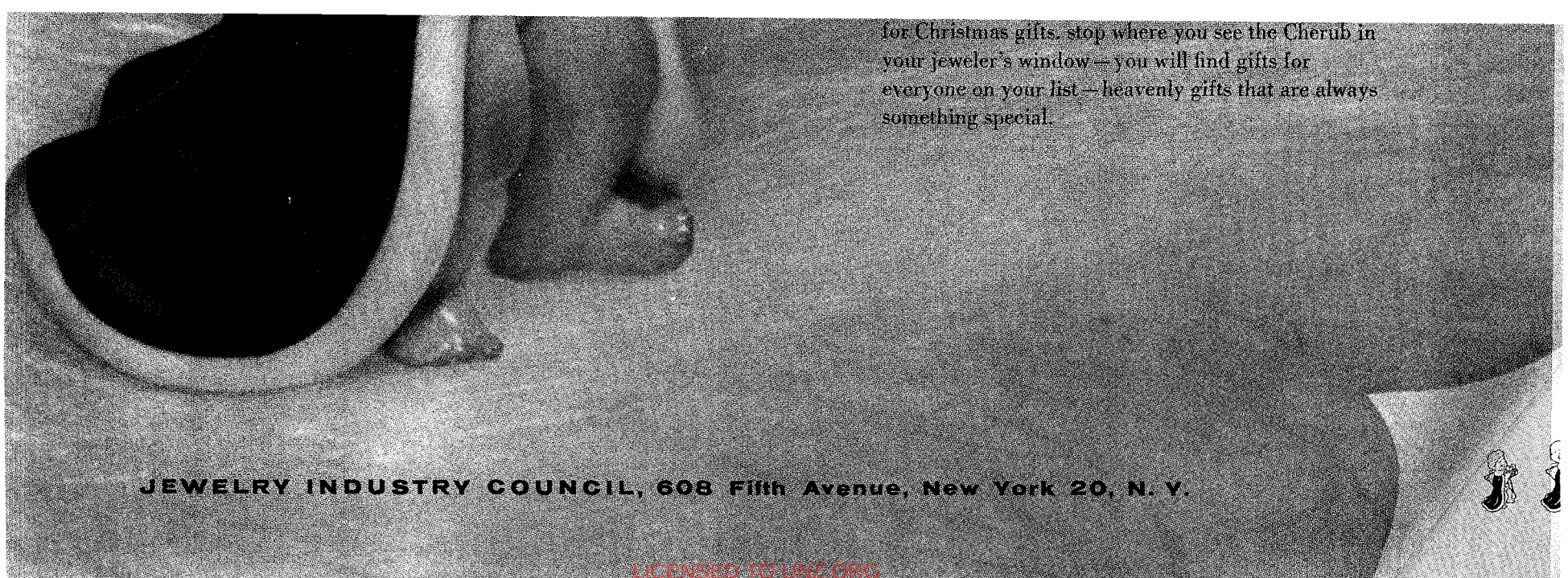
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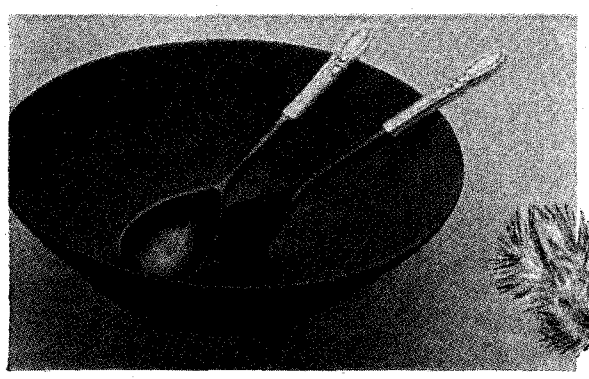

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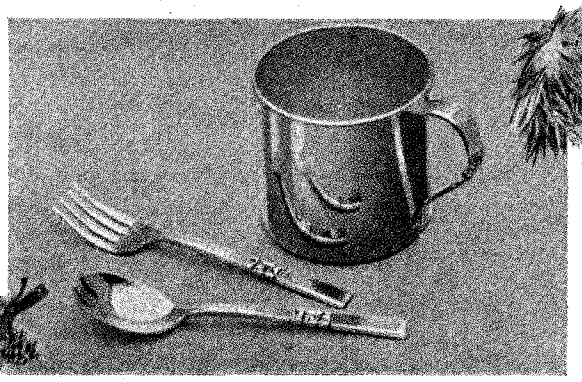
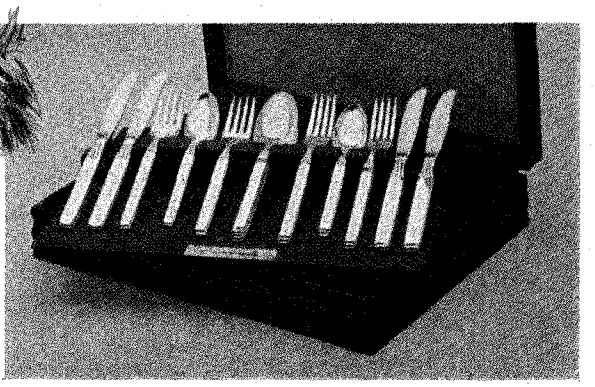


Community child and baby gifts make children feel so adult! Range from $1.50 to $7.95. 3-piece primary set shown...child's spoon, fork and cup, $5.95.



Impressive 20-piece starter set holds service for four. Its modest price—just $29.95—in handy storage buffet tray. Also comes in anti-tarnish chest.

for heavenly gifts... look for the Cherub

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Artcarved

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Also $275 to $1,150
Bride's Ring $165

MIRAMAR SET
Engagement Ring $125
Also $65 to $1,000
Bride's Ring $30.00
Groom's Ring $37.50

DELMONICO SET
Engagement Ring $650
Also $375 to $5,000
Bride's Ring $165

PRUDENCE SET
Groom's Ring $39.50
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When your ring is an *Artcarved*, you *know* you can be certain of its value. For, thanks to *Artcarved's* unique Permanent Value Plan, *any* of the thousands of *Artcarved* jewelers anywhere in the United States and its territories will gladly apply your *Artcarved* ring's current retail value towards a larger *Artcarved* diamond at any time, as specified in the guarantee. And this guarantee is backed up by one of the world's oldest and largest ringmakers. *Artcarved* assures superb quality, too, because every *Artcarved* diamond ring is guaranteed and registered for color, cut, clarity and carat weight. Prices are nationally established, $75 to $10,000.

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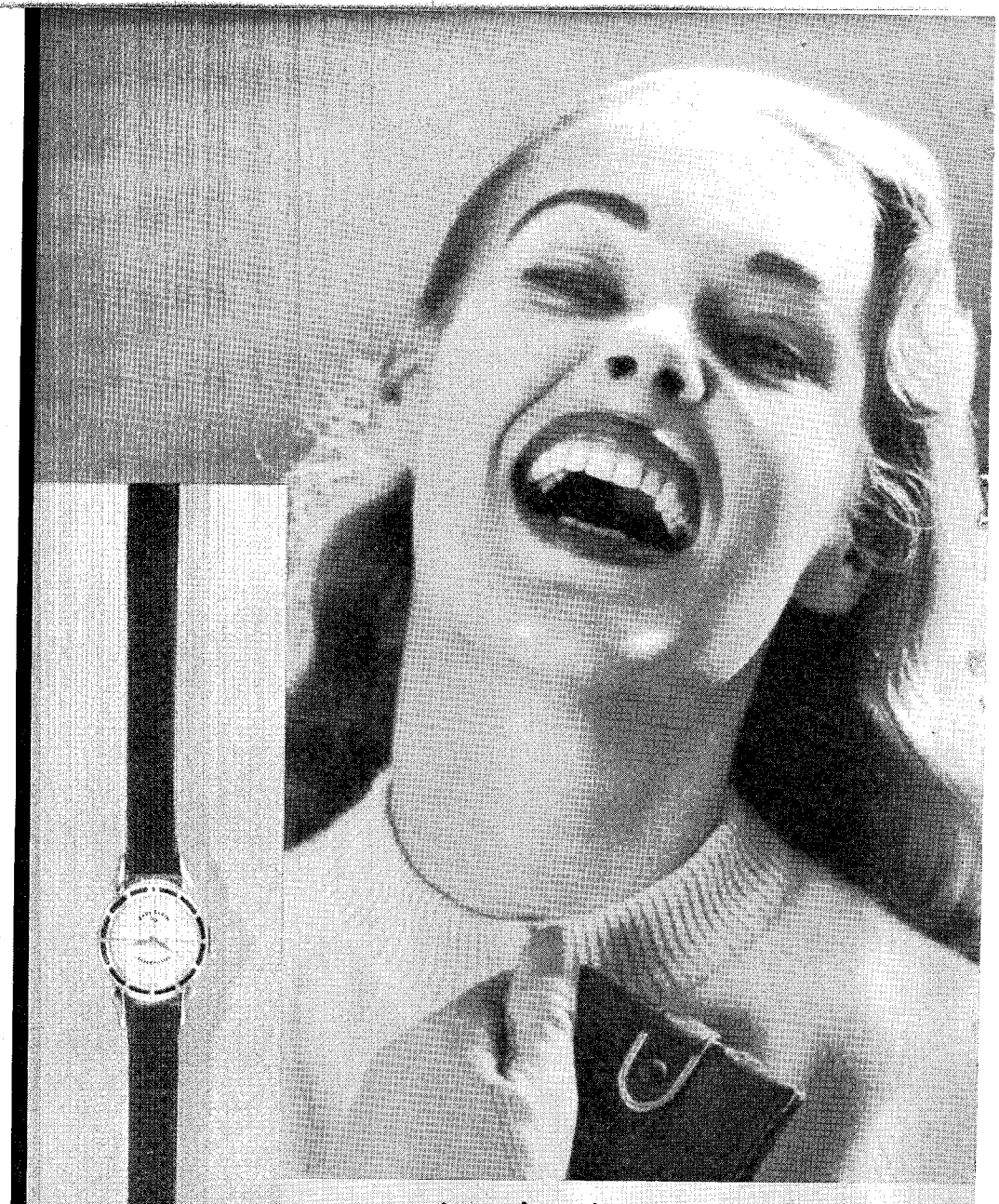
See the complete selection of Elgin Watches wherever this Cherub is displayed.

For Christmas...

"Personality -Styled" Elgin Watches

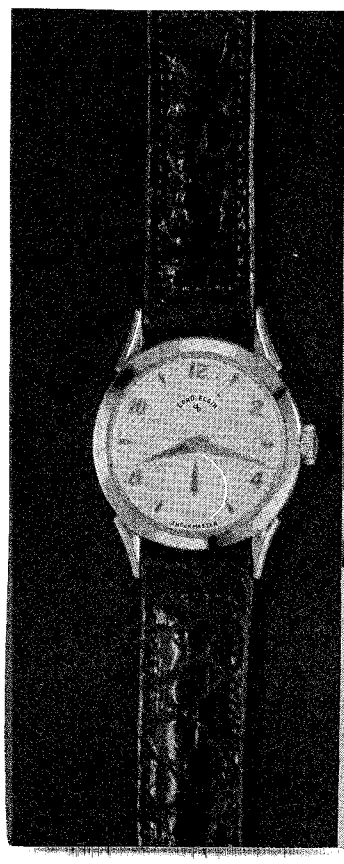


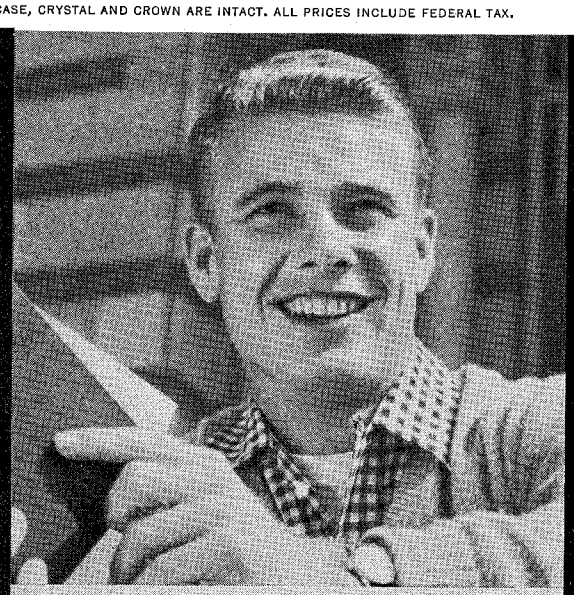
Is she the vivacious type?

Perfect gift for her—the **Lady Elgin Clubwoman**, a sparkling design. 14K gold-filled case, black inlaid hour markers, brightly patterned dial face. 21 jewels. Shock-resistant. Waterproof*. With black suede strap, $79.50. With handsome, matching Hadley expansion band, $89.50.

NOW YOU CAN CHOOSE A WATCH STYLED TO THE

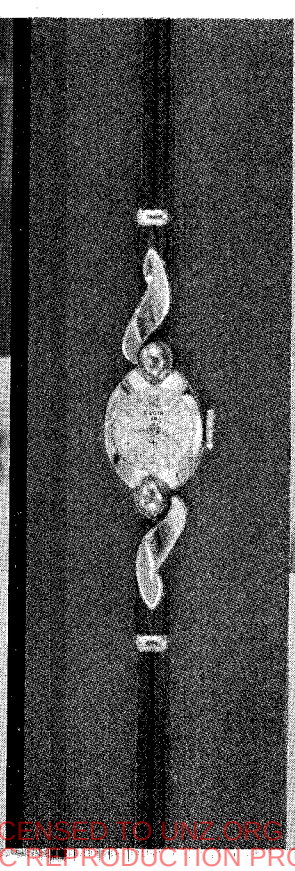
*WATERPROOF WHEN CASE, CRYSTAL AND CROWN ARE INTACT. ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX.





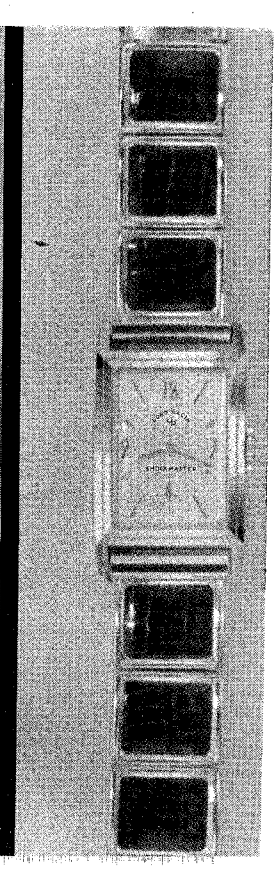
Is he the active type?

Lord Elgin Wakefield. 21 jewels. Shock-resistant, Waterproof*. 14K natural gold-filled case. As shown, $79.50. With Hadley band, $89.50.



Is she the tailored type?

The Velma. Deeply carved case, as shown, also in white. Styled dial with high flat crystal. Nylon cord. $69.50.



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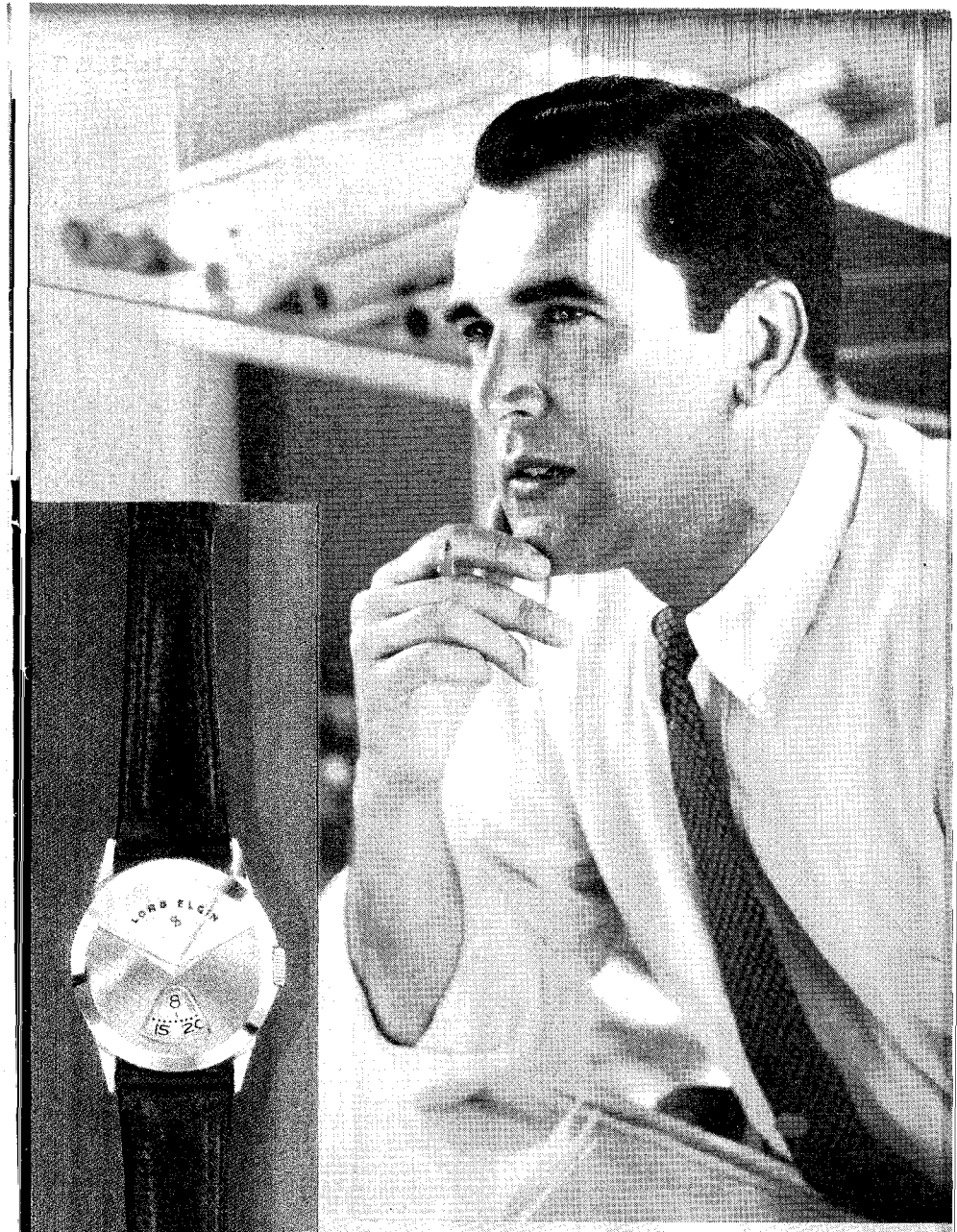


Is he the discerning type?

Give him the **Lord Elgin Direct Reading Watch.** Moving figures tell the time. 21 jewels. Waterproof*. Shock-resistant. 14K gold-filled case. With leather strap, $79.50. . . . With Hadley expansion band, $89.50.

Is she the gracious type?

Designed to suit her radiant personality, the **Lady Elgin Gwynne.** Distinctive 14K white or yellow gold case with mirror lapped finish. Flexible end pieces. 21 jewels. Teardrop markers on the dial. With attractive cord, $100.00.

WEARER'S WAY OF LIFE

ELGIN

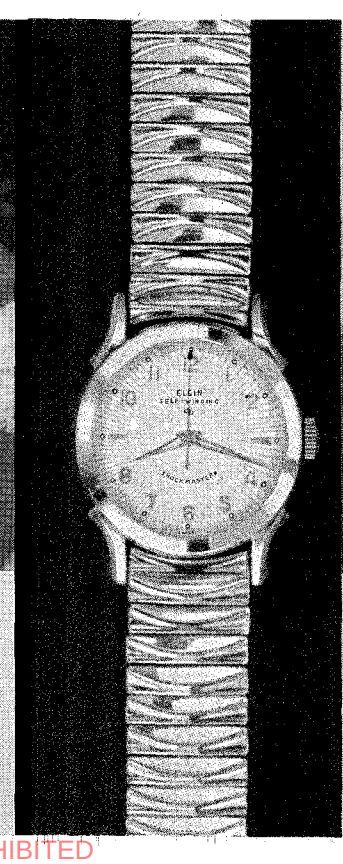
the newest ideas in fine watch design

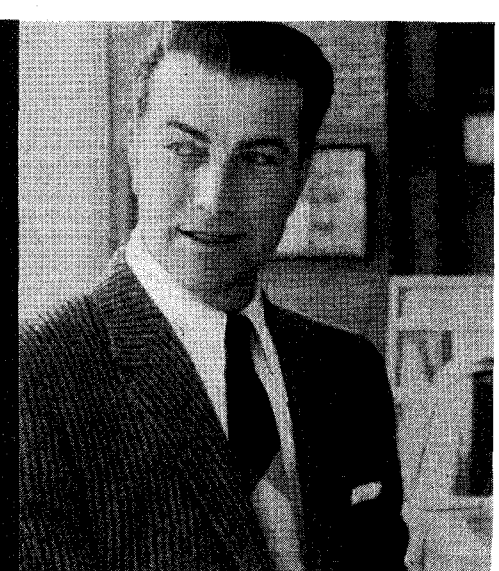
The genial type?

Lord Elgin Cheswick. 21 jewels. Leather insert band, $89.50. With leather strap, $79.50.

Is she the dainty type?

The Marlene, an Elgin "Petite" in white or yellow case. With nylon cord, $33.75. With Hadley band, $39.75.





Is he the confident type?

The Lakeshore. Waterproof*. Self-winding. Luminous or black dial. With Hadley band, $95 or strap, $85.

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GEMEX *Watchbands*

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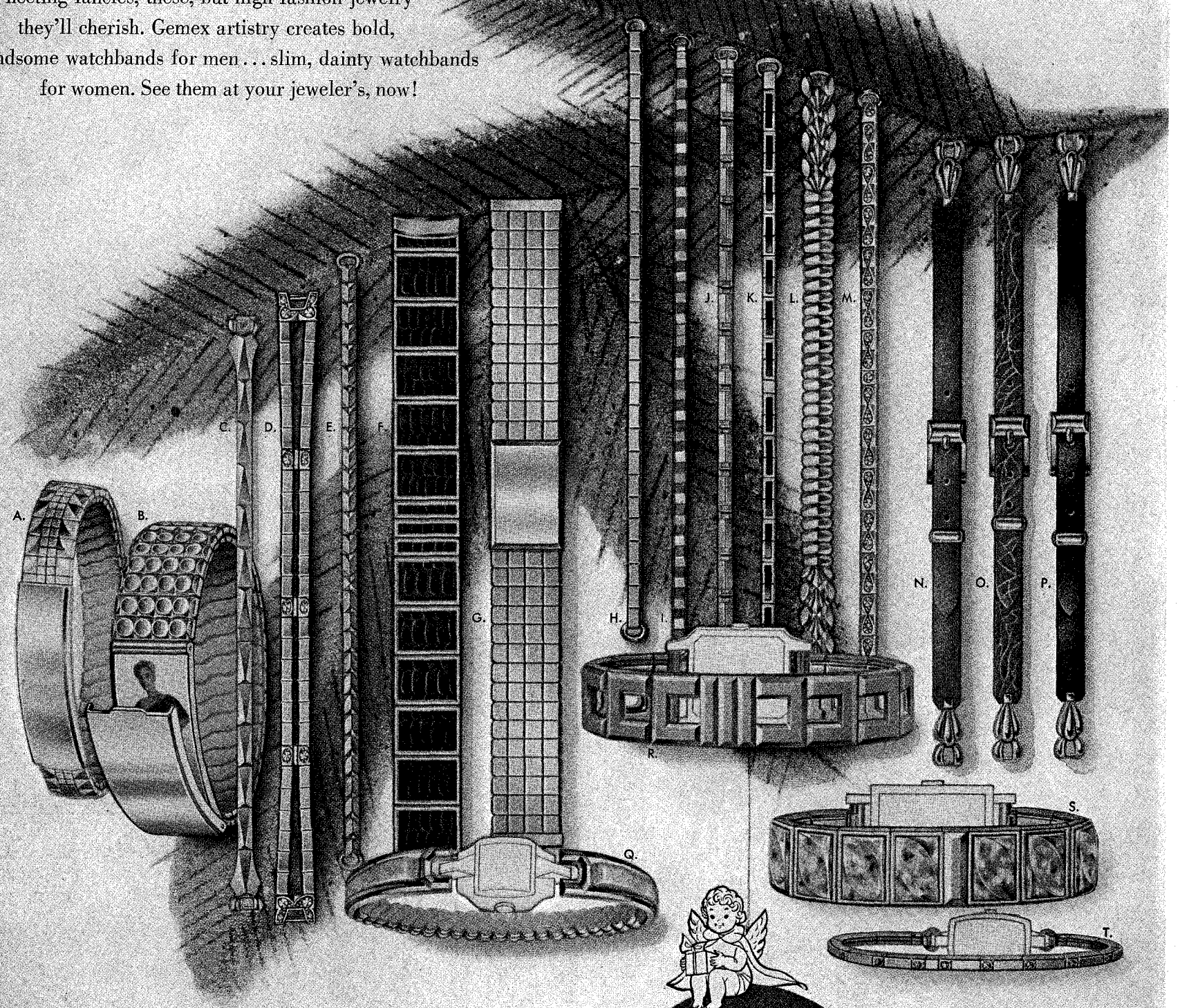
No fleeting fancies, these, but high fashion jewelry they'll cherish. Gemex artistry creates bold, handsome watchbands for men . . . slim, dainty watchbands for women. See them at your jeweler's, now!



A. Ladies' Photo-Ident. Put your picture inside and give her an elegant forget-you-not. $8.95

B. Men's Photo-Ident. So he can keep your picture always at hand. $9.95

C. Dansant. This style creates a feeling of motion . . . with ballet-like precision. $9.95

D. Duet. Two watchbands met . . . and joined in this exquisite twin-link watch bracelet. $12.95

E. Adagio. This slim style has the added attraction of fine detailing on each link. $7.75

F. Caballero. The richness of black leather links in a stainless steel setting. $7.95

G. Chieftain. Extra bold. Brand new feature—built-in adjustability for permanent fit. $8.95

H. Escapade. The delicate charm of miniature links in graceful precision. $8.95

I. Rhapsody. She'll love this unusual rhythmic expression of modern elegance. $7.95

J. Sprite. Captures the slimness that is today's most important style trend. $7.95

K. Gypsy. Gold and black and intriguing as can be. She'll love its dainty elegance. $7.95

L. Cherub. An intricate design that adds a decorative touch to a fine watch. $6.95

M. Jewel. A fine jewel-like effect created with the brilliant facets in each link. $9.95

N. Colormate—Day Wear. One of many colors for daytime wear—match her favorite outfits! $2.95

O. Colormate—Sportswear. Give her a watchband wardrobe with several snap-on Colormates. $2.95

P. Colormate—Evening Wear. Subdued patterns, with the accent on silver, gold and black. $2.95

Q. Monaco. Includes white, turquoise and black insets. She switches colors to match her outfits. $9.95

R. Zephyr. A flattering classic design . . . and smoother, new sliding expansion. $11.75

S. Monte Carlo. True Continental charm. Sculptured links in tan, grey or charcoal. $11.75

T. Jolie. Slim-as-a-ring and daintily decorated. The look of precious jewelry. $7.95

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starring in Columbia Pictures' forthcoming
"PAL JOEY"

KIM SAYS:
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All gold-filled watchbands are plus Federal tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

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Choose with confidence now, Wear with pride . . . forever

Now and forever, Keepsake is perfection . . . the diamond ring that makes no compromise with quality, but guarantees the finest—a *perfect* diamond.*

The one important difference in diamonds is quality, and those who insist on the finest will accept nothing less than the perfect quality guaranteed by Keepsake. Only this perfect quality can fully reflect a diamond's natural brilliance and beauty . . . for your everlasting pride and satisfaction.

For your engagement and wedding, you can not choose better—nor can you afford to choose less—than a *perfect* Keepsake, the world's finest quality diamond ring. In many exquisite styles from $100 to $10,000.

A. PARADIS Ring (platinum) $850 to 5000. B. JULIET Ring $575. Also 500 to 2475. Wedding Ring 175. C. NEWELL Ring $450. Wedding Ring 150. D. HEATHER Ring $350. Also 100 to 2475. Wedding Ring 12.50. ★Man's Diamond Ring $100. Available at 75 to 250 to match all engagement rings. E. DOUGLAS Ring $250. Wedding Ring 87.50. F. KENNAN Ring $150. Wedding Ring 75. All rings available in either natural or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ®Trade-mark registered.

*A perfect diamond is free from flaws under 10-power magnification. This perfect quality, plus finest color and correct modern cut, is guaranteed and permanently registered by the Keepsake Certificate signed by your jeweler. Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag, and be sure of quality, beauty and value forever.

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Please send booklets, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" and "Choosing your Diamond Ring." Also 44-page "Bride's Keepsake Book" gift offer and the name of nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c for mailing costs.

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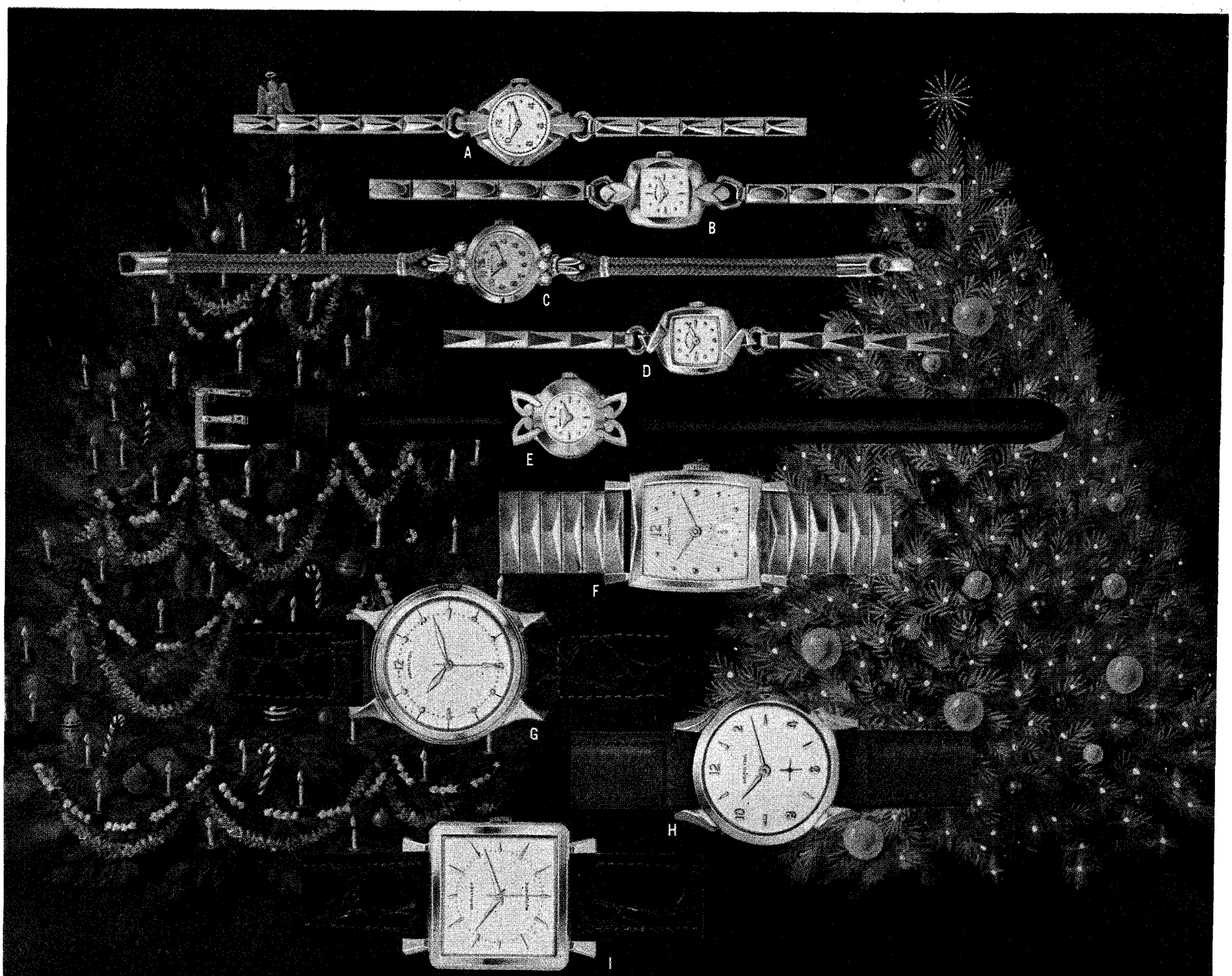
The gift of a Hamilton is a Christmas tradition born anew every year

This tradition lives because there's no more personal gift than a watch, no finer watch than a Hamilton. See these and the many other Hamilton watches at your jeweler's, and you'll know why Hamilton is the finest watch you can give or get, $39.50 to $10,000. Then choose for beauty, choose for love—here is a gift of time for all time. HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

HAMILTON

THE WATCH JEWELERS RECOMMEND MORE OFTEN THAN ANY OTHER



A. **GILDA** Yellow case, stainless-steel back. With cord, $45. With bracelet, $49.50.

B. **AUREL**† 10K gold-filled case. Stainless-steel back. With cord, $69.50. With bracelet, $75.

C. **RADIANT "H"**† 6 diamonds, 14K yellow or white gold case. $175.

D. **ZENA**† 10K gold-filled case. With cord, $75. With bracelet, $82.50.

E. **MATINEE**† 14K gold case. $100.

F. **RUSSELL** 10K yellow gold-filled case. With strap, $75. With expansion band, $85.

G. **STORMKING IV** 10K yellow gold-filled case, stainless-steel back, water-proof*. With strap, $79.50. With expansion band, $89.50.

H. **PAXTON** Yellow case, stainless-steel back. With strap, $39.50. With expansion band, $45.

I. **K-405** Automatic. 10K gold-filled case, self-winding, shock-resistant. With strap, $95. With expansion band, $100.

†FIVE-FEATURE WATCHES.

*PROVIDED ORIGINAL SEAL IS RESTORED IF OPENED FOR SERVICE.

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ALL SET FOR CHRISTMAS

(...and for the years to come!)

Gorham STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831
125TH ANNIVERSARY

SETTINGS FOR 8 IN ATTRACTIVE WOOD CHEST START AS LOW AS $238 F.T.I. PATTERN SHOWN: CELESTE $310 F.T.I. MOST STORES HAVE PLANS THAT OFFER A YEAR TO PAY.

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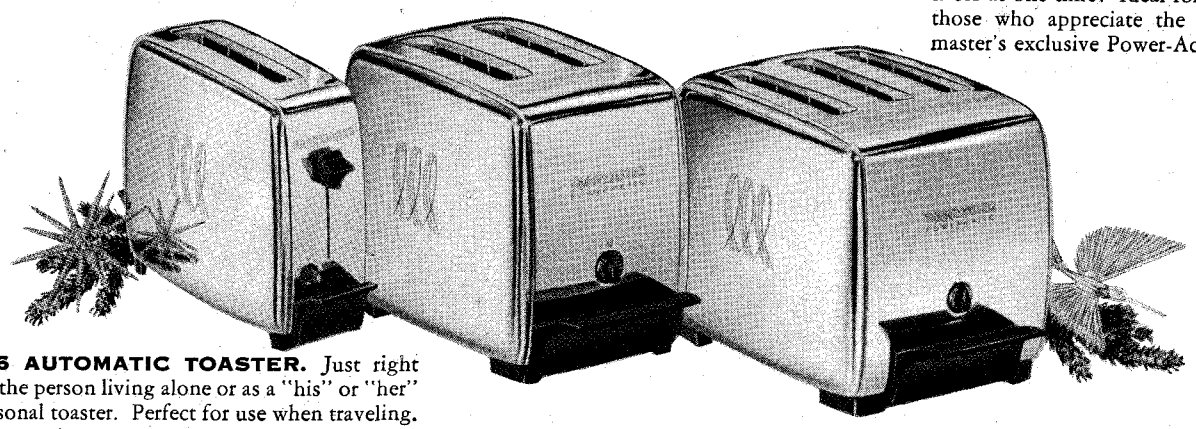
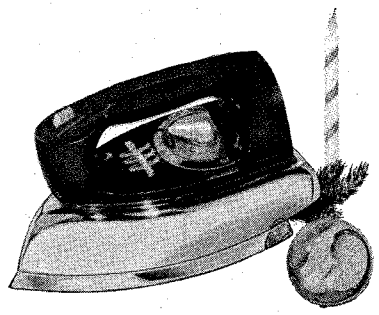
1B16 POWERMATIC TOASTER. Embodies all the craftsmanship of 30 years of quality-toaster manufacture. Power-Action lowers bread automatically, toasts it, and serves it up fast—*all by itself!* Toaster shown, **$27.50.** Identical model (1B22) but for manual operation, **$23.00.**

1C4 POWERMATIC TOASTER. Toasts up to *three* slices at one time! Ideal for the "king-size" family or those who appreciate the unusual. Features Toastmaster's exclusive Power-Action. **$39.50.**

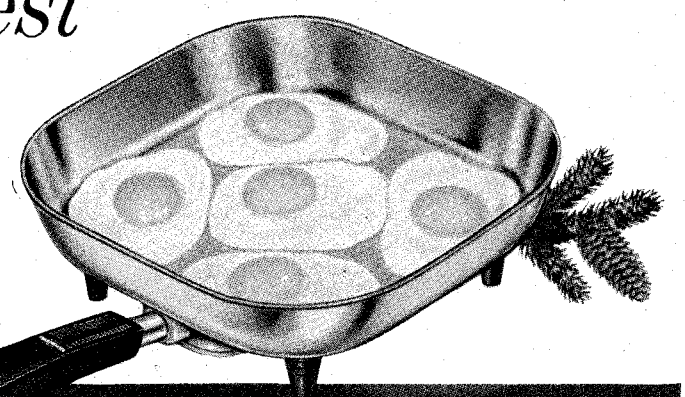


1A6 AUTOMATIC TOASTER. Just right for the person living alone or as a "his" or "her" personal toaster. Perfect for use when traveling. Fast toasting. **$15.95.**

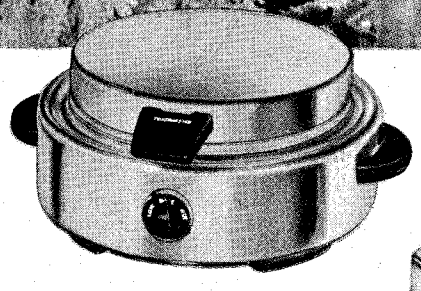


NEW! 4B1 STEAM & DRY IRON. Converts instantly from dry to steam. Accurate fabric dial indicator. Uses tap water. Easy to fill and empty. Aluminum (rust-proof) reservoir. Cool, completely insulated handle. Iron shown, **$15.95.** Model 4A2 dry iron, **$12.95.**

A Toastmaster appliance at Christmas is the *warmingest* gift you can give !



NEW! 8A1 AUTOMATIC FRY PAN. Controls heat perfectly for perfect results every time. Automatic, no watching. Permits cooking right at the table. Large capacity. Immersible in water for easy cleaning. 11″ size (shown), **$19.95;** 12″ size, **$24.95.**



2D2 AUTOMATIC WAFFLE BAKER. Maintains even heat for perfect waffles. Siltect-treated grids prevent sticking. Signal light tells when to pour batter, and when waffle is done. **$21.95.**

NEW! 2D3 GRILL & WAFFLE BAKER. Makes delicious waffles, toasts sandwiches, and grills bacon, eggs, sausage, pancakes. Large, interchangeable griddles and grids. Siltect-treated grids prevent sticking. Front handle holds cover for level, drip-free grilling. **$32.50.**

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Automatic Appliances

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Toastmaster sells more toasters in more sizes than any other make... 5 models, $15.95 to $39.50

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Let America's Oldest Name in Time solve Your gift problems!

Check off those difficult names on your Christmas list with decorator clocks from Seth Thomas. Wherever your tastes may lead you, there is a clock to fit your gift-buying needs. Backed by a time-honored tradition of 143 years of fine clocks, Seth Thomas is available at better stores everywhere.

CLASSMATE . . . A bright idea for the student or traveler, the Classmate travel alarm is small enough to tuck into the corner of an overnight bag or purse. Luminous hands and hour markings. Classmates come in three attractive styles, in colorful genuine leather cases of tan, brown, red, blue or green. 7-jewel, 30-hour alarm. **$9.95***

PIROUETTE . . . Here's an idea for that young couple on your list who like their accessories functional and modern. The glossy black case and gleaming brass trim make this wall clock an eye-catcher in any setting. Electric, it mounts to conceal cord and outlet. Diameter 12½". **$14.95***

RUDDER . . . A sparkling brass alarm clock with a nautical note for that young man in high school or college, as well as the older armchair Admiral. Authentic international signal pennants in four colors mark the hours on the bright, silvery dial. Solid brass spokes, cork trim and jet black base. Bell alarm. Height 5⅛". **$10.95***

BROOKFIELD . . . If the homemaker on your list likes the charm and warmth of colonial furnishings, she'll love this faithful reproduction of the early American banjo clock. The rich brown mahogany case is trimmed in brass. Hour and half-hour strike. 8-day keywound. 29" high. **$75.00***

*Plus tax

SETH THOMAS

MASTERPIECES IN TIME SINCE 1813

Division of GT TIME *General Time Corporation*

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Amy Vanderbilt's Gift to her Son

Cuff Links and Tie Bar made of

GOLD FILLED

Amy Vanderbilt, author of "Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette," had famous jewelry designer Henry Steig create these striking cuff links and tie bar for her son.

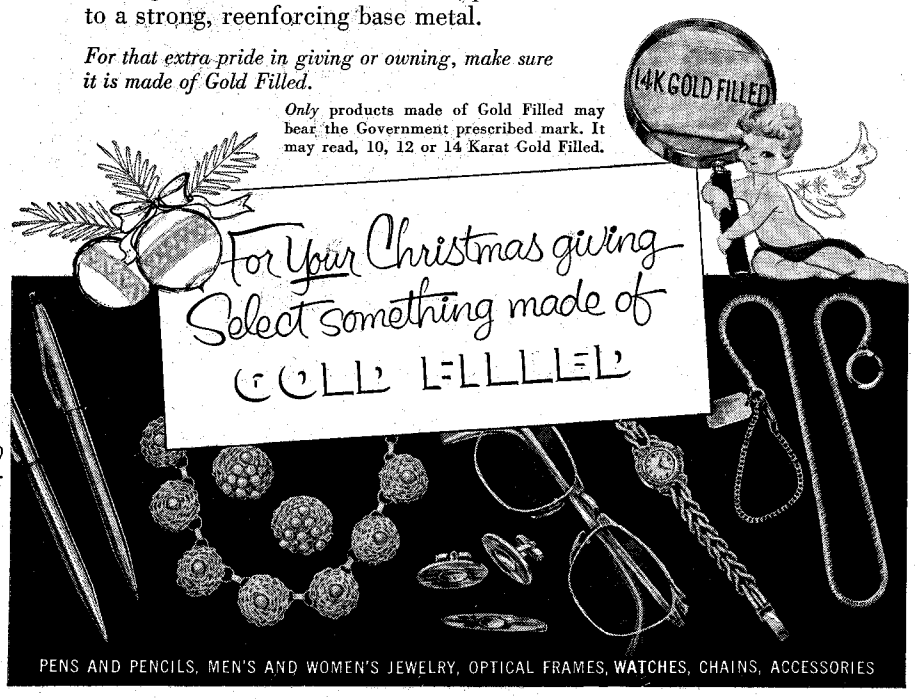
Fashioned in gleaming Gold Filled, they will last as a gift of love should last.

You may not choose to include one-of-a-kind originals on your Christmas list. But many beautiful things are made of Gold Filled by leading jewelry manufacturers . . . and they are available, at reasonable price, wherever fine jewelry is sold.

But make sure you ask for Gold Filled — lustrous karat gold bonded under heat and pressure to a strong, reenforcing base metal.

For that extra pride in giving or owning, make sure it is made of Gold Filled.

Only products made of Gold Filled may bear the Government prescribed mark. It may read, 10, 12 or 14 Karat Gold Filled.


14K GOLD FILLED
For Your Christmas giving
Select something made of
GOLD FILLED
PENS AND PENCILS, MEN'S AND WOMEN'S JEWELRY, OPTICAL FRAMES, WATCHES, CHAINS, ACCESSORIES

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The Firing of Tugboat Annie

(Continued from Page 41)

Then suddenly he was cut off before giving his position."

"I kin figger it. Come wid me!"

In the wheelhouse Annie yanked out a chart and, based on the Firefly's approximate departure time and other data, quickly estimated her whereabouts. "She's in that wide channel somewheres, atween Totem Rock an' Seal Island," she told Peter.

"That's about twenty-five miles from here," said Peter. "Oh, brother, what a salvage deal! If we can latch onto that bargeload o' grub and take it in to Port Ugachak ——"

"We still got our own tow to deliver, pal. Remember?" said Annie.... "Listen, Clem; ye think Bullwinkle caught Red's message?"

"Not unless his radio's working again. Why?"

"We'll wait fer him to ketch up; then fake a breakdown an' pay him to take over our barge. He's headed fer Amatka anyways, so he'll snap it up! Stop her, Peter!"

As the big tug lost way Annie raced down and aft to the towing winch and took up the hawser slack, and as she did so she saw that the Salamander was overhauling them fast.

"If Bullwinkle had heerd the Firefly's distress signal," she told Peter when she returned to the wheelhouse, "he'd be takin' off after that barge right now! So we still got a chance to save Campbell's barge fer him, an' if we do, mebbe Alec'll lemme keep me job. Anyways, we'll soon know."

A quarter hour later the Salamander moved to within hailing distance.

"Well, ye bag o' tripe," Bullwinkle roared across, "what's wrong wi' you?"

"Leak in our fuel line or somep'n, Horatio," Annie lied cheerfully, "an' here's yer chance to make a honest dollar fer a change. So hook onto our barge an' tow it to Amatka fer us."

"Nuts!" was Mr. Bullwinkle's gallant reply. "Stay there till ya rot!" He turned to his mate at the wheel. "Get goin', Jake."

"Wait—wait!" yelled Annie. "I'll pay ye good!"

Slowly Mr. Bullwinkle paced the length of his deck, in apparently casual survey of the Narcissus' water line. Then he nodded. "O.K., Fatso, it's a deal," he announced curtly. "At double rates."

So, ten minutes later, the Salamander, with the Narcissus' barge in tow, was moving steadily away toward the loom of a nearby island, en route to Amatka.

Impatiently Annie waited until they had disappeared behind a wooded headland a mile or so away; then, after instructing Clem to radio Severn what was being done, she again got under way, heading at high speed for the probable position of Campbell's derelict barge, if still afloat.

Two hours later the steep cliffs of Seal Island rose from the sea ahead, and Annie waddled along to Clem's cabin. "Ye heerd anythin' more?" she began, but a sharp "Sh-h-h!" from Clem, who was crouched tensely over his set, checked her.

For a few more intent seconds he listened, then turned to her. "Something queer's going on," he said, worried. "I've been getting faint radio signals, as if they came from a hand-cranked emergency set. It could be somebody needing help."

"Halloran!" guessed Annie quickly. "D'ye s'pose ——"

"That's what I thought. They might be adrift in their boat."

"Any way to locate 'em?" she asked, but with the postponement of her salvage job her heart sank. "We can't jest leave 'em out here."

Clem shook his head. "We'll have to search, that's all."

Quickly Annie returned topside and briefly explained to Peter. "An' anyways," she concluded, "wid Bullwinkle outta the way, after we pick up the Firefly's boat we kin come back fer the barge. Meanwhiles, wid tide an' current both settin' nearly due east, we'll swing back along the coast o' the island here."

Peter headed inshore and, with Shiftless on lookout on top of the pilothouse, the Narcissus surged quickly away from the estimated vicinity of the barge, and began an intensive search.

Just before dawn, Clem reported. "The signals are getting stronger, Annie," he said. "They still don't make sense, but ——"

Shiftless' excited shout from on top of the pilothouse interrupted him. "Annie! Annie!" he yelled. "There's a light on the beach—looks like a bonfire—about two miles ahead!"

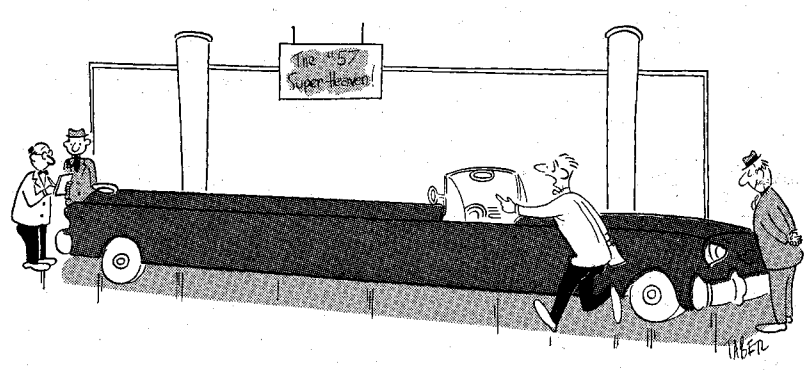
Annie snatched up her glasses and trained them. Then: "It's a bonfire all right! Wid men around it!" she announced. "An' there's a boat drawed up at the water's edge —— Step on it, Peter!"

Rapidly the Narcissus closed the distance. Then, with the tug a few hundred yards from the beach and the leaping flames of a huge bonfire in plain view, Annie turned once again to Peter, her heavy face grim.

"If I ain't mistook ——" she began ominously, but Peter interrupted, his voice an angry growl.

"You ain't mistook! They're as drunk as skunks, all of 'em!"

With the Narcissus floating almost motionless in the still water, her boat was lowered, and as it was pulled toward the beach, with Shiftless at the oars and Annie's massive, forbidding figure in the stern sheets, a reception committee from the roaring campfire pranced wildly down



"Hold on, Purvis, I just sold it down at this end!"

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to meet them. And in the lead was the Firefly's skipper, the carrot-topped, reckless-eyed Halloran.

"Whir-r-oo!" he yelled jubilantly. "If it ain't me ol' pal Tugboat Annie! Come on ashore, pal, an' join the party!"

The boat was run up on the shingle and, granite-faced, Annie got out, lumbered across to the chief celebrant and dealt him a powerhouse clip on the jaw.

"What the blue-starred hell is the meanin' o' this?" she grated, when he had staggered to his feet again. "Here I bin searchin' fer ye fer hours—an' what do I find? A bunch o' no-good, drunken sculpins havin' a ball!" She grabbed Halloran's shirt front and shook him till his teeth rattled. "Where's the Firefly? An' what happened to that barge?"

"It was me birthday, Annie," he said sheepishly, "and since everythin' was going smooth on the voyage, we decided to whoop it up a little. Well, Clay, the cook, went in the galley to fix us a feed, and—I dunno, maybe he primed the range wi' gasoline and—Boom!—there was an explosion and a fire."

"Where's the Firefly?"

"Beached an' burned up along the island somewhere. We cut her loose from the barge and sent out the SOS. Then we had to get in the boat in a hurry and get out o' there. So—well, we started off, sendin' funny messages out over the boat's emergency set, an' rowin' and drinkin' and driftin', and—here we are."

"I oughta knock the daylights outta the lot o' ye!" Annie roared furiously. "Losin' yer tug's yer own business! But ——"

"She's insured," said Halloran defensively.

"An' what about the barge?"

Halloran grinned, and waved vaguely. "Back there someplace. Look, Annie, be a sport and join ——"

"Git into yer boat an' out to the Narcissus, the lot o' ye!" she stormed, and with vigorous kicks and pushes she herded them to the water's edge. "Come on, move! I gotta pick up that barge!"

Chastened somewhat, they stumbled into their boat, and soon thereafter the Narcissus was heading back along the island. And since, according to Halloran, the barge had been undamaged, optimism again inflated Annie's mind, and it was all she could do to refrain from radioing Severn that all was well, instead of saving the news, as she finally decided to do, for a delightful surprise.

It was full daylight and the beginning of another sweltering day when the Narcissus again approached the channel where Halloran had abandoned the barge, and Annie, after a hasty but enjoyable breakfast, and with spirits high, came out once more on deck and peered eagerly ahead for sight of her prize.

Then suddenly her big body stiffened and, with popping eyes and rage-suffused face, she watched as, from behind a curve in the coast a mile ahead, there came slowly into view the missing barge; and its efficient means of propulsion was Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander.

"Oh, that dirty ratscallion!" she bellowed, hammering the stout teak rail with her fists in helpless fury. "Peter! Peter, lay us alongside that deceitful wagabone! By Barney's bull, he's gonna have a good reason fer this deal or I'll ram him outta the water!"

When within hailing distance, however, Mr. Bullwinkle, in a dour mood, proved anything but co-operative; and it was only when explaining how he had come to know about the barge that he allowed a contemptuous grin to crack the iron façade of his hostility.

"They was nothin' to it," he informed her. "When ya asked me to take over your tow last night, I knew right away it was no broken fuel line that made you give me the job, because ya wasn't pumpin' no oil slick on the water from yer bilges. So I run your barge behind a headland and anchored her, and watched."

"Yeah," Annie admitted reluctantly, "I pulled a bonehead on that one. So?"

"So when ya took off in such a hurry I got a bearin' on yer course and followed. And when I lost ya I figured ya'd gone to answer that feeble-soundin' SOS from the boat's emergency set."

"I thought yer radio was outta kilter?"

"We'd fixed it by then. So we kept on goin' along the course you'd started out on, an' found the barge, and put our hawser aboard. So it was reely simple, stupid!"

"O.K., smart guy!" Annie countered ominously. "You know what the Gov'ment penalty is fer ignorin' a call fer help at sea as well as I do! So, brother, you're in trouble! Furthermore, when I spread the news along the coast that Horatio Bullwinkle risked men's lives fer a few measly dollars ——"

"Rats! There was no sea runnin' last night. An' you picked 'em up, didn't ya?" Mr. Bullwinkle countered, but it was plain that his assurance had been punctured, for, after a moment's pause, he continued, his voice thoughtful, "'Course I'll admit it ain't good for business if them kinda rumors get around."

"Rumors?" said Annie forcefully "Hah!"

"But—but ya wouldn't reely tell folks, would ya, Annie?" he persevered, now definitely placatory, and instantly Annie pressed her advantage.

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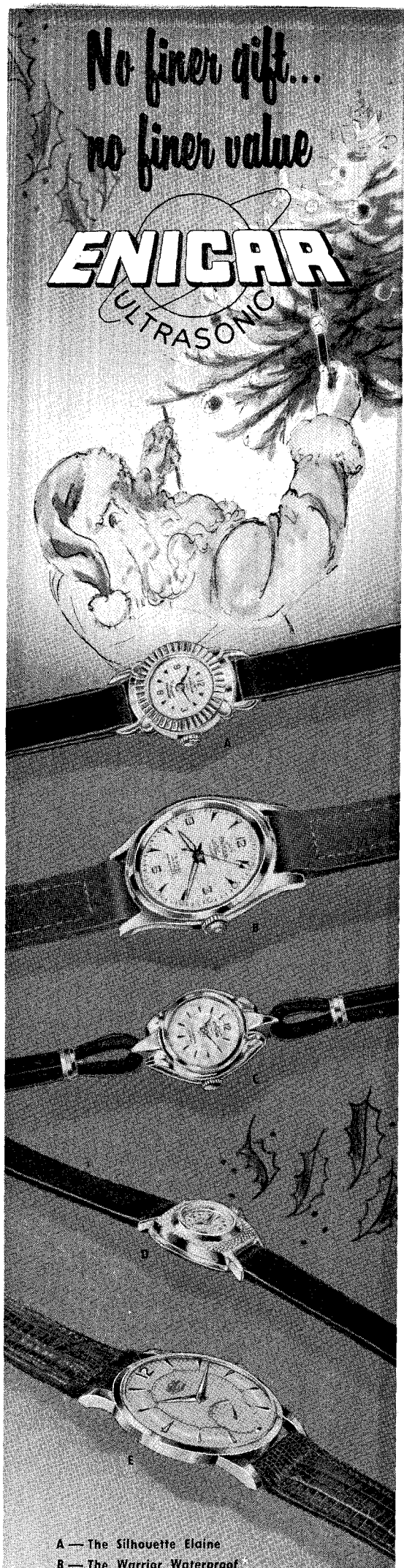

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"I wouldn't, huh? You on'y got one way o' shuttin' my big mouth!"

"What's that?"

"Hand over that barge!"

"Have you went crazy?"

"It's that or else."

Mr. Bullwinkle mentally debated, and in the pause Annie had to fight back a nasty suspicion that her victory was becoming too easy. That behind the innocently bovine countenance he now was turning toward her lurked some wily trick. So she forced the issue.

"Come on," she said roughly. "Make up yer peanut mind!"

Mr. Bullwinkle sighed. "O.K., Annie," he conceded. "You win. On condition," he amended hastily, "that our other deal still stands. I'll pick up your barge again and tow her into Amatka, for a double fee, like ya said."

"Ye got me word," said Annie, secretly jubilant.

The transfer was made, and soon Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander was headed for the northern horizon. But once Annie was under way again, with the barge in tow at a plodding six knots, her nagging doubts returned.

"It jest ain't like Bullwinkle," she confided uneasily to Peter, "to back down so quick when there's a big profit at stake. I got a feelin' that—that ——"

"Yeah, so have I."

"Ye mean, I better check that barge?"

"Right!"

When Annie returned to the Narcissus a half hour later, one glance at her fury-congested face was enough for Peter. "So he skunked ya, eh?" he growled.

"Skunked me?" Her big frame was trembling like a repressed volcano. "Brother, an' how!" she groaned; then pointed with rage-quivering finger. "That cussed barge has got fifteen thousand dollars' wuth o' fresh fruit an' vegetables on board!" she choked. "All iced down!"

"So where's the trick?" asked Peter, suddenly adrift.

"The trick," said Annie tightly, "is that what wid this hot weather an' the delays an' all, most of the ice melted, as Bullwinkle well knowed—an' they's hardly enough left to last five hours more!"

"But—but," stammered Peter, aghast, "at this speed we're at least thirty hours out o' Port Ugachak ——"

"An' by this time tomorrer all we'll be towin' is a scowful o' garbage!"

"While Bullwinkle ——"

"Yeah! While Bullwinkle," went on Annie savagely, "that butt-sprung ape I was outsmartin', walks off wid the on'y real profit in the whole dang-busted deal! An' since Alec's gonna hafta pay it, will he love that!"

"Gosh, Annie," said Peter. "Wish I could help. . . . Hey, where you goin?"

"Since this is all Red Halloran's fault," said Annie lethally, "I'm gonna find him an' crack his ugly noggin!"

"You are, huh?" said Red, who had just come up, unobserved, behind her. "An' what's my fault? Ya got the barge, so what are ya gripin' about?"

"Palsie," Annie muttered, "don't git me started again or I'll make ye wish the whole kit an' boodle o' ye had burned up wid yer tug! Barge an' all!"

"Don't be silly," said Red, trying to divert her obviously violence-bent mind into nonbelligerent channels. "That barge couldn't ha' blowed up or burned, in any case."

"Why couldn't it?" demanded Annie, prepared, in her present mood, to argue any point.

But when Red explained, it had a strange effect; for, suddenly grabbing him, and to his utter alarm, she drew him forcibly toward her and planted upon his resisting cheek a loud, wet smack. And then, holding him fondly at arm's length, Annie made a promise.

"Red," she told him solemnly, "when me an' you gits ashore again I'm gonna throw ye the biggest, skyrocketin' flingding what ever was flang!"

When the Narcissus chugged slowly into port thirty hours later, Annie having radioed her approximate time of arrival, there were gathered on the sun-baked wharf to meet her a grim-faced Alec Severn, the bristlingly hostile Mr. Campbell and a widely grinning and triumphant Mr. Bullwinkle. But Annie, unimpressed, gazed impassively down at them, then addressed herself to Campbell.

"Where do ye want this, froze-face?" she asked mildly. "Alongside here O.K.?"

"Don't be funny!" Campbell rasped angrily. "You can eat it or throw it overboard! The only reason I'm down here is to watch Severn fire you off that tug! So"—he turned to Severn—"what are we waiting for? Let her have it!"

"Just a minute!" snapped Severn, crimson-faced. "This is between Annie and myself! And nobody tells me when to fire my own employees! So keep out of it!"

"Thanks, Alec!" said Annie.

"But don't think I won't!" he warned her testily. "Because ——"

"It'll keep," she interrupted complacently, and turned once more to Campbell. "S'posin' the cargo in that barge was still fresh an' sweet. Would ye give yer towin' contract to Alec here?"

"I don't believe in miracles!" he rapped. . . . "Look, Severn, this has gone far enough ——"

"Hold it!" replied Severn sharply, his keen gaze on Annie's broad, expressionless face. "What's up your sleeve, Annie?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars' wuth o' prime, perishable foodstuffs," said Annie calmly. "That's what, Alec. Because they ain't a thing wrong wid his cargo. His cargo, did I say? Yours, I mean, because it was your tug what saved it an' brought it in."

"What are you getting at?" Severn demanded hoarsely.

"I'm tryin' to tell ye. You own it; an' ye kin either stick him fer a thumpin' big salvage award or let him have it fer the usual towing fee—plus, o' course, all his towin' business up here, fer as long as his provisionin' contrack runs."

"Bunk!" Mr. Bullwinkle interjected violently. "She's just bluffin'! That ice had almost run out! And in weather like this ——"

"Gittin' that hot under the collar, my mildewed friend," observed Annie affably, "is gonna make you look like a sp'iled turnip yerself." She turned back to Campbell. "Go aboard. See fer yerself. Then ye kin git some trucks an' run the cargo up to the reefer plant—after ye've signed Alec's contrack, o' course."

Baffled, Campbell stared at her, then at Severn.

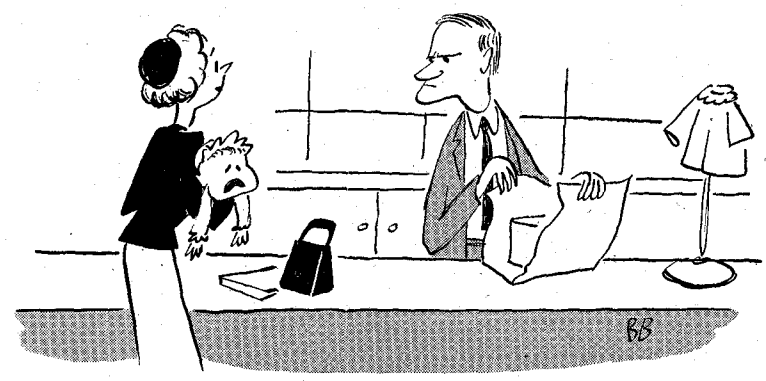
"If Annie says your cargo's in good condition, it is," said Severn quietly. "So what about the contract?"

"I'll sign it," the big man told him. "On one condition—that this fantastic 'lovable character' of yours tell us how she did it!"

"Nothin' to it," said Annie modestly. "All it took was brains, an' a good memory, for I remember a reefer ship pullin' into Vancouver, years ago, what had pulled the same stunt. So, once that drunken mick, Red Halloran, telled me the barge was equipped wid a carbon-dioxide fire-control system, all we done was to turn it on an' cover the cargo wid a thick blanket o' carbon-dioxide gas. It didn't harm the cargo none. But by shutting off the air, it acted like a preservative—for long enough, anyways, to git it safe back to port." Annie paused; asked politely: "Any more questions afore I pack me duds after Alec fires me?"

"Yes," said Severn. "What are you going to do with that nice fat bonus I'm going to give you in lieu of the sack?"

"Well," said Annie, her weather-wrinkled blue eyes twinkling, "if it was as fat as Bullwinkle's head—an' nothin' could be that fat, o' course!—I'd take me a trip to Venice an' be sculled around by a chandelier!" THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Never a cheerful character, the salesman in the baby department seemed especially glum when Mrs. Tate brought her very young daughter into the store. Despite Mrs. Tate's efforts to be pleasant, the salesman fed her a steady diet of sour looks and short answers, meanwhile glancing with gloomy distaste at her daughter, who was being vocally fretful.

Finally, having given Mrs. Tate her change, he glanced again at her daughter and said, "Doesn't your child ever smile?"

Mrs. Tate's good humor buckled, then broke. "My daughter is cutting teeth," she said crisply. "What's your excuse?"

James R. Wheeler

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Are You Eating Your Way to a Heart Attack?

(Continued from Page 25)

Americans, what was the reason? Was it a peculiarity of race? Did the people of Japan exercise more than the over-motorized Americans? Or was the secret to be found in the Japanese rice bowl?

Last spring Doctor Keys went to Japan to get some first-hand answers. With him were his wife, Margaret, a scientist in her own right; Dr. Paul Dudley White, the famous Boston heart specialist who has been attending President Eisenhower; and Dr. Brian Bronte-Stewart, a physician from the University of Cape Town, South Africa, who has joined Doctor Keys' staff at Minneapolis.

Assisted by twenty-nine Japanese doctors, including Doctor Kimura, and by a number of nurses and dietitians, Doctor Keys' team examined hundreds of people in several Japanese communities, taking blood samples and asking about their diets and medical backgrounds. At Shime, a coal-mining town, the investigators examined not only the miners but the clerical and supervisory workers. At Koga they set up their "clinic" in the town hall, and out of deference to local custom left their shoes outside and worked in their stocking feet.

"We found, when we analyzed the information about the diet of these people, that fat made up less than ten per cent of their calories," said Doctor Keys, "as compared to forty per cent in the typical United States diet." And yet the Japanese diet was nutritionally adequate. The city people in Japan eat slightly more fat than those in the country—9.7 per cent as compared to 6.4 per cent—but there was no important difference between the urban and rural in the rate of coronary disease, as judged by the autopsy reports.

And what about the cholesterol level in the Japanese blood? To obtain this information the research team put each blood sample into a centrifuge, separated out the serum and poured a measured amount of serum onto a piece of filter paper. This was then dried, wrapped in a plastic film, slipped into an envelope and mailed back to the hygiene lab in Minneapolis. Analysis showed that the cholesterol values in the Japanese blood samples were indeed much lower than American averages. "There seemed to be a definite correlation between cholesterol level, dietary fat and amount of coronary disease in the Japanese," Doctor Keys reported.

A similar relationship also appeared in several Italian towns visited by Doctor Keys and Doctor Taylor, and here they noted correlations at both ends of the fat scale. In Bologna and Modena, located in a rich agricultural region called Emilia la Grasse (Emilia the fat) the bread was made with lots of shortening, and the workers' favorite noonday lunch was big sandwiches filled with thick slabs of fat pork. Fat made up about 30 per cent of the diet there. Blood cholesterol levels were high, and 10 per cent of the hospital beds in Bologna and Modena were occupied by patients with coronary heart disease. By contrast, the Minnesota researchers found the people of Naples on a much leaner diet—only 20 per cent fat. Their blood-cholesterol levels were correspondingly low. And only 2 or 3 per cent of the Neapolitan hospital patients had coronary disease.

The wide variations between the two groups of Italians strengthened the argument that "susceptibility" to coronary heart disease is not a matter of race, but of food habits. Additional support for this view has come from several other parts of the world.

In Hawaii, Dr. Nils P. Larsen, who was host to Doctor Keys and his associates last spring, has for many years been studying the diets and blood vessels of the different racial strains represented there. He has found from autopsy examinations that severe coronary disease strikes the older generation of Orientals—those studied were mainly of Japanese origin—only half as often as it does Caucasians of the same age. At the younger age levels, however, under fifty, the rate was about the same in the two racial groups.

The explanation seems to lie in a shift away from traditional food patterns on the part of the younger Orientals. "It is evident to everyone who has lived in Hawaii," Doctor Larsen commented, "that the older people are much more apt to cling to the original Japanese diet, mostly rice with very little fat—ten per cent or less. The younger Japanese, on the other hand, tend to adopt our own diet, which is forty per cent or more fat." In so doing they apparently have caught up with the American heart-disease rate.

In Guatemala and Costa Rica, scientists of the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama, collaborating with the department of nutrition of the Harvard School of Public Health, have found that farmers, living on diets with very little fat, have lower blood-cholesterol values and less coronary heart disease than do the city residents, who eat three or four times as much fat. The question of a racial blood difference might have been raised on the point that most of the rural Guatemalans are Mayan Indians, but in Costa Rica nearly all the people, whether rural or urban, are of European stock. Hence diet seems to play a major role, although exercise may also be important. The rural people are more active physically and are lighter in weight. These studies, which are expected to lead to further information on the dietary aspect of the problem, have been carried out by Dr. Nevin S. Scrimshaw, director of the Institute of Nutrition (INCAP), located at Guatemala City, and his associates, Drs. George V. Mann, J. Antonio Munoz, Martha Trulson and Carlos Tejada. The Harvard nutrition group collaborating on the project is headed by Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, an outstanding authority in this field.

One of the most widely cited of all the pieces of evidence linking diet with heart disease is that which emerged from the Scandinavian countries during the food shortages of World War II. Throughout Norway and Finland, the forced reduction in dietary fats was followed in less than two years by a sharp decline in deaths from coronary disease. With a return to richer, peacetime diets the heart-disease rate went back up to the prewar levels or even exceeded them. Just this past summer Doctor Keys visited Finland, found the diet very rich in fat, particularly butterfat, and reported that there is "a tremendous amount of coronary disease, even among the poor farmers and hard-working loggers and woodcutters." In the United States, which suffered almost no fat restrictions, there was no such reduction in heart-disease mortality over the war years.

While the wartime shortages in Northern Europe hit all economic classes, Doctor Keys has remarked that in many parts of the world the curves of rising fat intake, blood cholesterol and heart disease closely parallel the curve of income. And nowhere has this been more strikingly shown than in Cape Town, South Africa.

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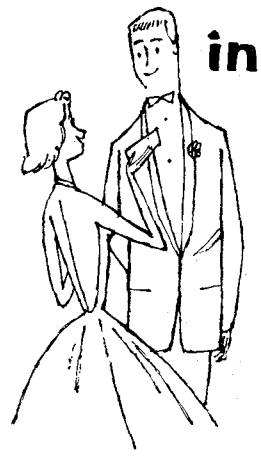

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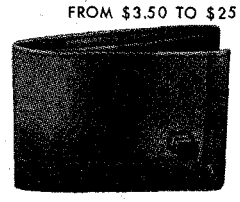

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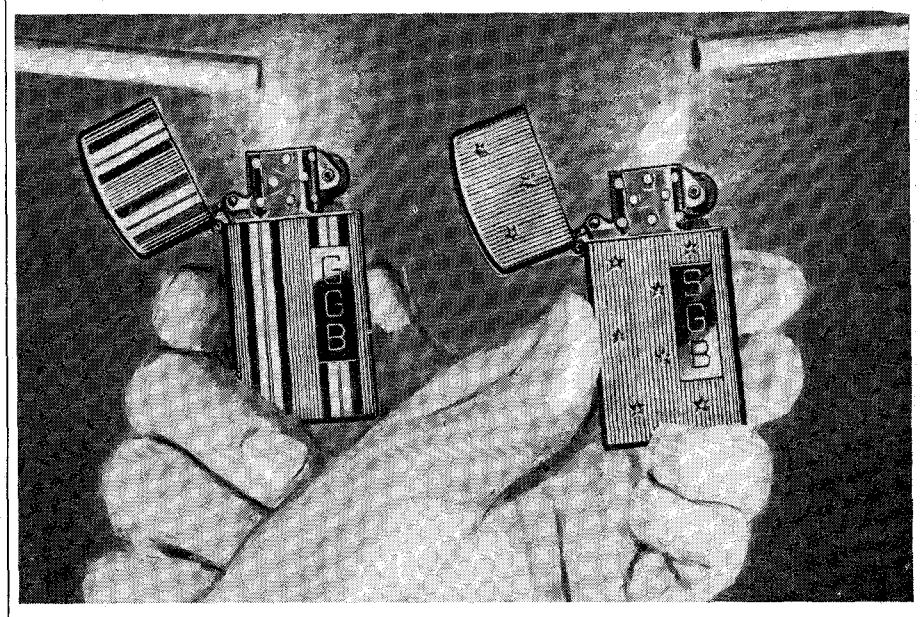

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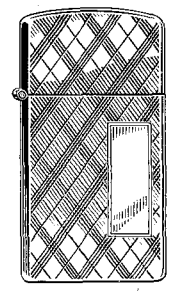

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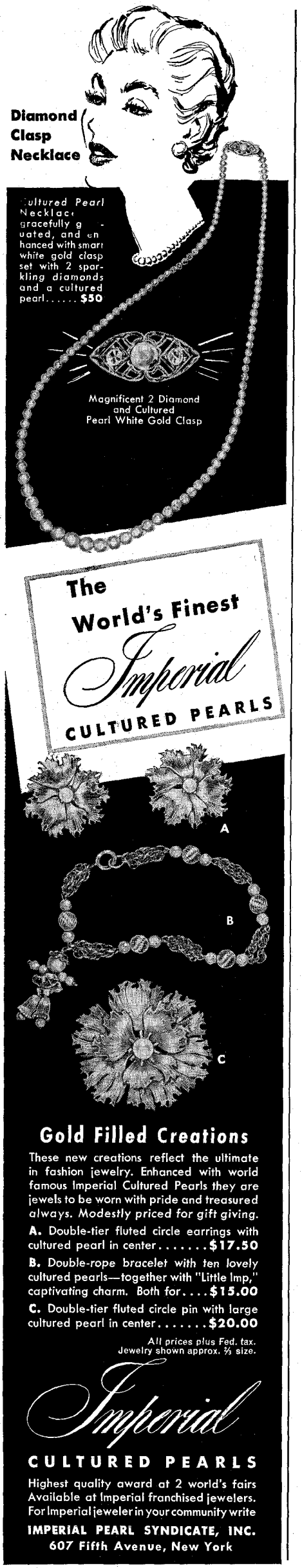
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Here Doctor and Mrs. Keys, working in collaboration with Doctor Bronte-Stewart and Dr. J. F. Brock, professor of medicine at the University of Cape Town, interviewed and examined 500 men representing three socio-economic levels—the Bantus, the Cape Coloreds and the European whites. The Bantus, of the city slums, on the lowest rung of the ladder, are mostly laborers who migrate to earn enough money to return to the country to buy more cattle which they will exchange for more wives. Their principal fare is corn-meal porridge—called "mealies"—and white bread. When they can afford it, they enrich the menu slightly with "*vetkoekies*" (fat-cakes made of dough fried in oil) and fried fish. The Cape Coloreds, a mixed racial group on the next economic level, eat considerably more meat and fat; and at the head of the table, both income-wise and diet-wise, are the European whites.

In the factories and offices where these men were working, the doctors drew blood samples from each volunteer. The blood-chemistry results followed the now familiar pattern. The low-fat eating Bantus had the lowest cholesterol readings, with the Cape Coloreds next and the European whites at the top of the scale. Moreover, when each racial group was divided into three subgroups according to monthly income, the curve of fat intake and blood cholesterol followed the income in each group. And from several South African medical sources came data indicating that coronary disease was very rare among Bantus, intermediate among Cape Coloreds, and by far the highest among Europeans.

"Curiously enough, there is quite a lot of high blood pressure among the Bantus, and also a rather high incidence of strokes," said Doctor Bronte-Stewart, who feels these conditions probably arise from different factors than does coronary-artery disease. So far as the researchers could determine, the lean diet does not seem to produce any serious malnutrition or weakness, however. "Quite the contrary," Doctor Bronte-Stewart remarked. "They are strong people. Some of their best war dancers are men in their sixties and seventies—and the war dances are strenuous performances."

It will take more than the threat of a heart attack or the prospect of a war dancer's physique to make well-fed Americans go on a Bantu diet. But there are somewhat tastier routes to a low blood-cholesterol level, even though a degree of Spartan self-denial is required. An example of very low-fat regimes is set by patients of Drs. Calvin Kay, Peter Kuo and Claude R. Joyner, Jr., of the Robinette Foundation at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. They are men and women who have had a heart attack, who suffer from the heart pains of angina pectoris, or who have blood-vessel diseases of the arms and legs. While the doctors hope to check further development of arteriosclerosis in these patients, their primary aim is to prevent the after-meal rise in blood fats which they believe interferes with oxygen utilization by the heart muscle and other organs.

Some of the patients have been on a moderately low fat diet—forty to fifty grams of fat per day—for ten years. But recently the goal has been narrowed to twenty grams. This is less than an ounce of fat a day and is about a seventh as much as the average American consumes. Doubtless many patients could bring their blood fats, particularly the neutral fats, down to normal levels on a less restricted diet, Doctor Kuo explains, but frequent blood tests would be necessary to make sure. He knows from his research studies that a twenty-gram diet will keep 90 per cent of the patients within the normal blood-fat range.

President Eisenhower happens to be one heart patient who can pare his blood cholesterol down to normal on a less severe fat restriction. His diet allows about forty grams of fat a day, according to his physician, Maj. Gen. Howard McC. Snyder. And since his heart attack his blood cholesterol has been 200 milligrams per 100 cubic centimeters of serum, or below, most of the time. The test was made many times in years prior to his heart attack, also; and only on one occasion, said General Snyder, was it above 250. In most instances it was below 200, and once was as low as 178. Thus, the President's cholesterol level has nearly always been within or below the so-called "normal" range of 200 to 250, although the experts point out that this "normal" is simply an American average and is actually high when compared to the averages of populations with lower rates of coronary disease. In any event, the relationship between cholesterol and coronary disease is a statistical one, and individual cases may depart from the "curve."

But to return to the twenty-gram diet of Doctor Kuo, it establishes two small servings of meat a day as the only fat source. Two ounces of lean beef, veal or lamb contain ten grams of fat, and a three- or four-ounce portion of chicken, liver, lean fish or shellfish also contains ten grams.

No other fat food is allowed. The patient must completely forgo all foods high in fat, including pork products, fat varieties of fish, whole milk, cream, ice cream, margarine, salad dressings, eggs, gravies, cream sauces and soups, chocolate and nuts. Dairy skim milk, containing eight grams of fat per quart, is permitted in moderation. Powdered nonfat milk has no fat at all and is on the "free list." Cakes, pies and puddings are forbidden unless made with skim milk and without egg yolks. Fairly plentiful amounts of bread, cereal, fruits and vegetables are permitted, and there is no brake on sugar, jellies, cookies and carbonated beverages.

"It may take a patient as long as six months to get on this diet," Doctor Kuo commented, "but usually after he is once on it he doesn't mind it too much. After a while his system becomes so used to a low fat intake that he cannot return to an average amount of fat without feeling bloated and nauseated."

An electronics engineer from the Philadelphia Navy Yard, visiting Doctor Kuo for a checkup, nodded in agreement. "A fatless diet is a tasteless diet," he said, "and it took me about a month to get used to it. But it isn't too horrible. I use a salt—monosodium glutamate—which they claim makes everything taste like steak. It doesn't, of course. But my wife, who goes along with me on most of the diet, is good at making things tasty. I'd say it is her devotion to this effort that makes it work."

Many years will be required to evaluate the diet in terms of its ability to prevent recurrent attacks of coronary thrombosis, but patients who suffer from continuous or frequent circulatory symptoms notice the effects within months. The engineer's trouble was in the circulation of his legs. He could not walk more than a half block without intense leg pain. In the year and a half he has been on the low-fat diet his walking range has more than tripled. He can now walk at a fast clip from his office out to the piers, without pain.

Another patient, a fuel-oil dealer of thirty-three, suffered anginal attacks—shortness of breath and pain in the heart—which got so bad he could not walk the fifty feet to his garage without bringing one on. The twenty-gram fat diet was prescribed, and at first the diet was so restricted that he lost forty pounds of weight and felt weak at 140 pounds. The doctor encouraged him to increase his starch and sugar intake and he fleshed up to 163. He now plays catch with his small son, can run short distances, fish, swim and hunt. He has occasional sharp flashes in the chest, he says, but no real pain.

Doctor Kuo does not recommend this diet for people who are perfectly healthy. But he sees no reason why it should not be tried by those who have had heart attacks or whose blood cholesterol and fat levels are abnormally high as shown by tests. Adequate vitamin supplements should always be given. Measurement of blood-fat levels—cholesterol, phospholipids and neutral fats—might well become a routine part of physical examinations, particularly for people who have reached middle age. "For we have evidence," said Doctor Kuo, "that as we get older we become sluggish in our ability to dispose of fat. For example, the normal peak of neutral fat content in the blood comes three hours after a meal, and thereafter the concentration decreases. But older persons or those who have arterial

"Unless Fred can pay cash for something, he won't buy it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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disease may retain this fat in the blood much longer. They may not show a reduction before six or seven hours."

Although the guilt of dietary fat in the actual production of coronary sclerosis in man has yet to be proved, Doctor Kuo and Doctor Joyner have evidence that fatty meals may precipitate attacks of angina pectoris. They have actually induced such attacks—mild and transitory—in volunteer patients by giving them fat meals. In one patient each attack came regularly three hours after the test meal. In other patients they came four and a half to five hours after the meal. The University of Pennsylvania doctors have shown that the fat in the blood interferes with oxygen utilization in the heart muscle, although the precise mechanism is still a subject of continuing research, which is supported by the American Heart Association and the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund.

Looking at their low-fat program as a whole, Doctor Kay and Doctor Kuo feel it has proved practical in a substantial number of cases. "Of course, about twenty-five per cent of the patients will fiddle with it for a month or so and then quit," Doctor Kay remarked. "And of the remainder, about half will stay on it for years and the other half will ease off after a while. Some patients will suffer another attack or a burst of angina, and this will scare them back on the diet for keeps."

For some years most authorities on the question of fat and arteries had been insisting that animal and vegetable fats behaved pretty much alike, and that either type raised the blood-cholesterol level. But in 1952, Dr. Laurance W. Kinsell and his associates at the University of California upset the butcher cart, so to speak, by announcing that patients fed an artificial diet rich in vegetable fat—in some cases constituting 80 per cent of their food—experienced a reduction in the blood cholesterol rather than an increase.

This finding was so paradoxical that other scientists suspected an error, and little attention was paid to it by those who had been preaching that "fat is fat" regardless of source.

However, Dr. Edward H. Ahrens, Jr., and several of his associates at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, decided to test Doctor Kinsell's theory. Their first experiment involved the cooperation of six patients—five women and a boy of sixteen—who had come to the institute's hospital for treatment of their obesity. Aside from the fact that they weighed from 200 to 250 pounds, all were in normal health.

They had to forgo the reducing treatment for the three or four months of Doctor Ahrens' study, however, as he did not want to cloud the blood-cholesterol issue with any possible effects of weight loss or gain. Actually they remained at about their original weights while living first on a diet containing animal fats—butter, eggs, whole milk and cream—and then on one with equivalent amounts of vegetable fats. The latter included milk-free margarine, salad oil, peanut butter, avocados and a formula made from skim-milk protein, dextrose, corn oil and chocolate sirup.

Although they got no meat, the patient volunteers were given plenty of fruits, vegetables, macaroni or spaghetti, jams and hard candies. All their food was carefully weighed by dietitians experienced in the exacting procedures of a metabolic ward. And since they were allowed out of the hospital only for a few hours once a month they had little chance to go off their diets.

Doctor Ahrens' results confirmed and amplified Doctor Kinsell's findings. He measured three of the blood's fat, or lipid, components, and found that two, the cholesterol and phospholipids, were 20 per cent lower on the vegetable-fat diet than on the animal fats. Curiously, the third fraction, known as neutral fat, was not altered by the dietary shift. Similar results were also obtained with patients who had suffered from coronary-heart-disease attacks.

Many people at once jumped to the conclusion that the way to prevent clogging of the heart's arteries was to avoid animal fats, which are usually of a harder consistency, and to eat only the "soft fats" and oils of animal origin. Doctor Ahrens, a cautious interpreter, doesn't think we are ready for that step. "There is no way of proving beyond all doubt in a living human being that changes in blood-lipid levels will prevent or relieve coronary disease," he said. "But there are a number of good pieces of circumstantial evidence which make this a good working hypothesis. What we want to do now is to discover the mechanism of this lipid-altering reaction, to learn why some fats increase blood cholesterol and others reduce it."

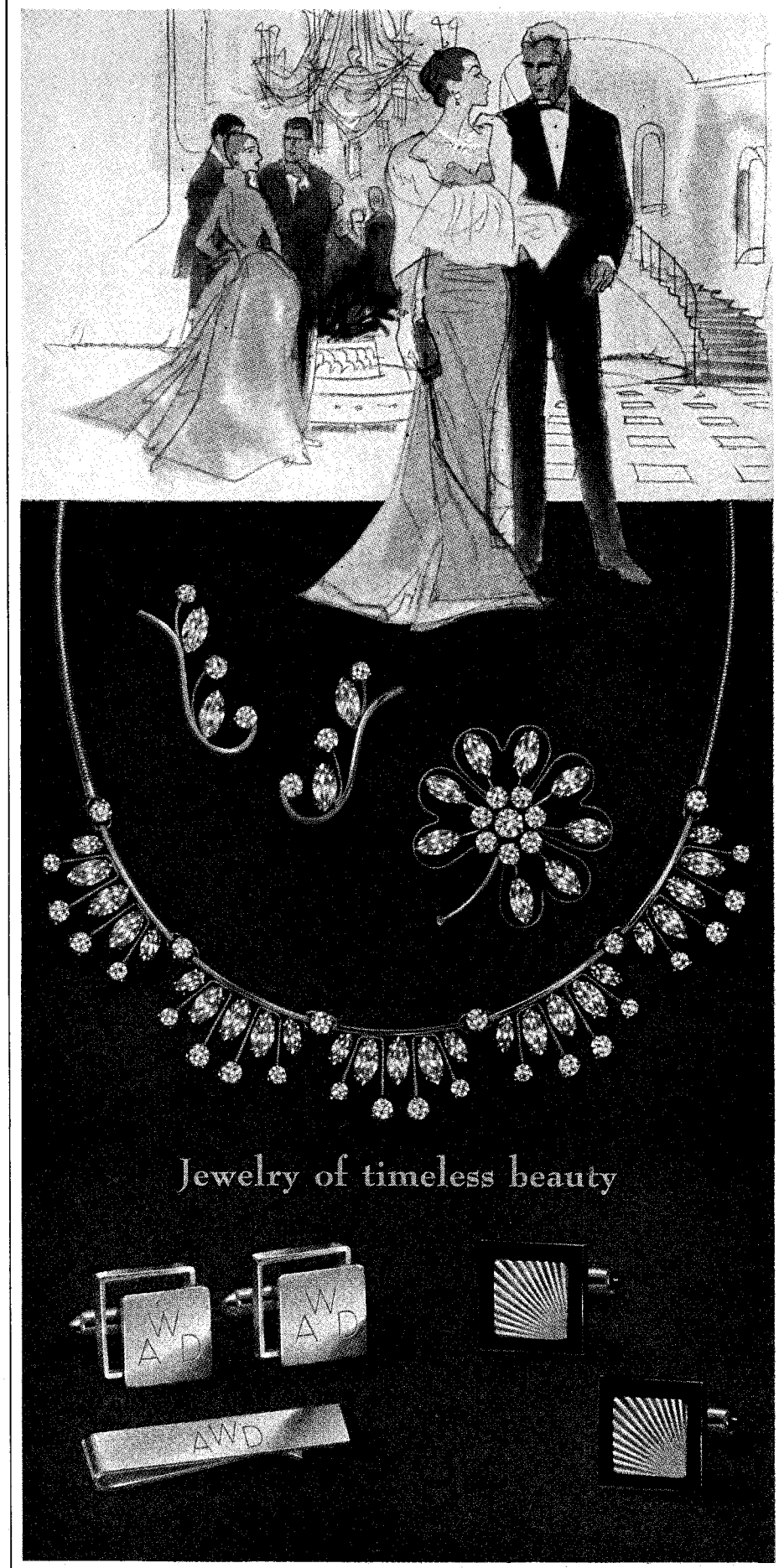
With solution of the heart-disease problem as a possible reward, Doctor Ahrens and his colleagues are plunging with new fervor into the turbid pool of fat chemistry. They have proposed that the two main types of fats behave differently in the body partly because of their differing content of saturated and unsaturated fatty acids. The animal fats in general have a higher proportion of saturated fatty acids, those with more hydrogen atoms in the molecule. Vegetable fats contain more unsaturated fatty acids, in which one or more pairs of carbon atoms are united by double bonds, producing a deficiency of hydrogen atoms. The saturated acids are all solids at room temperature and the unsaturated ones are liquid. Beef fat is solid because of its high content of saturated fatty acids, for example, while olive oil is liquid because it is made up mainly of unsaturated acids.

"The unsaturated fatty acids may function differently because of different accessibility to enzymes," Doctor Ahrens suggested, "or their shape and fluidity and affinity for water may have some effect with respect to cholesterol level. But all this, at present, is the purest fantasy. Experiments must be done to show what the mechanism is."

Doctor Keys has raised the question of whether our increased consumption of hydrogenated and heat-processed fats in the past twenty-five years is involved in the rising incidence of coronary heart disease. Hydrogenation is a process of adding hydrogen atoms to the originally unsaturated fatty acids in vegetable oils, such as cottonseed oil, thus converting a soft fat into a hard one. Most lard substitutes used for cooking today are hydrogenated vegetable fats.

"But additionally, fats and oils which are hydrogenated contain, after the processing," Doctor Keys points out, "certain unnatural fatty acids called trans-acids, the effects of which are unknown and may be harmful. And when fats and oils are heated in processing and in prolonged cooking, toxic fatty acid peroxides and polymerized fats may be produced. These questions call for more research."

In their natural, unprocessed form, some of the vegetable oils have the ability to reduce cholesterol even when the individual is on a diet high in fat and cholesterol foods, such as eggs. Doctor Keys and Doctor Bronte-Stewart, for example, fed a group of Bantu volunteers ten boiled eggs apiece each day for several days. As expected, their blood cholesterol went up.



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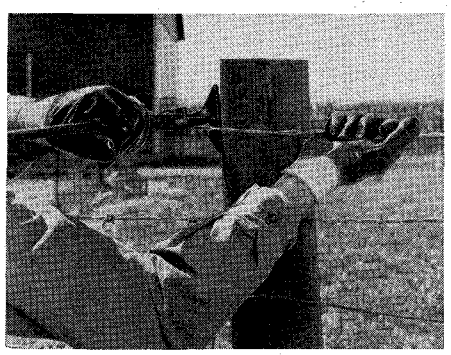

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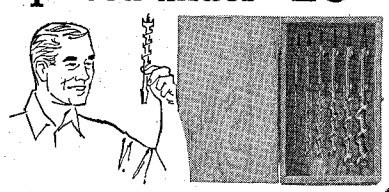

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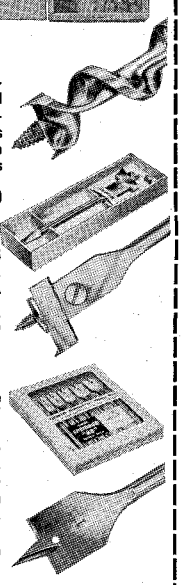

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But when they were given the same number of eggs fried in sunflower-seed oil the cholesterol levels went down.

"About this time I gave a lecture on this work," Doctor Bronte-Stewart recalled, "and someone raised the point about the Eskimos. In spite of the fact that the Eskimos are said to eat a lot of blubber and other fat, someone had done a blood study on one of them and found the cholesterol level was actually low. So we got some whale oil and fish oil, and found that they were chemically similar enough to vegetable oil to bring the cholesterol down in our volunteers."

Doctor Bronte-Stewart then decided to test seal oil, another common item of Eskimo diet. He telephoned a government bureau which knew all about seals, and was told, "Doctor, you haven't handled that stuff or you wouldn't want it. The smell is terrific." When the government man learned that the physician wanted to feed the oil to some Bantus, he laughed. "Well, our best customers for seal oil are the Bantu witch doctors," he said. "They make a potion of it and the Bantus like it."

"We found this was so," said Doctor Bronte-Stewart. "Although it smelled like particularly offensive cod-liver oil, we didn't have to disguise its flavor a bit. The Bantus relished it—and on an otherwise fat-free diet the seal oil dropped the blood cholesterol to a low level. So that, we think, partly explains the Eskimo story."

A great deal of explaining still remains to be done, however, before the deadly blood-vessel enigma is completely solved. Doctor Keys points to the need for more study of the causes of blood clots in the arteries. He has recently found that a meal high in fat, either animal or vegetable, makes the blood clot much faster than normal. And there are factors in addition to fat which must be taken into account. Considerable evidence suggests that female sex hormones have a protective effect upon the arteries and that they are responsible for a lower rate of coronary disease among women of middle age. As women get older and their sex-hormone production dwindles, this difference in rate seems to narrow.

Exercise also appears to have a beneficial effect, one which Doctor Stare and his nutrition group at Harvard feel is exerted by way of the body's caloric balance. They gave student volunteers a diet high in calories and fat, including animal fat, but so long as the students exercised hard enough on a treadmill to prevent weight gain, their blood cholesterol did not increase. However, if the students consumed the extra calories and did not exercise, their weight rose and so did their cholesterol levels. This occurred even when the extra calories came from sugar rather than fat.

Confirmatory evidence on the exercise factor is being sought with monkeys in Doctor Stare's laboratory. Some are in big cages and must climb to a high perch and work a lever, then jump to the bottom and press another lever, and repeat this several times, before a pellet of food is automatically delivered. Others are in small cages where they can stuff themselves without effort. Both groups of animals are on high-fat diets which have been shown capable of producing arterial disease in other monkeys at the laboratory. It now remains to be seen whether the sedentary monkeys get more arteriosclerosis than the exercisers.

Doctor Stare occupies a middle ground between those scientists who are convinced that low-fat diets are the answer and those who give no weight at all to the accumulated evidence. He is critical of some of the original data, maintaining that it is based on too few human subjects, that the controls were poor and the observation periods too short. Health statistics and autopsy findings are also inadequate in many parts of the world, he adds.

"Nevertheless, of the many factors which must be considered as causing atherosclerosis," Doctor Stare asserts, "some are certainly nutritional and thus related to diet, and fat is one of the factors. But a regional diet low in fat is usually low in animal protein, sucrose and a number of vitamins and minerals. And it is high in fiber and starch. Thus there is a good chance that other nutrients may also be involved, and we cannot forget about exercise and caloric balance.

"The progress that already has been made by the science of nutrition in opening approaches to the study of atherosclerosis," Doctor Stare points out, "provides a basis for hope that a major advance in this field may be at hand. In practical terms this might mean that a rational therapeutic approach would become available, and, of far greater importance, it could mean the possibility of preventing or delaying the onset of this prevalent and serious disease. Diets *can be* changed if we are sufficiently motivated, and if we know *how* they should be changed."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good grief—we forgot to invite the Swansons."

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Disaster in the Southwest

(Continued from Page 35)

humor. One of their favorite stories is of two young men who tried to save a small seed herd of cows by driving them across the hot, parched country in search of water. Near the end of the third day they came upon a small, cracking mudhole with a patch of blue wetness in the center. With tails up and hoofs popping, the cows clumped in. One of the men rode around to the far side, dropped off his horse and knelt to drink. Looking up, he saw his partner on all fours drinking behind the cows.

"Why don't you come around here where it's not so muddy?" he said.

"Don't make a damn bit of difference," his partner replied. "I'm going to drink it all anyhow."

The farming and ranching country where this giant dry spell started runs along the Rio Grande 100 miles east and west of Laredo, and curves in a broad sweep northward a little beyond San Antonio. In this area the drought has done appalling damage. At New Braunfels, north of San Antonio, there is a renowned watering place named Comal Springs. According to written records and word-of-mouth history dating back to the earliest explorers, and to the rain-dancing Indians before them, Comal Springs has flowed for at least 300 years. The water gushed out in such quantity that its outlet was called the Comal River. Two miles long—the shortest river in Texas—it poured into the Guadalupe.

Comal was rated as one of the sixty-five largest springs in the nation, but in June, 1956, it dwindled and dried for the first time in history. The bed of the Guadalupe River, winding down toward the Gulf of Mexico, turned dry and sandy; this, too, had never been known to happen before.

Live oaks estimated to be 200 to 500 years old have died in this land. The toughest gnarled monarchs stood gray and naked throughout the year, too sick and sapless to sprout a covering of leaves.

J. Frank Dobie, the well-known Texas historian, visited his native range in Live Oak County last summer. After taking a look at the trees, he said, "If it doesn't rain pretty soon, coming generations will wonder why the county was named Live Oak." Many of the dead trees, he said, were old-timers when the first American settlers built cabins in Texas more than 130 years ago.

Last fall the undulating countryside in this region lay bare and baking under a merciless sun. Dry winds rippled the loose soil on unplanted fields. The sparse clumps of vegetation on pasture and range land were brittle and covered with dust. Even the hardy mesquites were dropping lacy leaves and dying. There were no crops to harvest. There were no roundups of jostling cattle. Almost all the livestock had been moved to water and grass far away or sold outright.

At a livestock auction in this section last August, a graying man who had brought in twenty-seven cows refused to enter the ring and watch them go to the highest bidder. He sat on a corral fence with his back turned, tears streaking his sunburned face. He had been forced to liquidate his own herd months before because there wasn't enough grass in his pastures to build a bird's nest. This last bunch of cows had survived on high-priced hay until money and water played out. They belonged to his son, who would soon be coming home from military service overseas. Instead of starting life with his own herd, this lad would have to find a city job.

Farther down the fence, two cattlemen saw the father's tears and averted their eyes. "It's hell when it's this way," one said. Then, after a pause, he added, "I heard there come a shower down about twenty-five miles from my place yesterday, but I was busy hauling water from town and didn't get to go."

"You didn't miss much, I guess," the other replied. "I rode over there this morning and couldn't see anything wet. Damned if it doesn't seem like the rain we do get has a lot less moisture in it than rain used to have."

In the arc of greatest disaster there is a cluster of eighteen counties, of the 254 in the state, where the people have been making a dusty-ditch last stand in the battle of man against nature. These drought-veteran counties are Uvalde, Frio, La-Salle, Wilson, Atascosa, Live Oak, Duval, Webb, Bandera, Karnes, Kerr, Bee, DeWitt, Gonzales, McMullen, Jim Wells, Guadalupe and Comal.

Near the center of this region lies Karnes County, where, in years gone by, cotton, feedstuffs, flax and beef cattle prospered under gracious skies. By harvesttime this year 90 per cent of the county land was as bare as a sandy road running uphill. With 17,288 residents, Karnes County had 10,031 on relief. They were getting free Government groceries—butter, cornmeal, flour, beans, rice, lard and dried milk—from surpluses the Federal Government has accumulated in its agricultural-price-support program.

On a Tuesday late in September, I was in Karnes City, the county seat, witnessing what is known as "distribution day." By nine o'clock in the morning, 200 men, women and children had assembled in front of the food depot, a concrete-block building on Panna Maria Street across from the courthouse square. County Judge W. S. Pickett, who administers the program, came out of the courthouse and together we went over to the depot. Volunteer helpers were getting the foodstuffs ready to hand out. The genial, graying judge, who has been in office twenty-two years, told me that 60 per cent of the people drawing free food were farmers—landowners, mostly. He said that any broke or badly bent farmer who owned no more than 200 acres was eligible for this help.

Except for a linseed mill at Kenedy, and some oil activity, the county is dependent on farming. Four per cent of the population is Negro. Of the remaining 96 per cent, about one third are of Latin-American extraction. There are some old German and Polish settlements in the county. The Poles came straight from Europe more than 100 years ago, and were careful to select farmsites that backed up to the Cibolo or San Antonio River, so that water would always be at hand.

Seven years ago this was a county of full barns. Then rainfall was off and the crops were short. The next year there was still less rain and only half a crop. The drought got worse and worse. In the past four years there has been no rain to speak of, and no crops to harvest. Only two new farm tractors were sold in the county in 1956. The rivers were dry. Even the Cibolo dried up, and that had never happened before. Wells failed, and with metal barrels in the backs of their pickups, farmers rattled off to town and came home with water from municipal wells for their families and for whatever livestock they dared to keep.

Hundreds of families pulled up stakes and left. Many others started commuting by car to San Antonio and Corpus Christi to work at whatever jobs they could find. Some stuck to their farms, which represented everything they owned, hoping and praying for rain.

"When people like these take Government groceries," Judge Pickett said, "things are mighty bad."

When the doors to the food depot opened, the waiting folks formed in two orderly lines. The judge's helpers handed out the food in big bags. The lines moved swiftly and silently, except for murmurs of "Thank you, ma'am."

A young Mexican woman with fire in her eyes and an opened package of dried milk in one hand brought crinkly grins to sphinxlike faces. "Take it," she said, handing the package to one of the women. "Him not make tortillas worth a damn."

By midafternoon about 800 persons had carried away enough staples to last the 3400 members of their families a month. Judge Pickett has set up the program so that approximately one fourth of those eligible are issued food each Tuesday.

A short time later, in a small café near the courthouse, I chatted over coffee with Dobie Gideon, a lanky, sunburned farmer who had stuck it out with his wife and three small children. Gideon is one of the top farmers in the county. Seven years ago he owned 750 acres and had another 750 under lease. He grew cotton, feedstuffs and flax, and ran a good-sized herd of beef cattle. Every year of the drought he had tried to farm and gone in the hole. He started selling off cattle, cutting down to a seed herd. He borrowed money.

Last spring several hard showers pelted down on his place. Hopeful of a chance to make a crop, he planted around 400 acres. No more rain fell and his crop died. He tried to make a deal with a friend, Edgar Sherill, to keep the Gideon cows for a year and take all their calves as pay. Sherill studied over this a couple of days and decided he couldn't do it unless Gideon could guarantee that each cow would drop twin calves.

There was no time in 1956 when Gideon's 1500 acres had enough vegetation to nourish one cow. "You could play marbles on it, and you can now," he said. So he bought feed. He mortgaged his land to the limit with the Federal Land Bank, and went heavily into debt to the local bank. With a wry grin, he said he was in about the position of one of two farmers who were discussing their problems.

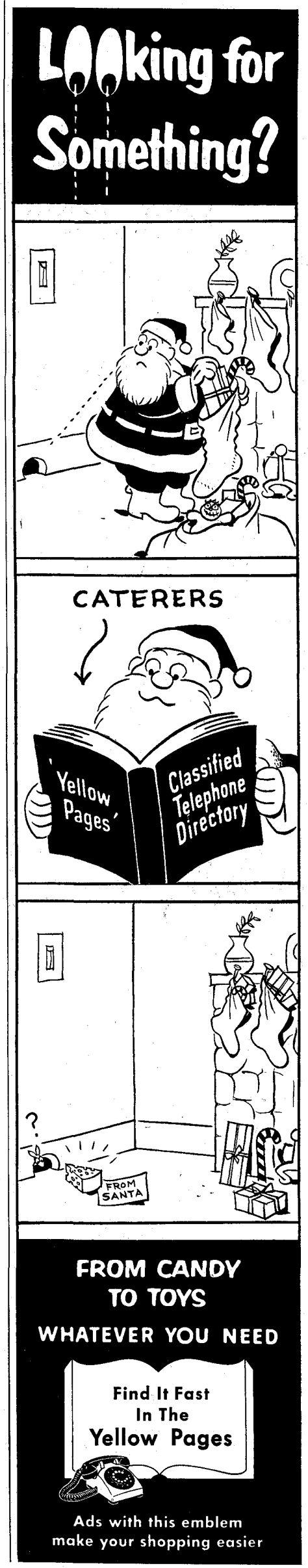
"If it doesn't rain soon," one said, "I'll have to rob a bank."

"If it doesn't rain sooner than that," the other said, "I've already robbed one."

Gideon was still buying feed for his cows, hoping to get back into business someday. "I want to hold onto my land and get it clear of debt," he said. "I'm going to stick it out another year, rain or shine. Don't know how to do anything else. Hell, I couldn't find the post office in San Antonio, let alone a job."

Forty-six Texas counties have been distributing surplus commodities to hard-up farm families. So have eighty counties in drought-affected states to the north and west. Almost two thirds of the counties in the drought states have been declared emergency disaster areas by the Department of Agriculture. This makes the farmers and ranchers eligible for reduced prices on hay and surplus grain.

President Eisenhower has recognized the drought as a disaster. At his request, aid to the stricken farmers and ranchers was stepped up in the fall. At the same time, the President announced plans for a conference "with responsible people from the area" to work out emergency measures for 1957. All along, Government assistance has been increased as the dry spell stretched on and on.



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"We would have been a long time gone without this help," Judge Pickett said, "but we'd still trade all the surplus commodities for one good old-fashioned rainy season."

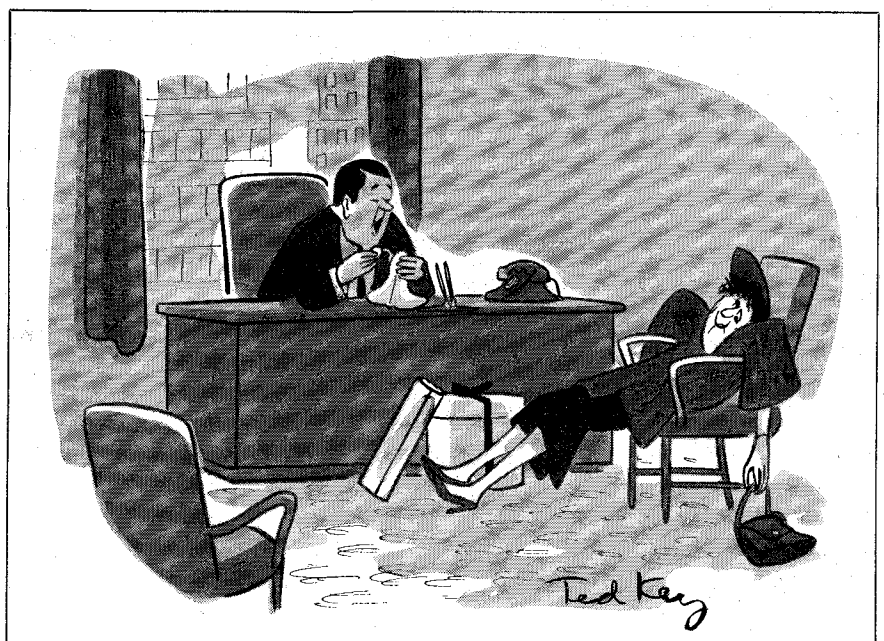
Moving out of the area of extreme devastation, I toured the rich black-land belt that runs from south to north across the middle of Texas. Near Georgetown, in a rural community named Jonah, is a deep-water well that is locally famous. It was drilled recently for Mrs. W. H. Percy, after her old shallow well failed. A promising stratum of water was struck at 700 feet. Then oil seeped in and spoiled it. Mrs. Percy was dismayed, even after she learned that oil might be found in paying quantities. She wanted water, not oil, and she promptly had another expensive well drilled. This time she struck water without oil.

In this area and on north toward Dallas, I saw field after field of sick, spindly cotton. Bumblebee cotton, it is called. Instead of being two or three feet tall, it was only a few inches high. A lazy bumblebee could rest on the ground and nose into a blossom without undue exertion. When the little bolls pop open, bumblebee cotton is hardly worth gathering. Near Itasca, in one of the finest agricultural sections in Texas, Grover Brown raised only a little shirt-tail crop of seven bales on land that usually turns white with around 130 bales.

"In my whole life in this country I have never seen it so dry," Mr. Brown said. He added a Texas exaggeration: "I heard that the Baptists have had to resort to sprinkling, the Methodists to using damp cloths and the Presbyterians to giving rain checks."

The farmers with perhaps the best reason for fearing that the drought will persist are those in the old dust bowl of twenty-odd years ago. They remember how, for four years, great clouds of blowing topsoil dimmed the sun over parts of New Mexico, Colorado, Oklahoma, Kansas and the Texas plains. Dust covered fences, abandoned plows, even houses.

For the past three years most of this old dust bowl has been as dry as it was in the '30's. H. C. Winburn, head of the Weather Bureau at Amarillo, said that the Texas Panhandle has had far less rainfall in this drought than in the last. Governor Gary, of Oklahoma, described the drought that has been burning his state as "the worst in history." He had the backing of at least one weatherwise Indian, W. E. (Billy) Sunday, a Cherokee who lives north of Claremore. Sunday reported that a deep slough on his farm had dried up for the first time in the 100 years his family has owned the place.



"Get much shopping done, dear?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This past fall grass was so scarce in New Mexico, Southeastern Colorado and Western Kansas that most of the cattle, as in parts of Texas, had been sold or shipped away. A. P. Atkins had one lonesome cow on a 7680-acre ranch near Garden City, Kansas.

Some veterans of the dust-bowl days are using irrigation in their fight against the current drought. In recent years more than 30,000 wells, each capable of pumping at least 1000 gallons a minute, have been drilled in the Texas plains country. Irrigated-crop production—cotton, wheat, sorghums and lettuce—has been phenomenal. But the tremendous withdrawal of underground water has sucked the water table to a record low. Texas Commissioner of Agriculture John C. White has said, "I fear that this heavy irrigation will create an underground desert unless a long wet cycle comes along and saves the day."

The practice of putting down wells that cost from $12,000 to $20,000 each—"digging for rain"—has spread over the Oklahoma Panhandle and into Kansas. When the dry times started in Southern Kansas in 1952, there was only a scatter of such wells. Now there are about 600 irrigated farms in the six counties in the general vicinity of Liberal. No one knows how long the underground water will last, but in Kansas it has produced forty-five-bushel wheat and bumper sorghum crops.

Scouting the long, dusty trail from the Rio Grande to Colorado, you see a lot of deserted farmhouses. Within the past six years more than 60,000 Texas farm families have left their land. Most of them crowded into Southwestern cities, which are building huge shopping centers and wrestling with the problem of overcrowded schools. Of course, the drought is not entirely responsible for this migration. The advance of mechanization, favoring huge farms, has made family-sized farms more risky to operate. Steady factory wages begin to look attractive to the farmer, and a great many factories have sprung up in the Southwest since World War II. New industry and an expansion of military bases have created job opportunities that were once unknown in this region. And jobs look good when the rains fail year after year.

In the Oklahoma Panhandle and Southern Kansas, scores of farmers have been riding in car pools every day to work in an aircraft-parts plant at Liberal. In one Central Texas farming settlement, eighty-three men—almost the entire able-bodied male population—are driving fifty miles to work in a Fort Worth factory.

Nearly every city had a water shortage or the threat of one, all the way from the dry Guadalupe in Texas up to Osage City, Kansas, which has been bringing in water by rail from Topeka. Terrell, in Northeastern Texas, has long watered from a lake that seemed inexhaustible. But in last summer's heat the supply diminished rapidly and took on a foul taste, something like stump water.

One day a woman telephoned City Manager Robert Hayes and asked, "Just why does our water taste and smell like an old rope?"

"The lake has turned over," Mr. Hayes replied. He explained that the extreme surface heat on the now very shallow lake had caused warm water on top to swap places with the cooler water below. This churning caused the bad taste and odor. By October the "lake-turning" action had taken place four times. People in Terrell were buying bottled water for drinking purposes.

In big Dallas, faucets delivered water heavy with a salty sediment. The trouble began last summer when the city's water-supply lakes shrank to a critical level. To avert a complete dry-up, Dallas piped water from the Red River. The flow of the Red was at the lowest point in memory, and it had a high salt content which treatment plants couldn't eliminate.

This water damaged or killed numberless trees and shrubs, which could be watered only a short time at night, due to rationing. Every place a faucet dripped, a caking of brownish salt formed. It clogged plumbing, washing machines, water heaters and air conditioners. Adding insult to injury, the Red River water acted as a purgative on many people.

A dairy shipped in good water and did a booming business. People by the thousands gladly paid fifty cents a gallon. A Dallas man who had endured a long, hot day was thirsty when he reached home at midnight. Unaware that his wife had been to the water-selling dairy, he tried a glass of water from a frosty bottle in the refrigerator.

"My gosh!" he called to his wife. "That's the best stuff I've ever drunk! Wake up the children and let them have some."

By the first of November, the water supply of Dallas had dwindled to 13,060,000,000 gallons, compared with 39,082,000,000 at the same time in 1955. The city uses about 70,000,000 gallons a day.

The arrival of cooler weather cut down consumption of Dallas' critical water supply, and just in time. Now city, state and industrial leaders in Dallas and elsewhere are talking of multibillion-dollar dams to catch every drop of rain.

When the cold months came on, there was hope that winter weather could replenish the city reservoirs. Out on the dry plains, of course, there could be no green grass before spring, and no harvest for months after that. But a lot of stubborn, courageous farmers are willing to wait that much longer. Just let it rain, that's all.

Can Basketball Survive Chamberlain? (Continued from Page 33)

and shooting eye of players a foot shorter. The only thing that might conceivably hold him back—aside from unexpected complications arising from his throat trouble—is the abnormal amount of pressure and controversy that has focused upon him.

Up to now this hasn't affected his playing. Rival coaches got a frightening demonstration back in November, 1955, when Kansas put the Stilt on public display for the first time as a member of the freshman team in its annual preseason game with the varsity.

Chamberlain had come to Kansas after averaging thirty-seven points a game in three seasons at Overbrook High School, in Philadelphia. During his last year he had averaged forty-five points, although frequently playing only half the time because of the lopsided leads he ran up.

So when Wilt took the floor in that freshmen-varsity game at Kansas, the whole college basketball world figuratively was watching. Some of the coaches from other Big Seven Conference schools were there in person, including Jerry Bush, of Nebraska. Coach Bush took a seat in the field house at Lawrence, Kansas, intending to memorize every move Chamberlain made.

The Stilt, plainly nervous because of the 14,000 people who came out to this normally meaningless game, scored forty-two points against double- and triple-teaming defenses. It didn't take Bush long to decide that this was only a sample of what was going to happen when Chamberlain became a varsity player. In fact, a single characteristic play was enough to shape his opinion. The Stilt drove to the top of the keyhole—or foul circle—and went up for what appeared to be a one-handed jump shot. But he didn't come down. He kept floating through the air, did a complete twist, so that his back was to the basket, shoved his arm behind him, rotated it in helicopter style and dunked the ball in the net. He landed somewhere behind the basket.

Bush turned to the fellow next to him. "I feel sick," he said.

In addition to his incredible basketball skills, Wilt has other natural advantages. Scholastically, Chamberlain is no freak getting by through grace of a D in basket weaving. He has shown he can master business-administration courses at Kansas, earning a shade better than a C average for his freshman year. Unless his celebrity status becomes unduly distracting—photographers and writers have already made him a national sports figure—Chamberlain's instructors see no reason why his classroom performance shouldn't remain satisfactory on through to graduation.

Furthermore, his future looks most inviting. The Philadelphia Warrors, current champions of the National Basketball Association, already have claimed draft rights to him after his college time is up. Owner Eddie Gottlieb probably will be forced to pay an all-time high to sign Chamberlain. And a part owner of the Warriors, Abe Saperstein, says he wants to keep the Stilt making money in the off season via tours with Saperstein's Harlem (*Continued on Page 106*)

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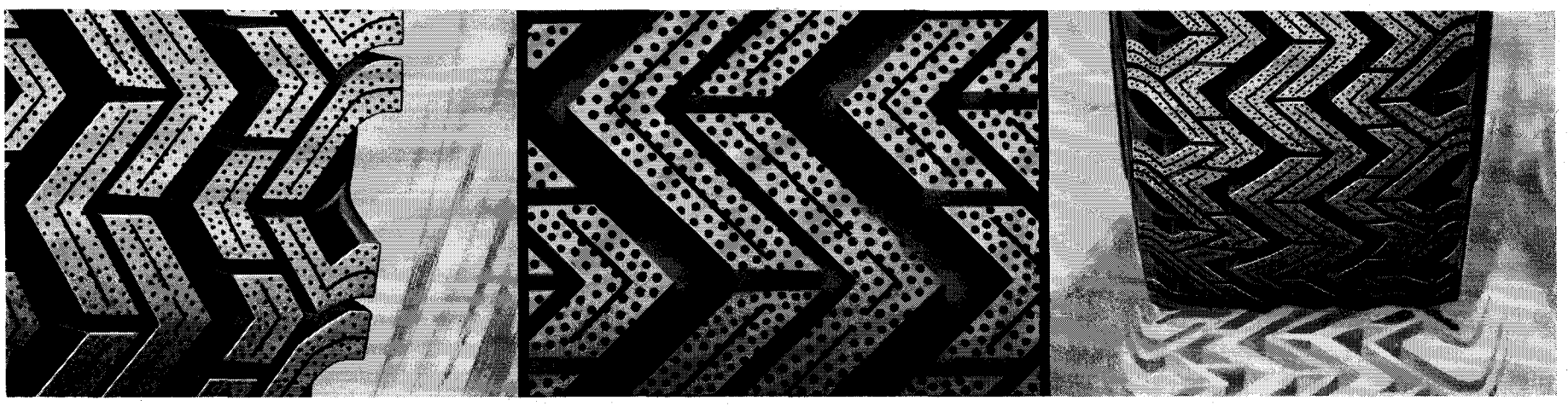

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Globetrotters. Chamberlain probably will have contracts worth close to $30,000 during his first year as a pro.

It's quite a setup for a youngster and, on the surface, the Stilt seems to reflect the glee that goes with success at an early age. A jazz-talking, automobile-loving youth, he is a popular figure around both the Kansas campus and his neighborhood in Philadelphia. Chamberlain plainly likes the fact that people know him wherever he goes. His only complaint with his public is that the nickname, The Stilt, has firmly stuck. He prefers The Dipper, which he has printed in bold red letters across the rear bumper of his antenna-studded 1953 automobile.

But there is another side to the story of Wilton Chamberlain, and when you look at this side you see a different fellow. This one is a moody, reticent youth who is conscious of his height, his race—and the fact that many people have been critical of his career in basketball.

"I'm not as lucky as everybody says," Wilt has observed. "That's for sure. A lot of people tell me how easy I got it. Well, I think there's a little more than luck involved. I've had problems."

The problems center around his enrollment at Kansas last year. This created a tempest which, a year later, still gives hints of erupting again. In the whole disorderly history of college recruiting, the Chamberlain case was one of the most contentious. Alumni from other colleges still grouse over their failure to land him. Newspapers, particularly in the East, openly question the manner in which colleges wooed Chamberlain. Throughout his high-school career, Chamberlain was constantly badgered by college alumni, some of whom seemed willing to violate the Lindbergh Kidnaping Law to grab the Stilt for alma mater. Usually, a high-school athlete is courted chiefly when a senior. With Chamberlain, the rush was on when he was a sophomore. He was six-eleven then, and already a standout performer.

As a result of all this, with strangers he changed from a carefree, where-we-going-tonight type of boy to a cold and peevish youth who balked at anything that was not exactly as he wanted it. The more recruiting attention he got, the harder the Stilt grew to deal with.

"Nobody gave me time to think," he has said since. "Every day when I'd come home from school, somebody would be in my living room, there would be four or five letters on the bureau and my mother would tell me at least two people called long distance and would call back later."

By the spring of 1955, the competition for Wilt had turned into a national sports-page story. When he finally picked Kansas that May, he knew it would be a long while before he heard the last of it. "They'll say things, no matter where I go," he snapped. "It could be anywhere. They'll all say, 'You must have got a mint.'"

Several sports writers were quick to prove his estimate correct. Harry Grayson, veteran NEA Service sports editor, wrote, "Why does a Philadelphia boy have to travel halfway across the country to attend college?"

Max Kase, New York Journal-American sports editor, said, "Isn't the N.C.A.A. (National Collegiate Athletic Association) investigating reports of a special trust fund due to mature on Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain's graduation?"

Leonard Lewin, in a New York Daily Mirror column, cracked, "I feel sorry for the Stilt when he enters the N.B.A. four years from now. He'll have to take a cut in salary."

Even after he entered Kansas, Chamberlain could not slip into the comfortable obscurity usually surrounding a college freshman. Too much had been written and said about the recruiting race for the atmosphere to clear abruptly. The N.C.A.A., in fact, having heard some of the rumors, had investigators speak to the Stilt before he left Philadelphia for Kansas.

During his freshman year new storms broke out. In March, Col. Harry Henshel, of the Olympic Basketball Committee, asked, "Why isn't Chamberlain a candidate for the Olympic team? Is Kansas afraid to let him get around? Are they trying to hide something?"

This started a heated series of verbal exchanges between Henshel and Dr. Forrest C. (Phog) Allen, the Kansas coach who won the Chamberlain chase. Ironically, Allen never got to use Wilt; he reached the university's compulsory retirement age of seventy and was obliged to turn over the coaching job this year to his long-time assistant, Dick Harp. Anyway, nobody ever accused Phog Allen of having a speech impediment. With his usual bluntness, he launched a personal counterattack on Henshel that prompted

... ...

On Remodeling Husbands

By S. Omar Barker

Why must you reform them?
Why harass and harry them?
If men do not suit you,
Why do you marry them?

... ...

the latter to file a libel suit which is still pending.

In April, the Stilt found his name back in the headlines again. J. Suter Kegg, sports editor of the Evening Times, in Cumberland, Maryland, did a column stating that Chamberlain was no stranger to local basketball fans. "He played here under the name of George Marcus in a professional game," Kegg wrote. Henshel sent Kegg a letter asking for more details, NEA's Grayson broke the story nationally, Phog Allen screamed rebuttals—and another rumpus was on.

"I never was there," Chamberlain said, in a brief departure from the firm no-comment policy he has adopted for such situations.

Because of the continuing rhubarbs in the East, Chamberlain stayed in Kansas City last summer. "I thought it would be good to meet the people out here," he said, "and at the same time we agreed it would be better to stay here because of all that stuff in the East."

As recently as September, the N.C.A.A. had investigators speaking to complaining Indiana alumni, but nothing was expected to come of this. Meanwhile the Cumberland story seemed at least temporarily forgotten. Sports editor Kegg had not been approached by anybody seeking additional information or documentation of his column. A rumor that one Big Seven school, Missouri, would challenge the Stilt's amateur standing was denied by its coach, Wilbur Stalcup.

In Kansas last summer the only difficulty the Stilt experienced came on his job as a salesman for the McDowell Tire Agency, in Kansas City, Missouri. "His sales weren't tremendous, but that was because we didn't have time to teach him," Dick Utterback, the sales manager, says.

Also contributing to his low sales volume was the fact that the first eight customers Wilt brought around were turned down by the company's credit department. Another time he brought in Vic Power, the Kansas City A's first baseman, but Power was with a girl and "wouldn't stand still long enough even to look at the stock," Utterback recalls.

Now that he is back in his basketball element, the Stilt is entirely capable of hitting close to fifty points a game this winter for Kansas. "It's a tougher game in college and there's a lot more big men," he says, "but I've matured right along with the step-up in caliber. I don't think it will be too much different."

Most college coaches ruefully agree with him. Coach Stalcup, of Missouri, tried to read some hope into the situation when asked for an opinion. "He has a lot to learn. After all, he's only a sophomore," Stalcup said. Then he grew realistic for a bleak moment. "But I guess I've got to say he's the best I've seen."

Frank McGuire, the University of North Carolina coach, doesn't beat around the bush. "I told Phog that he was trying to kill basketball by bringing that kid into school," McGuire says. "Chamberlain will score about 130 points one night and the other coach will lose his job. There might be somebody in the penitentiary who can handle him, but I guarantee you there is nobody in college."

Fear of the Stilt is so widespread that college basketball's rule makers have already put in several changes which are aimed at all big men, but at Chamberlain in particular. Among other things, it now is illegal for a player to jump and guide a teammate's shot into the basket—he can't touch the ball until it hits the backboard or rim. Nor can a man shooting a foul cross the foul line until the ball reaches the basket; Wilt used to shoot fouls while springing into the air so as to arrive about the same time as the ball. Another change copies the professional rule which places defensive men at both sides nearest the basket on foul shots. This reduces the easy rebound baskets a player of Chamberlain's height usually gets.

However, Chamberlain feels he won't lose many points because of the new legislation. "Instead of guiding a shot, I'll just have to get it on the rebound, then go up again," he says. "It'll lead to a lot more fouling. On the foul shots, it looks impossible to get a tap-in. Now I'm talkin' about the average cat. Me, I might get a chance here or there. And I'll sure get us more defensive rebounds."

There have been other seven-foot boys in college basketball. Rosters this season list numerous men only an inch or two shorter. But the college basketball player over six-six normally leaves much to be desired in the way of co-ordination, speed and stamina. He stations himself primarily in the pivot post and stays there as much as possible.

Chamberlain, however, is no cement-footed goon. The Stilt has as many maneuvers as the game calls for. From the outside, his graceful jump shot is dangerous. In the pivot, he disdains the usual sweeping hook shot and relies instead on a turn-around jump shot and that backhanded affair that made Coach Bush feel ill. Close-up shots he usually dunks in.

The Stilt weighs 231 pounds, with most of it seemingly concentrated in the well-developed neck, chest and shoulders of an athlete. His waistline is only thirty-one inches. Standing, he can reach up to a height of nine feet, six inches. A leap carries him to twelve-six. The basket, at ten feet, doesn't have a chance against him. Nor can defenders place much hope in the time-honored treatment for a big man—a good bang in the back when the referee is occupied elsewhere. "They shove," Wilt says, "and I use my elbows." His elbows, which move like the driving rods of a locomotive, should be classified as dangerous weapons.

One thing Wilt can't control, however, is the muttering of disappointed recruiters. There were so many who thought they had a chance. During high school Wilt really got around. He liked the idea of sight-seeing—and having people make a fuss over him. He and Cecil Mosenson, Wilt's coach for his last two years at Overbrook High, put in a great many of their weekends on junkets to various colleges.

Wilt visited so many campuses that he is hazy on numbers and places, but a sample list includes Washington (of Seattle), Oregon, Dayton, Denver, Cincinnati, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Michigan State, Iowa and Northwestern—along with Kansas, of course.

"I got a kick out of it," he says. "Got to be known as a regular down at Philadelphia International Airport. The alumni would send the tickets, and the coach would show us around the school and take us to dinner and all that. The first trip I made? That was to Dayton in 1952."

Jim Enright, the Chicago American sports writer who doubles as a basketball official, recalls working four straight college games—and seeing Wilt at each of them. "I thought he was a fan of mine," Jim says. "I worked Dayton, Cincinnati, Illinois and Indiana. Chamberlain was there every time."

Chamberlain outwardly was the fun-loving kid on these visits. Inwardly he was wary. "When I went to Dayton," he recalls, "they had me eat my meals in a hotel room. When I figured out why later on, I crossed them off my list. The first time I went to Kansas, the Missouri coach"—Wilbur Stalcup—"met me at the airport—he was kind of cutting in—and asked me if I wanted to be the first Negro to play at his school. I told him no. Same as I told Oklahoma A. and M. And I crossed off a lot of other schools because they never had gone in for colored athletes.

"A couple of schools in Florida made a mistake and wrote me. South Carolina too. They didn't know I was colored. I let 'em find out themselves. But I know that Everett Case, of North Carolina State, was thinking about me. He came to see me play and said something to a friend of mine about trying with me."

Many of the recruiters antagonized him. "I didn't like a lot of 'em," he says. "They would try and take advantage of my age by flattering me with all kinds of talk. Then they'd start in building up their own importance in business, telling me how big they were. Like they owned the school as a side line. Seems they all had the same phrases—'Make it worth your while,' or 'We can afford'—you know, leading up to some offer if I promised to come to the school."

At the start of his last term in high school, Indiana seemed to be Wilt's favorite. By now, everybody trying for him began to realize an important truth. The disgraceful bargaining which had gone on was going to leave the winner an open target for finger pointing. Branch McCracken, the Indiana coach, kept warning alumni about breaking N.C.A.A. rules. When Jerry Ford, the University of Pennsylvania's athletic director, heard that some of his alumni were working to get Chamberlain, he noted, "Nobody will believe he 'just came here.'"

At this point Phog Allen stepped in with a late, but carefully planned campaign. "I (*Continued on Page 108*)

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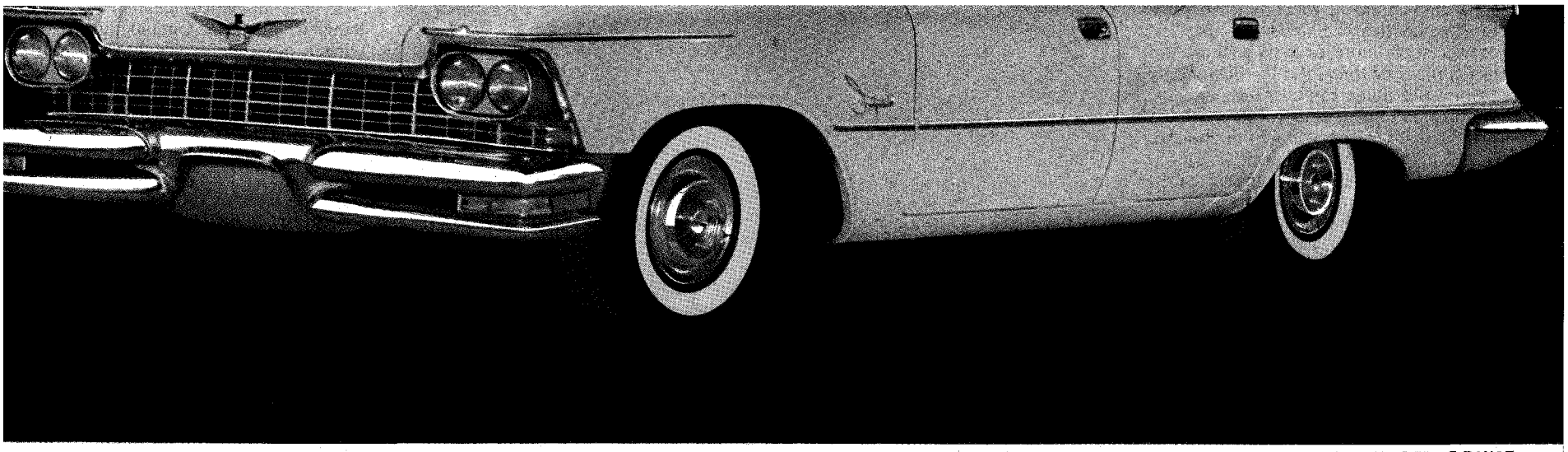

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(*Continued from Page 106*) played every angle I could think of to get Chamberlain," Allen says frankly. A key part of his strategy was to have "the Negro talking to the Negro." Allen interested a group of prominent Negro alumni in getting Chamberlain to come to Kansas. Phog's main allies were Dowdal Davis, personable editor of the Kansas City Call, influential Negro newspaper; Etta Moten, concert singer, and Lloyd Kerford, a chubby little man who has a large quarry business at Atchison, Kansas, and also receives considerable income from the Government for the rental of caves he owns. The Government stores equipment in them.

As Allen explains it, "They wanted another Jackie Robinson out here." The university's campus at Lawrence is in an area which has been steadily improving as far as racial tolerance is concerned. Movies and hotels in Kansas City, Missouri, restricted until a few years ago, now are open to all.

"One good push," Negro editor Davis says, "will bring things to where they should be. I think Wilt can help us accomplish this simply by playing basketball and conducting himself the same as any other undergraduate. He doesn't have to do anything special—just be himself. That will do a lot. People will get used to him."

Kansas athletic officials started thinking of the Stilt back in 1952, when Don Pierce, the sports publicity director, spotted a photo of Chamberlain in an out-of-town newspaper and ripped it out. He circled it in red, marked it "Doc"—an Allen nickname—and passed it along. Allen promptly tacked the picture on his office door so he wouldn't forget it.

"I didn't think it was any good rushing to him then," Phog says. "He was only a sophomore in high school. But in February of 1955 I thought it was time to move. I made my contacts with the alumni, and then went to Philadelphia with Lloyd Kerford. We didn't announce ourselves. We went to a game he played against Germantown High, and attended a Y.M.C.A. banquet afterward.

"I talked to the boy's mother more than I did to the boy himself. I wanted to convince her that Kansas is a sane place for a youngster to get an education and play basketball." Allen may have clinched his case here. He has a reputation as "the champion recruiter of mammas."

Wilt made two trips to Lawrence, along with young coach Mosenson, and was entertained royally. "Indiana," Allen declares, "never showed him the time we did." A Cadillac-equipped reception committee was on hand to meet him at the Kansas City airport. A Negro fraternity leader loaned the cause his girl friend for a dance date with Chamberlain.

It was after his second tour of the school, in May, that Chamberlain had Mosenson tell Kansas authorities he would enroll. "I want to do my race some good," he said. This is a heartfelt matter with the Stilt. "If I get Jim Crowed, I'll pack my bags and leave," he often told Kansas officials.

Testing points this year will be the Kansas away games with Missouri and Oklahoma—both in sectors where the prevailing attitude on the race question differs considerably from the Eastern outlook to which Wilt is accustomed. But Chamberlain has established the position that, "I'm part of the Kansas team, and I go wherever it goes. They agree with me. That's why we don't make a Texas trip this year."

Haskell Cohen, of the National Basketball Association, who got Chamberlain summer jobs as a bellhop during Wilt's high-school days, says, "He can become impossible to handle if any racial trouble comes up. This I know."

In the Lawrence area, the Stilt has been more than merely accepted. At the school, he and Charley Tidwell, a low-hurdler on the track team, share a modern dormitory room. Wilt has been supplied a special seven-and-a-half-foot bed. His big frame is a familiar sight around the campus and in the first row in classrooms—he invariably sits up front so that he can stretch out his legs.

He likes bowling and movies. Wilt has no steady girl, although he squires quite a few to dances. His habit of driving fast—he was in two smashups during high-school days—brought Chamberlain a speeding fine last summer. This was front-page news in Kansas.

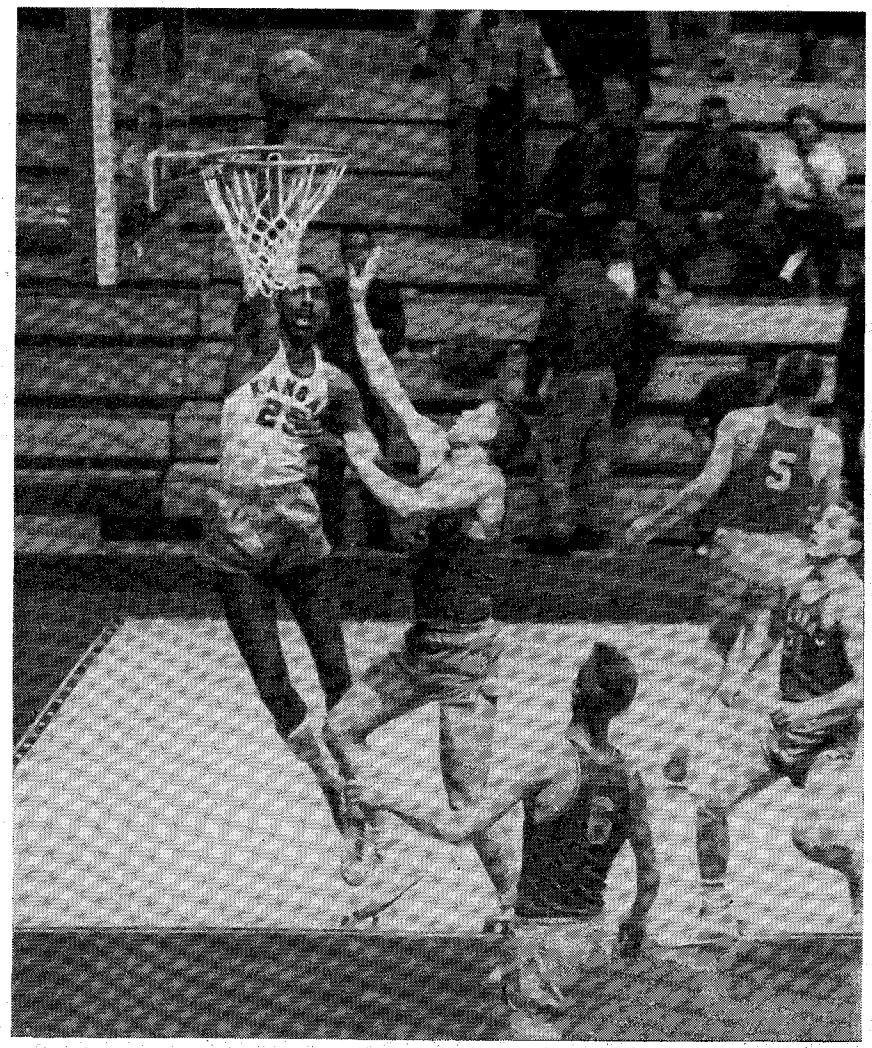
The Stilt also goes in for track. At the Kansas Relays last April, he entered as an unattached contestant, decked out in a uniform of his own design—plaid cap, green shirt and black trunks with an orange stripe. He tied for second in the high jump behind Charley Dumas, the world-record holder from California's Compton Junior College. Wilt has ambitions of becoming a varsity track man in both the high jump and the shot-put.

By now Kansas athletic officials are weary of being asked what they did to land Chamberlain. From the day Wilt's enrollment was announced, Phog Allen was ready for all questioners. "There wasn't one cent involved in bringing Chamberlain to Kansas," he declared firmly. Later he answered one persistent reporter by saying, "I don't know how much he got. I never asked him."

Cecil Mosenson, Wilt's coach at Overbrook High, was watched carefully during this period too. Many predicted he would ride along with the Stilt and become an assistant coach at Kansas.

"There was talk of it," Mosenson says, "but it never developed. I was more interested in seeing that Wilton was happy at Kansas. He always wanted to get away from Philadelphia. He said that from the start." Mosenson gave up his Overbrook High job last summer and went into his father's bread business.

Dick Harp, the thirty-nine-year-old Kansas coach who stepped into Phog Allen's job this year, feels understandably that he is on a spot with Chamberlain. "Here it is my first year as varsity coach, and everybody expects me to go through three years unbeaten," he says. "But it's a nice spot. I like it. Who wouldn't?"



Chamberlain drops in a close-up shot. The basket is only ten feet high. Wilt leaps to twelve and a half feet with the greatest of ease.

Harp says Wilt is easy to work with on the basketball court. Much of Chamberlain's basketball education came from summer play. He was in leagues around Philadelphia with older boys, like Jackie Moore and Tom Gola, who advanced from LaSalle College to the pro Warriors. Wilt also was at Kutsher's Country Club, a Catskill Mountain luxury resort, where he benefited from working out one summer with Neil Johnston, the Warriors' six-eight scoring star.

But Wilt does not feel he knows it all. "He does just what you tell him," Harp says. "For example, we think he shoots too hard. And he doesn't shoot enough. When we told him these things he started working on them immediately."

Chamberlain had no organized freshman schedule last year—the Big Seven doesn't allow this—but he played intrasquad games before varsity home contests. The Stilt averaged thirty-five points in these pickup affairs. Harp wants him to go for more points, now that it counts.

The Stilt is in talented company on the Kansas varsity this season. Last year's center, Lew Johnson, has been placed at forward. With his six-nine frame he can give Wilt plenty of help. And Ron Loneski, a six-five scholastic crackajack from Hammond, Indiana, is rated only a shade behind Chamberlain in ability.

With Chamberlain in the line-up, Kansas has a player capable of matching the shot-blocking techniques for which San Francisco's Bill Russell became famous. Some experts believe that the Stilt is much better. "Chamberlain," said Tom Gola last year, "would kill Russell."

Chamberlain will have people talking as much about the way he scores his baskets as about the number he rings up. His style of shooting a one-hander is a good example. The Stilt usually goes up at the foul line and fires a line drive at the backboard, a few inches to the right of the basket. Then he flies through the air after the ball, grabs it with both hands as it comes off the backboard, and fires it downward through the net. After this, he ducks his head so it won't bang into the backboard.

Head ducking has become a conditioned reflex for Chamberlain. Walking from room to room, he automatically dips his head as he reaches a doorway. He used to be sensitive about his height, but when the college rush started, Wilt began to see that there definitely were compensations. The realization that he is in for a lot of money someday has helped to end any possible psychiatric problems.

He did need medical help this fall, however. For some months his throat had irritated him. Doctors at the University of Kansas Medical Center diagnosed the trouble as nodes on his vocal cords—comparable to the "singer's nodes" of Bing Crosby. In the Crosby case, nothing was ever done for fear of altering his singing voice. But Chamberlain is not a singer, and the doctors thought it advisable to operate. As has been said, the surgery was pronounced a success.

For Chamberlain, the outwardly easy but often rocky road he is now taking started when he was a fourteen-year-old boy. He was one of three sons and six daughters raised by William and Olivia Chamberlain in a pleasant eight-room row house at 401 North Salford Street, in Philadelphia.

"I grew four inches in two months that summer," Wilt recalls. "It was only natural for the junior-high-school coach to start me takin' up basketball. I played a lot around the neighborhood. It was a little tough keeping me in clothes, though. I needed a new pair of pants every month or so. The cuffs always were at my ankles."

His father is only five-eight-and-a-half, and his mother is five-nine. Wilt has one brother who is six-five. Wilt's father works as a porter for The Curtis Publishing Company. His mother still goes out and does housework two or three days a week.

His roommate, Charley Tidwell, has seen only one side of the Chamberlain picture. "You read the headlines and then look across the room at him trying to study, and it doesn't seem like the same guy," Tidwell says. "He's just another kid to us. We play pranks on him, stealing his dinner plate and all that. Sometimes I wake him up in the morning by pouring a glass of water on his head."

Tidwell likes the idea of rooming with the Stilt for a variety of reasons, including a special one. With Chamberlain, there is no cause for worry about one deep-seated cause of friction which so often crops up between two strangers placed together in a college room.

"My clothes," the five-foot-six-inch Tidwell explains, "are always in the closet. Wilt just isn't the clothes-borrowing kind." THE END

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Rendezvous in Tokyo (Continued from Page 45)

through papers and memoranda until he produced the card he had been given at Fisherman's Wharf.

"Yes, it's the same name," he said. "Moto. Yes, I've got it now. Your nephew gave me your name in San Francisco. Well, this is a real surprise." He turned to Ruth Bogart, smiling with fatuous enthusiasm. "You remember that nice Japanese boy on Fisherman's Wharf, don't you, Ruth, dear, who told us about his uncle who might show us around the city?"

"Why, yes," Ruth Bogart said, and her face also grew radiant with delight. "Why, he must have sent over a cable. What a lovely thing of him to do."

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "my nephew. He sent a cable. Yes."

"Well," Jack Rhyce said, "it's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Moto, and it's a mighty nice surprise to find you here, just when I was trying to tell the porter that I wanted a private taxicab to take us to the Imperial Hotel."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said, "Taikoku Hotel."

"What's that one again?"

"Taikoku," Mr. Moto said; "Japanese word for Imperial. We can get a taxicab downstairs." He pronounced the word "Imperial" very carefully.

"This is all mighty kind of you, Mr.—er—Moto," Jack Rhyce said. "This young lady and I are pretty tired. If you could just get us a taxi and tell the driver 'Imperial Hotel'; then suppose you come around later and call my room at, say, six o'clock, and maybe we can talk over what you can show us in Tokyo. I'll be a little bit more on the ball by then."

"On the what?" Mr. Moto asked.

"On the ball," Jack Rhyce said, and laughed at the small joke. "It's the American way of saying more wide awake."

Mr. Moto looked delighted. "On the ball. Oh, yes. Thank you so very much. I will call at six o'clock, and we will both be more on the ball."

He laughed, and Jack Rhyce laughed, and so did Ruth Bogart.

They were silent in the taxi for the first few moments. She put her hand over his and her fingers pressed quickly.

"Picked us up again."

"Yes," he signaled back, and at the same time he spoke aloud.

"Ruth dear," he said, "it seems to me your face is on just a tiny bit crooked."

"Oh, Jack," she said, "why didn't you tell me sooner?" and she snatched her compact out of her handbag, and a moment later gave the signal of negative. No one was following, but then, why should there have been? They were going to the Imperial Hotel and the driver had been selected.

"Wasn't it nice of him to meet us, Jack?" she said.

"Yes, it was very polite, wasn't it? I think it will be interesting to see more of him, don't you?"

"Yes, maybe. Well, I can't believe we're here, can you, Jack? So this is Tokyo. I must say it isn't so romantic as I thought it was going to be."

She was right. Tokyo was not a romantic city. It lay sprawling over a large area, divided by a muddy river and canals—a dusty, smoky city that sweltered in the summer and shivered in the winter. Except for the areas contiguous to the Imperial Palace, all the districts of that immense city were jumbled together planlessly. You could buy anything in Tokyo, from raw tuna fish to a whole gamut of Western-style goods in the great department stores along the Ginza. Tokyo was itself again, but, as the chief had said, there was a new veneer. There were signs advertising American tooth paste and American cosmetics, and the streets were as full of motor traffic as any American city, with driving that was even more aggressive.

There was only a suspicion, among all that modernity, of something older and more conventional; only an occasional, fleeting glimpse, through a gateway or a dwarfed tree, of a pool or a rock garden. Nevertheless, as sure as fate, most of old Japan still lay behind those perishable façades, and it would remain at least for the foreseeable future.

"Are you sure we're going the right way?" Ruth asked.

Of course he was sure. It was true that he had scarcely been in Japan, but as soon as he had been briefed on his present assignment, he had spent so many hours on the Tokyo material that he could have found his way to any point in the city without asking directions.

"We'll be there before long," he said. "You'll see the Imperial Palace grounds and the moat to your right in just a minute."

"Don't be so smug," she said. "I would have boned up on this, too, but I didn't know I was coming."

"It's going to be a great experience for you," he said. "We're reaching the handsomest part of Tokyo now."

The palace and the moat and the modern office buildings that stood opposite across the broad avenue gave a vivid illustration of the colossal effort Japan had made to compete in a dangerous and changing world, and spoke very eloquently of the cultural cleavage that had torn Japan for a century. The palace grounds of Japan's emperor were guarded by a moat and, behind it, by a grim, sloping, dry masonry wall of black lava rock. The walls and moat were at least a thousand years old, and the etiquette and spiritual qualities that they protected were vastly older. A part of the palace had been destroyed by bombs, but the emperor was still residing among the trees and gardens.

"Out there in the park by the palace gates," Jack said, "is where the people gather in times of grief and mourning. They say that there were thousands of them on the day of the surrender."

It was still not difficult to imagine the park filled with thousands of mourning Japanese, prostrate, beating their heads on the ground. Hundreds had disemboweled themselves before the walls that day as a loyal gesture to the emperor.

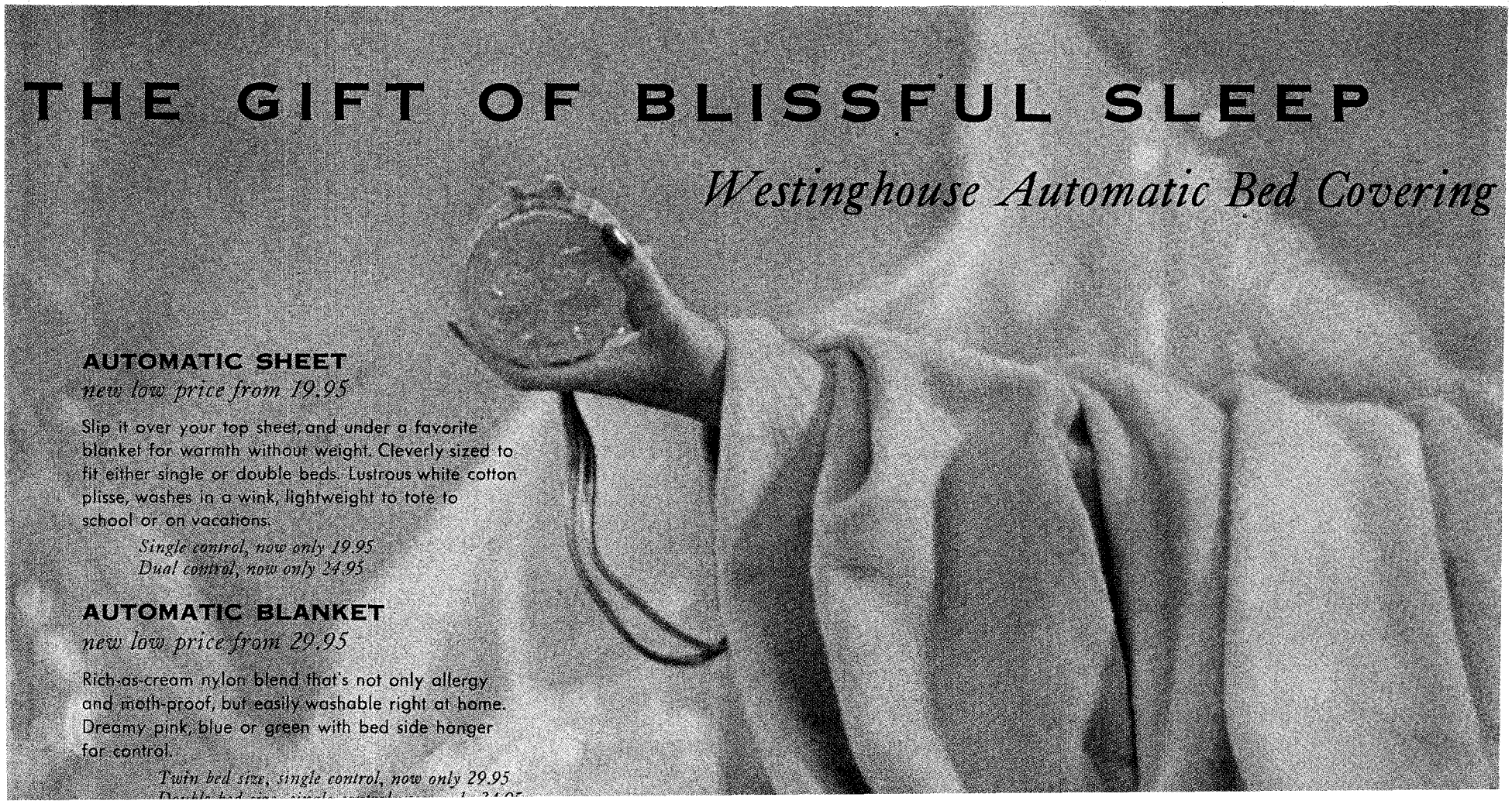
"You see," Jack Rhyce said, "they are very loyal. That's the main thing to remember about Japanese. Loyalty is the essence of their religion, although they might not put it that way."

"How do you know so much about them," she asked, "if you've been here so little?"

"By reading. And in the war we took a prisoner now and then." But it was no time to talk about himself, and they were driving up to the Imperial Hotel.

He heard her exclaim when she saw that low structure of yellowish volcanic stone, with its strange windows and angles. Although the hotel was designed by an American, it must have once represented the quintessence of Japanese aspirations. While he went to register at the desk, he left Ruth Bogart standing by the baggage, staring bemused at the rough stone corridors and angles.

He could not tell whether he was surprised or relieved when he found that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their rooms on the third floor of the front wing had a connecting door. Gibson had made the arrangements, and the connecting door might possibly have been an attempt at humor, except that Gibson seldom made jokes. Three Japanese boys walked ahead of them, carrying their luggage. There was a Lilliputian quality about the rooms and everything inside them. The writing tables were too low, and the wardrobes below normal height, and there was no escaping the walls of volcanic stone.

"You can take either room," he said. "I don't really see much difference."

"Neither do I," she said. "I'll take this one." And then he saw that she had noticed the connecting door. He did not wish to discuss it then, while he was busy giving orders about the baggage.

"I'd go to sleep if I were you," he said. "Knock on the door if you want anything."

Before he decided on any course of action, he had to make a routine examination of his room. The draperies, the carpet and the bed covering were all worn. The bathtub was also too small. He had to bend his knees to reach the wash basin. He went carefully through the wardrobe and every drawer, looked behind the mirror and over every inch of the wall. He finally took off his coat and shoes and opened the door for a glance at the corridor, but there was no one there. On the whole, he approved of the selection of the rooms. Each looked over the fantastic porte-cochere and the hotel driveway, thus affording a view of all arriving motorcars. The walls were all thick, so that it would be possible to talk freely if voices were kept low.

He knew the number he was to call, but he did not give it to the operator.

"I want to speak to Mr. William Gibson," he said, and he spelled the name out slowly, "at the Osaka Importing Company. If he asks who's calling, say it is Mr. John Rhyce," and he spelled the name carefully again.

It was half past one in the afternoon, but he did not feel hungry because of all the elapsed hours of the ocean flight. He did not turn when he heard the door connecting the two rooms open because he knew the sound of her step by then.

"Is everything all right in your place?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Everything's O.K. So you knew this door was unlocked?"

"Yes," he said, "and the latch has been oiled, I think. Gibson must have wanted it that way."

"Well, let's keep it open for a while," she said. "It's awfully far away from everything here, isn't it? Do you like the way things are going?"

"No," he said, "not with that Jap meeting us at the plane. He looked to me as though he were in the business. When he reached into his pocket to take his wallet out, I almost thought he was going for a rod. You don't move that way without training. You just don't."

"So you're feeling jumpy, too, are you?"

"It's the trip," he answered. "I'll feel clearer just as soon as I get a little shuteye. I'm just contacting Gibson. They ought to call back any minute now. How would you like some tea?"

She shook her head.

"How about a drink? I've a flask of bourbon in my bag."

"You sure it won't take the razor edge off your mind?" she said.

"It isn't kind to kid me," he said, and he pulled a flask from the bottom of his bag, and just then the telephone rang.

"Here," he said, "mix two stiff ones while I'm talking."

There was no mistaking the harsh quality of Bill Gibson's voice. Jack Rhyce was tired, but he had to go into an act again.

"Say, Bill," he said, "guess who this is? Jack Rhyce."

"Why, Jack," Bill Gibson answered. "Where did you ever drop from, you old buzzard, and what are you doing in Tokyo?"

"I thought you'd be surprised," Jack Rhyce said. "I'm over here to write a report for the Asia Friendship League. And who do you think I've got with me, to help out? Ruth Bogart. She's right up in the room here now, mixing us both a good stiff drink of bourbon. Why don't you drop everything and come on up, Bill?"

"There's nothing I'd rather do in the world," Bill Gibson said, "but right at the minute things are pretty busy in the office."

"Oh, now, Bill," Jack Rhyce said, "can't you let things drop for just a half an hour? It's been a long time no see and ——"

Bill Gibson's laugh interrupted him. It had just the right warmth and the proper tolerant affection.

"Oh, all right," he said, "all right. You always did have a bad influence on me, Jack. Sure, I'll break away. What's your room number?"

Now that the point of urgency was made, the conversation was as good as over, but Bill Gibson's final remark struck Jack Rhyce as disconcerting.

"Leave your door unlocked," he said, "and save me some of that bourbon."

Ruth Bogart was standing close beside him, and Gibson's voice was loud enough so that she must have heard the conversation.

"Are you sure that was Gibson on the wire?" she asked.

He was sure it was and he told her so because there had been enough material in that conversation, innocuous though it had seemed, to afford a double-check.

"Why did he ask to leave the door unlocked?" she asked.

"I guess because he wants to get in in a hurry," he said. "Did you hear him say that things were pretty busy at the office?"

"Maybe I'm not going to have a nap after all," she said.

"It could be possible," he told her, "but how about that drink?"

The worst thing in the world for anyone in the business was to develop any dependence on alcohol, but he was sure that the whisky was good for both of

• •

Each Winter

By Jane Merchant

Even while the bright leaves
darken on the ground,
And skies grow heavy, and
the cold wind shrills
About the house, and sullen
raindrops pound,
Our hearts are sure of sun
and daffodils.

And yet our hearts are
wistful, now and then.
Each winter some plants die,
some great trees fall.
We know that April always
comes again;
We know that April never
comes to all.

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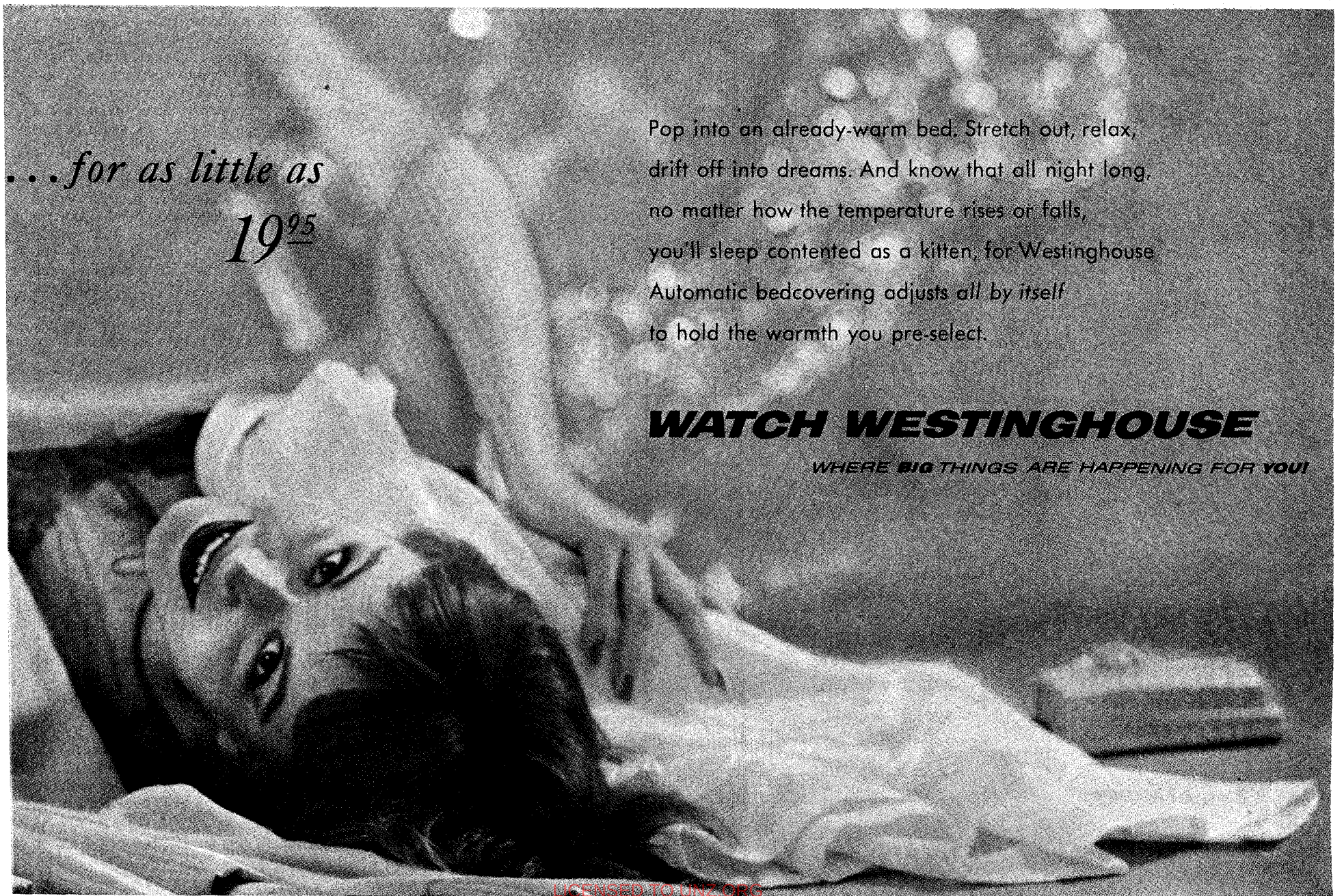
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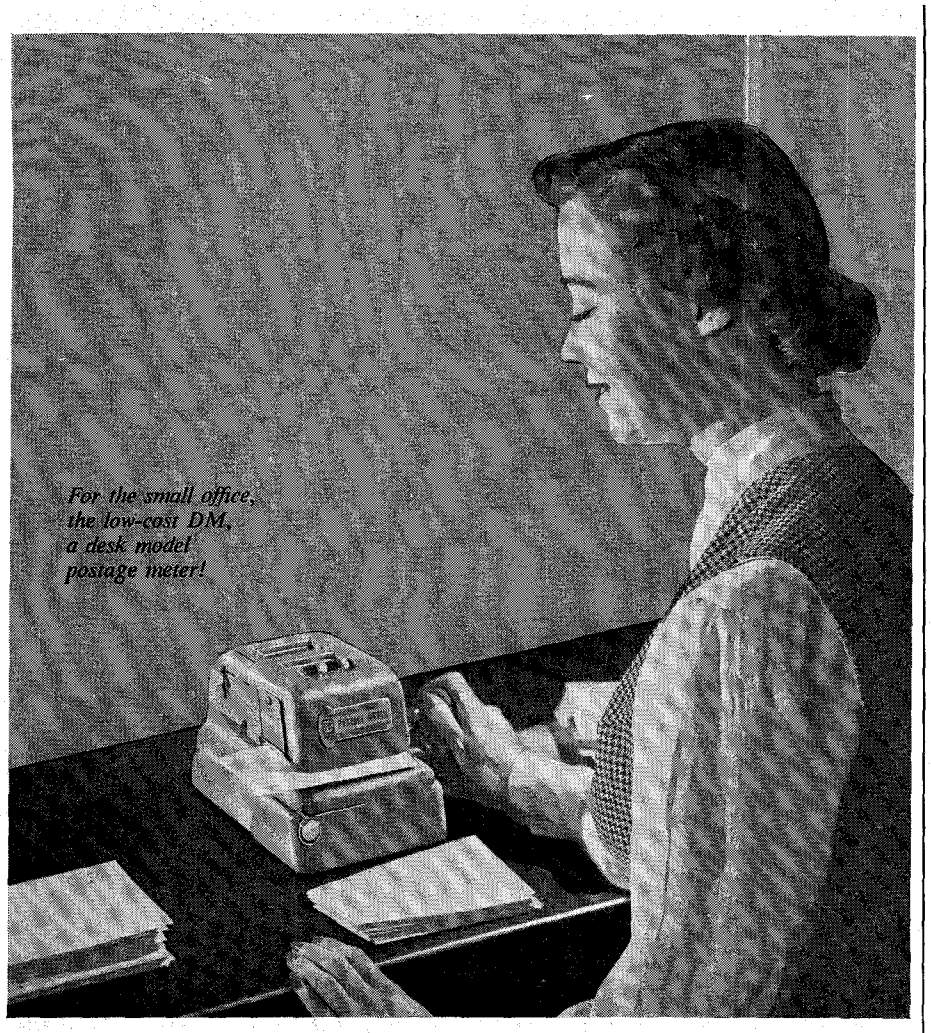

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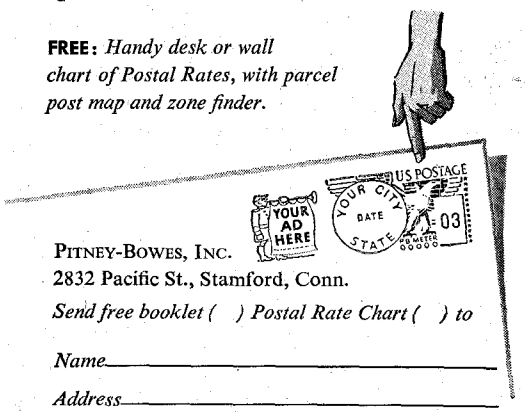

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them, under the circumstances. They sat smiling at each other when they were not watching the unlocked door to the hall.

"Here's looking at you," she said. "I'd really like to have a hot bath and go to sleep."

"In a miniature tub?" he asked.

"Anything at all," she said. "Jack, are you carrying a rod?"

"Absolutely not," he said. "Are you?"

"I have one of those fountain pens," she said, "in my handbag."

"Well, never mind it now," he said. "I suppose you've been told that you're a very pretty girl."

"Yes," she said, and she looked prettier when she answered. "I've been told, but I'm glad you brought the subject up. And now do you mind if I make a remark about you, as long as we're being personal?"

"Why, no," he said; "anything at all."

"I keep wondering what sort of a person you really are. I mean, what you're like when you're being yourself, what your tastes are, what you want most and everything like that."

He felt depressed after she had finished speaking.

"You know," he said, "I'm really beginning to forget what I used to be. That's the trouble with this business, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. "It's beginning to be the same way with me. Have you ever thought of getting out of all of this?"

"I have thought along those lines," he said. "The trouble is, I don't know whether you ever can get outside, after you've been inside. I was planning to be a lawyer before the war came, but that's all too late now."

"Go ahead," she said. "What would you do if you ever got outside?"

"Frankly, I wouldn't want to do anything immediately," he said. "I'd like to get a canoe and some canned goods and a tent. I'd paddle up through the lakes in Ontario until I got about a hundred miles from anywhere, and then I'd pitch the tent. But the main thing would be doing absolutely nothing ——"

Just then the door opened. His mind was jerked from Northern Ontario, and he realized he never should have been thinking of it. He was not surprised at the manner in which Bill Gibson entered the room, having seen Bill Gibson move fast before, on several occasions, although he had never understood how it could be done with excess weight and a sagging waistline. Bill Gibson had been in a hurry, just as Jack Rhyce had said he might be. But even in a hurry, Bill Gibson looked the part he had played for years in Tokyo—a middle-aged American businessman who drank too much before lunch, who fell asleep at the club bridge table in the evening and who talked too much. He was wearing a washable business suit. His jowls were heavy, with a blackish tinge, no matter how clean-shaven he might be. His black hair was brushed back in a pompadour, and he wore horned-rimmed spectacles.

"Hi," he said gently, and he nodded to Ruth. "Lock that door now, kid. I'm sorry to barge in this way, but I've had a hunch for the last few days that I'm hot as a pistol, and I don't want to be seen coming up here. There's no better place to play cops and robbers than the Imperial Hotel." He spoke easily and confidently, as he always did. "These rooms are all right to talk in. I've used them before. Well, what's the damn emergency, Buster? I thought I was to call you, and not you me."

"That's right," Jack Rhyce said. "I took the liberty, Bill. It's about Big Ben."

"All right," Bill Gibson said, "go ahead, and make it snappy if you don't mind."

"It's just a hunch," Jack Rhyce said, "but I have a feeling we've seen Big Ben."

He started with San Francisco and with the steps outside the door and the humming of the tune, and then the other tune at Wake just as light was coming in the sky. He knew Bill Gibson well enough to make an interpolation.

"I've never been psychic," he said. "But when I heard that voice, it linked right up with that song in the hall. The song in San Francisco was Every Day is Ladies' Day With Me, and it was In Old New York on Wake; but they're both out of The Red Mill."

"Did you sneak up on him?"

"I didn't want to try, on that terrain," Jack Rhyce said. "No, we just stood there and I sang the same song back."

Bill Gibson took a generous drink of his bourbon. "If I'm seen here it won't hurt to have the smell of American hooch on my breath," he said. "Well, describe him."

"He was in khaki trunks, old Army issue; hair was wet, yellow to ginger-colored. Bushy eyebrows, wide forehead, big mobile mouth, and talking with a drawl, more tidewater than Texas, and he was damn big, and a beautiful build—all big, especially his hands."

"Bigger than you?"

"Yes; some. I'd hate to tangle with him. He has beautiful co-ordination."

Most every girl knows that one of the things she can catch from kissing is a husband.

HAROLD HURSH

"How did he react?"

"Friendly. Maybe a little too friendly. He thought maybe Ruth and I were new airline personnel, and then he asked if we were passengers on a world cruise. That's the one wrong move he made. I don't think the fact would come through Operations. My hunch would be that he picked it up in San Francisco the night he was singing Every Day is Ladies' Day With Me."

Bill Gibson took another swallow of his whisky. "Ruth dear," he said, "would you look out the window in a nice careful way and see if there's an old beat-up coupé out there—dark green, 'Fifty-one model? Left front fender pretty well mashed in, a big dent on the left-hand door and the door missing a handle. Let me know if you see it, will you, dear? . . . So your hunch is he's on a plane crew, what?"

Jack Rhyce nodded.

"There isn't any coupé outside yet," Ruth said.

"Well, thanks, sweetie," Bill Gibson said. "Keep on looking, will you? That car's been like Mary's little lamb to me the last few days. . . . Did you check up on him at Wake?"

"No," Jack Rhyce said. "It was a big temptation, but it might have been a giveaway, and you'll have to be careful how you handle it here—not that I want to give advice, Bill."

Bill Gibson whistled softly. "Maybe you've got something, Buster," he said. "It's the first good lead on him I've seen for quite a while. I hadn't been thinking much about plane crews."

Jack said, "If you've got the time, I'd like to add a little more."

"All the time in the world, so long as that coupé isn't there."

Bill took off his horned-rimmed glasses and listened to the encounter with the Russians, about the old bank clerk at the

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table, and then about the Japanese who mentioned the words "Big Ben."

"Cripes, Jack," he said, "this thing is closing in."

"And that isn't all," Jack Rhyce said. "There was this other one at the airport."

"Let's see his card." Bill Gibson held out his hand. "Come on, Buster." He held the card and squinted at it, and put back his glasses. "It's a phony, as far as I know," he said. "Moto isn't a Japanese name, it's only a suffix to a name, like Yamamoto, or Mikimoto, who puts pearls in the oysters." He finished his drink in a single gulp. "Well, well, kids," he said, "it looks as if we're going to get some action pretty quick out of this one. Would you guess this Moto boy was in touch with Wake?"

"I couldn't guess, but the thought has crossed my mind, Bill."

Bill Gibson cleared his throat and looked at the empty glass on the floor beside him.

"No," he said, "no, I won't have another, thanks. Well, this has been very interesting to me, kids, because it ties up with some other stuff that's just come in. Big Ben is around, all right. I've a lot of things I've got to do, and I can't brief you now. Now here's what I want ——"

He stood up. It was amazing how quickly he could pull himself off the bed, fat abdomen, jowls and everything.

"Now get this: I want you two to take all tomorrow to get your cover sweetened with this Asia Friendship League. I also want you two to make damn fools of yourselves about each other. That's why, the day after tomorrow, you're going on a shack-up job to a resort hotel up in the mountains. It's a real off-the-record honeymoon retreat, and no one will notice you, if you just keep interested in each other. I'll be up there Saturday night. You'll see me at the bar at six o'clock, but don't pay any attention to me. Go to the big dance that night and have a good time. My room will be in a cottage called Chrysanthemum Rest. It's near the ballroom. At ten o'clock, leave the ballroom as if you were going out in the dark to smooch. There'll be so much noise and music, no one will hear us talking or care, but I don't want us to be seen together in Tokyo. I'm too hot. Have you got it, Jack?"

He was aware again that his mind was not working as accurately as it should. Bill Gibson had asked if he had got it, and the truth was that he had been getting too much in the last few hours.

"Well, Bill," he said, "you've handed me quite a lot since you've been here."

"I've been concise," Bill Gibson answered.

"This hotel," Jack Rhyce said. He was trying to get things into order. "Where is it, and how do I get there?"

"In Miyanoshita, up in the mountains. Here's the name."

Bill Gibson scribbled the name on the back page of a notebook, and tore out the page. "The Army used it during the occupation. Officers and their wives spend the weekends there, and unattached young men and their Japanese and other girl friends."

"All right," Jack Rhyce said, "but if everything's so hot, why don't you give us the fill-in for everything right now?"

"There's not time. I mustn't be identified with you. But I'll tell you this: it's dangerous as hell. It's confirmed today. They are planning a political assassination ——"

He did not complete his sentence because Ruth Bogart, standing by the window, interrupted him.

"A coupé with a dented fender is driving up," she said.

"All right," Gibson said. "Persistent devils, aren't they? Let me know what whoever gets out looks like, but tell me later. Good luck."

"Thanks, Bill," Jack said. "We'll be seeing you."

"Right," Bill Gibson said. "Don't get in touch with me again."

He was gone, so quietly that the closing of the room door hardly made a sound. The incongruity of some of the things Bill Gibson had said did not occur to Jack Rhyce until later. You were never yourself in the business, and you did what you were told.

"Only one man in the coupé," Ruth said. "He's parked and getting out. Man, thirty-five or -six, sunglasses, brown hair, balding at temples. Height five feet ten. Weight maybe one-seventy. Pale face, professorial type. Aloha shirt with goldfish on it. Trousers, white silk. Shoes, white buckskin, trimmed with brown leather. He's entering the hotel. He seems American and harmless-looking."

"Right," Jack said. "You'd better go and lie down for a bit, Ruth, and order up something to eat if you want it."

"I don't want anything to eat now, but hadn't we better talk things over? Bill Gibson looked upset."

"You take a nap first. I'm afraid we're going to have a lot of time to talk things over."

"Afraid?" she repeated after him.

"Forget it," he said. "I didn't mean it personally."

"All right," she said, "I'll forget it. Heavens, you really are a pro."

"Yes," he said, "I'm a pro. We all have to be, don't we? Now go and lie down."

"Yes," she said, and she smiled at him, although a smile was not necessary. "I'm a pro, too—a poor, tired pro."

"I'll draw your curtains," he said.

"Thanks. And move my handbag near me, will you? Thanks, Jack."

He believed that she was already asleep when he closed the door to the adjoining room. He stood by the window looking at the coupé—an inconspicuous American car, one of thousands of its vintage, and one which must have had several owners. He was still gazing out of the window, and wondering whether it would be wiser to stray down and take a closer look, when someone knocked loudly on his door.

His reaction of annoyance was a measure of his fatigue. He walked to the door promptly and opened it, seemingly carelessly, but with a few technical precautions. He was too tired for further shocks, but he had to face another. Standing outside in the rather narrow corridor was the man whom Ruth Bogart had described, in the Aloha shirt with the goldfish on it.

He had taken off his sunglasses, but there was no mistaking the shirt, or the trousers of heavy Shantung silk, or the closely clipped brown hair, receding at the temples. Ruth Bogart had said he had a professorial look, and she had been correct.

"Hello," the man in the Aloha shirt said, and he had a warm, hail-fellow voice that fitted his professional expression. "You're Mr. Rhyce, aren't you? They said downstairs that you were still in your room."

Jack knew that the face of the man in the Aloha shirt was important and he catalogued it immediately—darkish, intellectual, brown eyes, high cheekbones, longish nose, pointed jaw, thin-lipped mouth, good teeth.

"Well," Jack said, "the name is Rhyce, and I'm here, all right, just off the plane."

"Well, it's a real pleasure to welcome you to Tokyo, Jack Rhyce," the man in the Aloha shirt said. "My name's Harry Pender, running the shop here for Asia Friendship, replacing Jules Blake, who was called home last week. Seriously, it's fine to have you aboard."

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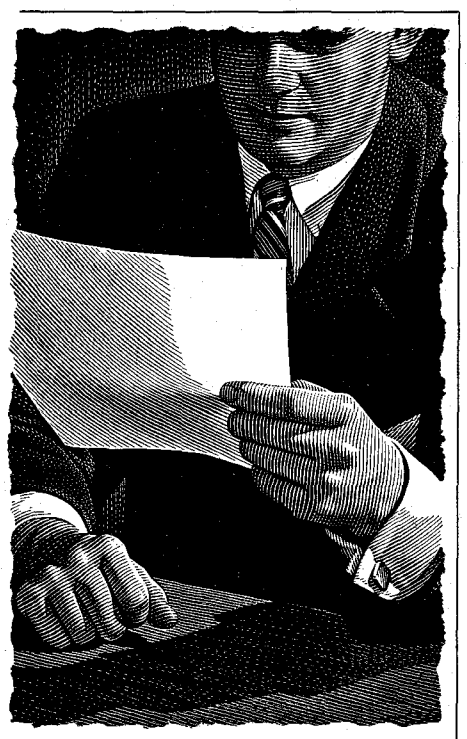
"Well, Harry Pender," Jack Rhyce said, "this is mighty kind of you to look me up so promptly. That plane trip has, frankly, left me a bit woozy, but come on in. You've waked me up already."

It was true that Harry Pender had waked him up. Pender was undoubtedly the man in the coupé, and why was it he had not called on the house telephone? How long had he been outside in the hall? Then, on top of those questions, Jack Rhyce had another thought. If the car with the battered fender had been following Bill Gibson, how about the Asia Friendship League? For a fraction of a second Jack Rhyce wished that the chief were there to know that it was not harmless.



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"I won't take a minute of your time," Mr. Harry Pender said. "I should have met you at the airport, but, frankly, we're going to have a conference of Japanese writers tomorrow, and I've been unusually busy as a consequence."

"Meeting planes is always a problem," Jack Rhyce said. "You mustn't have me on your mind at all. I can hardly wait to see the office tomorrow, and I'd like to sit in on that writers' conference."

Mr. Pender nodded enthusiastically. "Charles Harrington wired me that you'd be right in here pitching," he said, "and the whole place is open to you, Jack Rhyce. And I don't know any way in which you can get the spirit of what we're up to here more than by sitting in at the table with some of our Japanese writers. They're lovable people, the Japanese."

"How do you mean, lovable?"

"You'll see. You'll see. They're basically only a bunch of mixed-up kids, but lovable at heart."

Jack Rhyce nodded in a respectful, sympathetic manner. "I suppose I'm somewhat prejudiced in my point of view about the Japanese," he said. "You see, I was in the Pacific during the war."

"I know," Mr. Pender said. "I know the superb record that you made with the paratroopers in Burma. I wish I might have been with you, but I had to serve in a more sheltered branch myself, due to being in the Four F category—the USO."

"Oh," Jack Rhyce said, "so you were in the USO?"

He could have kicked himself the moment he had said it. The USO and Big Ben might come together somewhere and he never should have betrayed interest.

"It used to hurt at times," Mr. Pender said, "not to be able to be up forward with you boys, but then we did our best in our small way. I was in a singing troupe."

"That must have been fun," Jack Rhyce said, "and believe me, I'd like to have been able to change places with you at some points. I always did like singing. What sort of songs did you do?"

"Oh, we had a name. We called our group the Song Caravan, and there was a fine, dedicated bunch in it. We sang all the popular numbers. You might have seen us out in the Pacific if you hadn't been in Burma. We did get to Chungking once. Were you ever in Chungking?"

"Oh, yes, once or twice, but only very briefly. Quite a place, Chungking."

"It was. It always seemed to me a very fascinating page of social history, Chungking, and we must have a good long talk about it sometime, but it's all water over the dam now. We mustn't forget that we are entering into a new era of reconstruction and not destruction." His glance traveled about the room with a casualness which could have been overelaborate. "Oh, by the way, the young lady who was coming over to assist you—is there anything I can do for her? What is her name?"

"Bogart," Jack Rhyce said; "Ruth Bogart. She's asleep, I think."

"I certainly don't blame her," Mr. Pender said, "but bring her over to the office tomorrow morning. The more the merrier. We'll only have the one day until Monday, because we close things over the weekends, but we'll think up some program for you over Saturday and Sunday."

"Why, thanks. As a matter of fact"—he paused and cleared his throat—"I'd sort of promised to take Miss Bogart to that hotel up in the hills where they have the hot springs at—where is it?—Miyanoshita."

"Oh," Mr. Pender said, "I forgot to ask. Were you here during the occupation?"

"Only passing through for a day or two," Jack Rhyce said, and far from appearing watchful, Mr. Pender looked relaxed and tolerantly genial.

"We're going to have a lot of things to talk about, you and me," he said, "and I know you're going to like our bunch out here, and everything we're doing. And now, before I go, is there anything you want?"

"Well, no, except maybe a little sleep, but thanks a lot for asking."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Pender said, "you and I are going to have a lot of fun together. I can feel it in my bones." He held out his hand again. "Well, so long. How about up at the office at half past nine sharp tomorrow?"

"Fine. And thanks again a whole lot for dropping in."

After Mr. Pender had left, Jack Rhyce stood unobtrusively by his window, watching the parked coupé. In two and a half minutes Mr. Pender had reached it. Jack turned from the window and very gently opened the door of Ruth Bogart's room. She was wide awake, her head propped up on the pillow.

"I'm sorry if we've kept you awake," he said. "It was the man in the Aloha shirt."

"You didn't keep me awake," she said. "I went down and took a look at the car."

"That was a very good girl," he said, "provided you got away with it."

"I think I did. I'm pretty good with cars. There was nothing except a rod in the glove compartment."

"Oh," Jack Rhyce said. "What kind?"

"Beretta; all loaded."

"Oh," he said, "Beretta."

It was interesting that anyone in Mr. Pender's position should be carrying an Italian officer's pistol. Pender had brown eyes, but he did not look like an Italian.

"And now," she said, "go away and let me sleep; and you'd better too. I think things are going to be quiet for a while."

It was exasperating to discover that the desire for sleep had left him, much as he needed it. He draped his coat over one of the small chairs, stretched out on his bed and tried hard to relax. He was full of the old malaise that told him that a net was closing. The elderly man in San Francisco and the Nisei Japanese boy were parts of it, and so was the middle-aged Japanese named Moto who had picked him up at the airport. You developed a seventh sense for spotting opposite numbers, and he would have bet his last dollar that Mr. Moto was in the business, except for the clumsy use of a name that, as Bill Gibson had pointed out, was not a name at all. The net was closing on Bill Gibson, and Bill knew it, but it might be, Jack Rhyce thought, that he and Ruth Bogart were still out of it. He was almost positive that Mr. Pender had accepted them.

There was more doubt about Mr. Moto, but, then, Mr. Moto was due to call at six. Then suddenly he realized he had forgotten something, and immediately he pushed open the adjoining door. Ruth Bogart was asleep. The tenseness about her mouth had relaxed. Although her eyes were closed, she had a half-cheerful, half-expectant look. She was a very pretty girl, now that she was asleep, the way she would have looked on the outside.

"Sorry," he said. "Just one thing, Ruth."

You could tell that she had been at the girls' branch of the Farm from the way she awakened. Her right hand had moved swiftly toward her handbag, but it was only a half-conscious gesture.

"O.K.," she said softly. "What?"

"This Moto character that is calling at six," he said. "I think he'll ring the house telephone and not barge up like Pender. I'll leave our door open. The bell will wake you. Get up and close the door, but listen, and keep that fountain pen handy. It might just be we'll have to use it. Do you follow me, Ruth?"

"Yes. I'd have covered you anyway, Buster. Now go and relax or you'll be fidgety when he comes—and leave the door wide open. Don't be so delicate. I need company."

TO BE CONTINUED

Can You Name This Star?

This one-year-old lady, wearing the latest style in baby bonnets, was born in Denver, Colorado. Her father took a film-studio job in California in 1941. As a third-generation actress, she naturally found her way into the movies. A scout spotted her in a Little Theater production. She made a hit as an Indian sweetheart in Broken Arrow. Later she starred in Stars and Stripes Forever and Demetrius and the Gladiators. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

CORRECT ANSWER:
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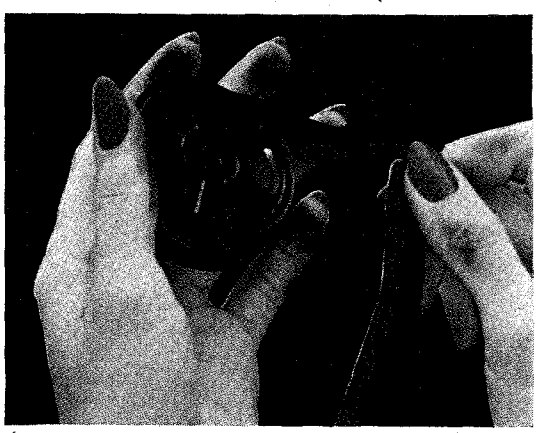

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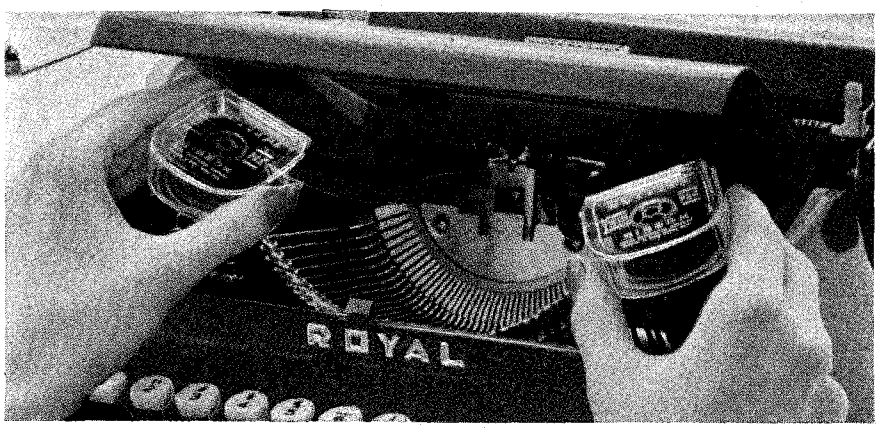

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How a Hick Cop Helped Break the Brink's Case (Continued from Page 43)

way back to Boston from a motor trip that had combined sentiment with business.

Gusciora's brother had been killed in World War II and was buried in the national cemetery at St. Louis, Missouri. Gusciora felt a fraternal obligation to visit the grave. O'Keefe said, O.K., he'd drive him out to it, and maybe on the way back they could do some business. He and Gusciora visited the grave. They took snapshots of each other posed at the tombstone. They filled a bushel bag with soil from the grave. It was to be divided among the Guscioras as memorials to the dead brother.

Heading home through Northern Pennsylvania on Route 6, O'Keefe and Gusciora stopped for their first bit of business in Kane, McKean County, a town that is celebrated only because its winter temperatures are the lowest in Pennsylvania. It is called the state's "ice box." There, on the evening of June eleventh, the two used a nail file to open the lock of Wayne Moore's gunshop. They stole four pistols, two of them automatics, and enough ammunition for sustained gunplay. They thus had armament that no Boston policeman could ever trace to their ownership.

But it sounded bad, rattling around in the trunk of the car, and to remedy this they made a second business call that evening. It was at the luggage and haberdashery store of Joseph Rosenbloom, in Coudersport, Potter County. Again the nail file solved the lock. O'Keefe and Gusciora took cordovan luggage to make a tidy armory, and then, while going through Rosenbloom's stock, refurbished their wardrobes with new suits and accessories.

It was getting close to midnight when they pulled into Towanda, county seat of Bradford County. Towanda, a pleasant town on the Susquehanna River, amid rolling countryside, looked to them like a safe "hick town." They made it their overnight stay, registering at the David Wilmot Hotel as "Harold Foster & one, Everett, Mass." They shared a five-dollar room.

After breakfast the next morning, a Monday, they were on their way. New York and Boston and the next business in hand were a good day's drive, 400 miles ahead. Unhappily for the conclusion of their business, they made a wrong turn. They spotted Chief Meredith directing traffic at Main and Washington streets and stopped to ask his help. That was their big mistake.

Chief Meredith is FBI-trained, a graduate of its course for police chiefs. What was worse, the FBI had been trailing O'Keefe since he was first questioned. It had followed his journey with Gusciora to St. Louis. It had lost the trail before sentiment ended and business began. But the trail had pointed to Towanda. Chief Meredith had spent the last Friday and Saturday conducting an FBI agent to hotels, tourist homes and rooming houses, showing rogues'-gallery photos of O'Keefe and Gusciora, and asking proprietors and help if they had seen either.

Gusciora's picture was not one to remember, but O'Keefe's was. The chief was impressed with the intensity of the gaze from his brown eyes. It sort of transfixed you, he recalls. Now O'Keefe eased his car up beside the chief and asked his question. Meredith walked over to the car and saw what looked like two prosperous businessmen in expensive clothes and Panama hats.

"No, sir," he said to O'Keefe; "you're not headed for New York. You're going south instead of north. Pull up into the next block. Wait for traffic. Make a U-turn and come back."

"Thank you, officer," said O'Keefe urbanely.

But before he turned his head away, Chief Meredith had another look into his eyes and was struck by their resemblance to those of the police picture he'd shown around town. Now he also noticed the motorist's O'Keefe-like hawk nose. And, as the car pulled away, he saw the Massachusetts license plate. Chief Meredith strolled back to William Van Horn, at that time a Towanda councilman. They had been chatting at the curb.

"Bill," he said to Van Horn, "you'd better be leaving here. I'm stopping that car when it comes back. If they're the fellows I figure they are, there may be gunplay."

Van Horn walked away, and back came the car. Meredith beckoned O'Keefe to a halt.

"You straightened out?" he asked, his gaze sweeping the interior of the car and the two men. He got another look into O'Keefe's eyes. He saw the expensive luggage on the back seat and concluded it might bulge with Brink's money. He reminded the two to make a right-hand turn when they reached Waverly, New York, on Route 17, and waved them on. With that he hurried to the borough hall a half block away, and telephoning a substation of Squadron 3, Troop B, Pennsylvania State Police, at Athens, ten miles ahead, reported his suspicions.

Cpl. Lynn H. Bohr, since retired, and Cpl. John Mancuso headed south from Athens. Chief Meredith took out after O'Keefe, caught sight of the car and kept it in view, waiting for the rendezvous with the troopers.

This came at Ulster Narrows, midway between Athens and Towanda. The troopers blocked the car. Meredith pulled in behind it. All got out with revolvers drawn. O'Keefe and Gusciora were ordered out of their car. O'Keefe was a picture of bewildered indignation.

"What's this all about?" he demanded. "What's it mean?"

"It means," said Chief Meredith, "that you're stopped for questioning. Who are you men and what are you doing in this part of the country?"

"We're real-estate men," said O'Keefe. "We're heading back to Boston from a big deal in Cleveland."

"Take off your hats," said the chief, his memory flicking back to the hatless rogues'-gallery poses. Then, looking at them as they stood hats in hand, he said, "You're two of those fellows they've been talking to about the Brink's job, aren't you?"

O'Keefe had to acknowledge that, since his registration card bore his name. But he was still angry.

"You can't stop us," he said. "We've done nothing."

Legalistically, O'Keefe was right, but he and Gusciora were, nevertheless, taken back to Towanda. On what charge, Meredith did not yet know. He simply knew that the FBI was interested. He locked O'Keefe and Gusciora in two basement cells—all that was left of the old borough hall when it burned down.

"I want to call a lawyer," protested O'Keefe.

"You'll get a chance," said the chief, "soon as you know why we're holding you."

How to hold them? How to get into the luggage? *Ah,* thought Meredith.

Clarence Jakway, Towanda motor-appliance dealer, had that morning reported the theft of a motor from an electric lawn mower chained outside his store. Meredith went straight to Justice of the Peace David McNeal. He made a complaint charging O'Keefe and Gusciora with suspicion of stealing the motor. On that, he got a search warrant to hunt for the motor in their luggage. He read the warrant to them.

O'Keefe exploded. "Now I've heard everything!" he shouted. "What would I be doing with a lawn-mower motor? I don't even have a lawn mower! It'd take a hick cop to think up one like that!"

Meredith was flattered. The bags were opened. No motor, of course, but out spilled the arsenal, the new clothes. The guns were enough to hold O'Keefe and Gusciora, but they could mean more. Over state-police wires went complete descriptions of luggage and contents. Meanwhile, Meredith was not getting the congratulations he'd expected from the FBI.

State-police files in Harrisburg indicate that the FBI, while then enlisting help to pick up the lost trail of O'Keefe and Gusciora, did not want them jailed because a shadow on them was expected to lead places. At one point in the file, Meredith is described as "flatly" telling the FBI that if the FBI didn't want these men after all the trouble they had put him and men of his department to, they themselves would conduct the investigation.

The afternoon of their capture, O'Keefe and Gusciora were arraigned before Squire McNeal on charges of violating the state firearms act. They were committed to the county jail in default of $5000 bail each.

Before they were taken to their cells, O'Keefe was permitted to call a Boston telephone number. He talked with "Ruby." He told Ruby to get "Billy" down to Towanda fast with $10,000 bail.

Then he beckoned Chief Meredith aside and said confidentially, "Can't we patch this up, chief? You're a nice guy. What kind of patching plaster could you use? You know the kind I mean, the green plaster."

"I don't get you," said Meredith.

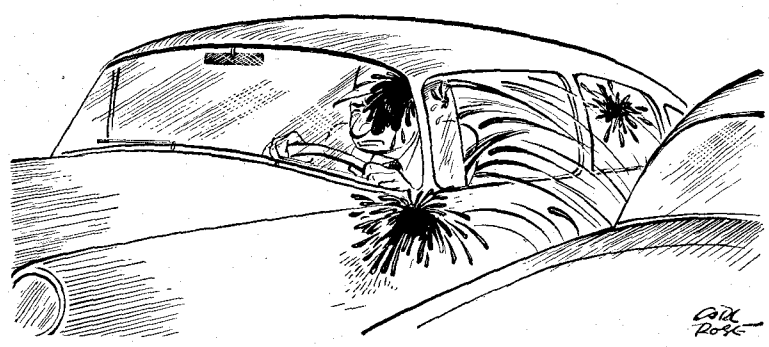
"Fix this up so we can get out," said O'Keefe. "Phony up the charges, put a loophole in the warrant, so a smart lawyer can spring us."

"How much will I get?"

"You name it."

O'Keefe and Gusciora were locked up, at least for the night. As things stood, they'd be out if $10,000 bail was furnished. Meredith took the story of the offer to his state-police colleagues and District Attorney C. Wayne Smyth. It was agreed that O'Keefe was being foolish. He ought to be forced to take time to think it over. Smyth found the way to do that. He thought of Pennsylvania's seldom-invoked Professional Thieves Act. O'Keefe and Gusciora were charged with being a couple of thieves who consorted in public places. The place in Towanda was the David Wilmot Hotel. The charge is a summary offense for which there is no bail, following conviction.

The next morning, Tuesday, O'Keefe and Gusciora were again before Squire McNeal. He found them guilty of violating the Professional Thieves Act on testimony concerning their past records and registration at the David Wilmot. He sentenced them to ninety days. They were jailed for three months at least, unless Squire McNeal was inclined to reconsider sentence. He had no intention of so doing. And luckily so, because even while O'Keefe and Gusciora were before him, Sheriff Fowler Tuton, warden of the jail, got a call from Billy. Billy asked Tuton to tell O'Keefe that he was on the way with $10,000 bail for the firearms charge. Billy was still on the way the next day, Wednesday, (*Continued on Page 118*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

As Jack was driving merrily along after a heavy shower, a car coming from the other direction ran through a puddle and splashed water into his eyes. Temporarily blinded, he drove into a pole. Later he sued the state for not maintaining a better highway-drainage system.

"My accident happened because the state lets its roads stay under water after every heavy rain," Jack argued. "It should pay for its neglect."

"Jack's carelessness in not closing his car window was what really caused the accident, and he has no one to blame but himself," state counsel replied.

If you were the judge, would you make the state pay?

• •

The state did not have to pay. The court said that any sensible driver would have protected himself by closing the window.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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(*Continued from Page 116*) when he telephoned the jail again. This time O'Keefe was brought to the telephone.

"Too late," he told Billy. "They've got us holed up for ninety days for something you can't spring us on."

Billy said he'd come to Towanda, anyhow, to look the situation over.

All this time, FBI agents were in and out of Towanda on their own phases of the investigation, the bigger game at the end of the trail. But they were not divulging their interests to Meredith and the state investigators. For a time they had the cells of O'Keefe and Gusciora wired for sound. The setup was finally removed on instructions from Washington.

But it had served a purpose. This was evident when, to obtain a search warrant in Boston, an FBI agent was able to make a sworn affidavit that O'Keefe had been "an active participant" in the Brink's job. Existence of that affidavit was kept a secret for two and a half years more.

Meredith and his state-police colleagues had quickly traced the O'Keefe-Gusciora luggage and contents to the robbed stores at Kane and Coudersport. Now the two faced a Pennsylvania sabbatical of many years.

O'Keefe took it hard. Remarks he dropped indicated a firming belief on his part that his arrest by Chief Meredith was not just a bad break for him. He suspected that he'd been picked up on a tip from his quondam pals in Boston. Meredith sensed that O'Keefe suspected a double-cross. He did not, of course, then know that O'Keefe had already been double-crossed out of his money, and looked on the Towanda incident as a double-double-cross.

Meredith had Sheriff Tuton unlock O'Keefe's cell door for a chat. He did not call O'Keefe "Specs"—a nickname which O'Keefe does not relish. It pursued him out of a boyhood when the kids called him "Specky" because his face was afloat with freckles.

"Joe," said Meredith to O'Keefe, "the rewards out for recovery of the Brink's money and convictions are a hundred and eighty thousand dollars (since reduced to $100,000). I think you know all about it. I'm willing to give you a hundred thousand of the reward if you'll tell me. I'll bring in a lawyer to make it legal."

For a moment, Meredith said, he had Joe sitting on the edge of his chair. He seemed about to come with the story. But then he sat back and said coldly, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"The next morning," said Meredith, "I got a special-delivery letter from him. He told me not to talk to him any more. When I saw him again, I asked him what he meant, sending me the special delivery. 'What special delivery?' he said. 'I don't know what you're talking about. Go away.'"

O'Keefe was exercising the patience of Job. But unlike Job, he was not going to see it through on faith. He had plans. The plans were being carried back to Boston by the visitors he received in jail. Johnny Carlson, a Boston bookmaker, was the most frequent of these.

O'Keefe made long-distance calls from jail to Boston. Those listening in could suspect, but not know, what they were about. He was checking on how his plans for the recovery of the money were going. He never mentioned names or addresses. His conversations went like this:

"Take good care of the baby; you know what I mean. . . . Did you see that fellow? . . . What was he thinking about? . . . Go around to see him again. I want it taken care of. . . . And tell the other fellow that what I told you to tell him before still goes." And then, ominously: "There is the other way."

If anyone was O'Keefe's friend in those trying times, it was Johnny Carlson. He showed up in Towanda right behind Billy. Billy busied himself with interesting lawyers in O'Keefe's plight and delivering the bag of grave soil in Boston; Johnny, with making O'Keefe comfortable.

He kept O'Keefe's prison cash account a couple of hundred dollars to the good. He showed up at the restaurant Mrs. Ruth Bull was operating before she became manager of the David Wilmot. He told Mrs. Bull he wanted to send in dinners to his friend, O'Keefe. He said O'Keefe could make out with the prison breakfasts and luncheons, but would like something special for dinner.

When the question of price arose, said Mrs. Bull, Carlson pulled out a formidable roll of bills, peeled off a hundred-dollar bill, handed it to her and said, "You'll get that each month."

No sooner had he left the restaurant than another man popped in, said he wanted that bill and would give Mrs. Bull a replacement.

"That might be foolish for me to do," Mrs. Bull told him. "I haven't any idea why you want to make the switch, and how do I know that your hundred-dollar bill is a good one?"

With that, the man opened his wallet and displayed his identification as an FBI agent. Each time Carlson paid the $100 monthly charge, he'd be followed in by an agent who would switch the bill with Mrs. Bull. The FBI was hunting the Brink's "trouble money."

Mrs. Bull's dinners for O'Keefe featured his favorite foods—fried chicken, filet mignon and chops. He was so pleased that he tipped the waitress who brought them as much as three dollars. He did not tip Paul Shay, Towanda barber, who went to the jail every two weeks to give O'Keefe's thinning hair a one-dollar cut. But he made the trip worth while by lining up a half dozen or so prisoners and telling Shay that he was standing haircut treat for them.

As the ninety-day sentences drew toward an end, Billy was not given a chance to spring O'Keefe and Gusciora by coming forward with bail to release them on the firearms charges. Chief Meredith and District Attorney Smyth saw to that. They had not yet completed the ninety-day sentences when they were taken under the "Justice, Law and Mercy" inscription on the doorway of the Bradford County courthouse to their trial on the firearms charges.

It was O'Keefe's idea to get Gusciora back into business in Boston. He pleaded guilty to loading the car with arms and ammunition. He said he'd done it while Gusciora was asleep in the David Wilmot Hotel. Gusciora, he said, didn't know anything about it. Gusciora was acquitted by a credulous jury. O'Keefe was sentenced to a three-year term and a fine of $3000 by Judge William M. Rosenfield. To make the stiff sentence stiffer, Judge Rosenfield stipulated that O'Keefe could not be released after completion of his time unless the fine was paid.

Back to Cell No. 3 in the Bradford County lockup went O'Keefe. Gusciora did not walk out free. Meredith had seen to that too. Gusciora was nabbed on a detainer for the Kane arms robbery, taken to the county seat, Smethport, and convicted of stealing the arms that O'Keefe had said he knew nothing about. He was sentenced to five to twenty years in the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary.

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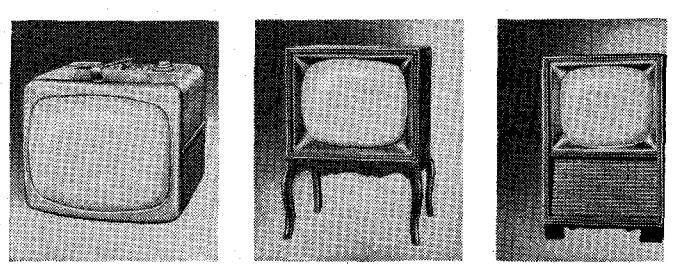

BIG PICTURE PORTABLES THE TELERAMA THE MANHATTAN

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The still-busy Billy sent a lawyer to see Judge Rosenfield. The purpose of the call—for a $100 fee paid by Billy—was to inquire whether, if the fine was paid, Judge Rosenfield would consider lightening the three-year sentence. Most emphatically not, said the judge.

The chief, the prosecutor, the squire, the sheriff, and finally the judge, had now combined to keep O'Keefe out of business for three years. They were to be years of fret and fume for O'Keefe. They were enough to wear out his patience. And that was the purpose.

O'Keefe stepped up his enigmatic telephone calls to Boston. They were threats to his old pals in Boston to cough up the money or else—"there is the other way."

One of them did travel down to Towanda to visit O'Keefe. They parted grimly. O'Keefe had made no headway.

As the time for his discharge by Bradford County neared, he faced a dilemma. He had to ante up the $3000 fine before he could get out. There was no promise that it would be forthcoming from Boston. The alternative was to take a pauper's oath, which would discharge him of the encumbrance of the fine. O'Keefe was loath to do this. After all, he had the pride of a man who counts himself worth $90,000. On February 17, 1953, he went before Judge Rosenfield and refused to swear he was a pauper.

The judge spelled out the facts of penal life for O'Keefe. He said pay the fine, or take the oath, or stay in jail. Five months later, O'Keefe swallowed his pride, took the oath and was released by Bradford County, but not to liberty. Meredith's investigation had taken care of that too. O'Keefe was whisked off to Smethport to be tried for the arms theft. There he was freed in bail to await trial. He lit out for Boston, still, as he has since put it, in "a reasonable" frame of mind, provided he could get the money. His patience was not yet exhausted.

"Wilson!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It was nearing the breaking point, however, when he returned to Smethport in March, 1954, to stand trial. He was convicted of the arms theft. Pending decision on an appeal, he was again freed in bail. Back to Boston he went. Developments now came thick and fast. They came so fast that it mattered nothing to O'Keefe that the conviction at Smethport was upheld and still stands against him.

What mattered was the $93,000 double-cross. O'Keefe was now getting so short-tempered that those he threatened invited Elmer (Trigger) Burke, a New York killer, to come to Boston and quiet him for a price. Burke tried his best on a hot June night in 1954. He aimed thirty machine-gun slugs at O'Keefe. One of them hit. It tore away O'Keefe's wrist watch and nicked his left wrist.

Johnny Carlson was there. For the last time he came to O'Keefe's aid. He told police that Burke was the assassin. Then Carlson disappeared. O'Keefe fears the worst. As he recently testified in court when asked about Carlson, "I don't think you or anyone else can reach him."

Burke was caught in Boston. He broke jail and fled to Folly Beach, South Carolina. He was caught at Folly Beach and is now in New York's Sing Sing Prison, awaiting electrocution for a New York City killing.

O'Keefe healed his wrist without consulting police. Two months later they caught him in Springfield, Massachusetts, and put him in jail as a probation violator, to serve a twenty-seven-month suspended sentence given him in 1945.

Early this year the patience which Chief Meredith had filed down to so keen an edge finally broke. O'Keefe told his "I was there" story to the FBI, and none too soon.

What he said enabled the FBI to begin its roundup of the Brink's robbers last January twelfth, just five days before the Massachusetts statute of limitations was due to expire. Five days more and O'Keefe would have lost his biggest threat against the double-crossers—the threat that if he didn't get his money he would see to it that they wouldn't be at liberty to spend theirs.

O'Keefe pleaded guilty to the Brink's robbery and then retold his story to a Boston jury trying eight of his former friends. Two had died—one at liberty before the roundup; Gusciora, in jail. The eight were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Sheriff Tuton was a witness at the trial and talked with O'Keefe.

"Joe," asked the sheriff, "what made you tell?"

O'Keefe, said the sheriff, answered with the despondence of a man who has lost all faith in his fellow men.

"I gave them chance after chance to come across with the money," he said. "They ignored me. They thought I was kidding. Now they know I wasn't. I evened the big score."

On one of O'Keefe's trips back to jail from the courtroom, an investigator suggested to him that he'd got his toughest break in Towanda.

"That hick cop!" exclaimed O'Keefe bitterly.

"I have been wondering if he put the first crack in the case," said the investigator.

"It could be."

Chief Meredith was directing traffic in front of Vince Connor's tombstone yard when he was told what O'Keefe had said.

The chief smiled. "Joe ought to know," he said. THE END

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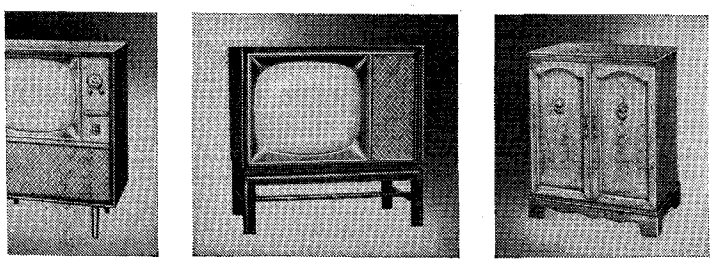

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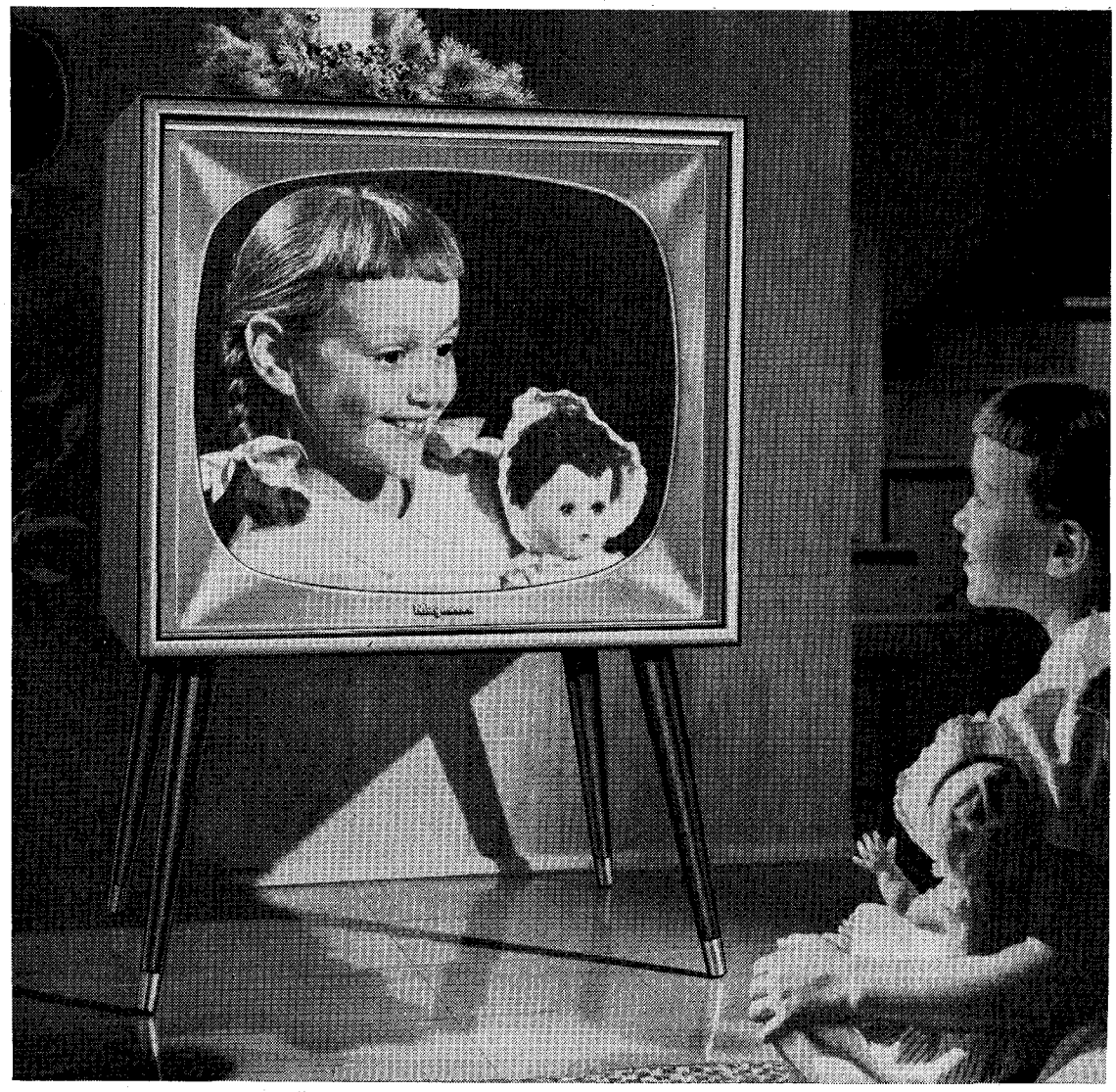

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The Airborne Female (Continued from Page 37)

"Well, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "Look at all the rank I've brought out! It's really nice of you boys. Here I am with old Betsy acting cranky, and when I saw this nice, fat airport ——"

He saluted back without knowing it, and did the honors. "If it's an emergency, miss, we're glad to have you land." He added, "I'm Colonel Baldwin."

The girl nodded. "Thanks, colonel. Now ——" She stopped and put her hands on her hips and looked at him again. "My! You're certainly handsome!"

The crowd was sizable, and there were grins. The colonel blushed and pointed at the airplane. "Is that yours? A Spad, isn't it? The French built them?"

The girl nodded. "It sure is. Isn't she pretty?" She added happily, "Why, Pop could tell more lies than any man alive, and that airplane was responsible for all of 'em."

"He could?" the colonel asked blankly.

"He could. Then naturally, when Ian McKean wanted to fly it through a house, I just purely had to take it back."

"You—what?"

"I had to take it back, of course. Now, perhaps a phone ——"

The crowd was inspecting the Spad as if it were just in from Mars. "What makes it go?" someone asked. "Elastics?" Someone else spoke about people who built things in high winds. A passing sergeant whistled at the girl. The colonel pulled himself together and put her in the jeep.

She snapped her fingers. "I know!" she cried. "You're Pete Baldwin! The one who shot down all those Japs and commies and things! Why, Pop spent hours telling me how you were pretty near as good as he was. And I read the papers!" She paused and asked brightly, "Well, what kind of a guy are you, colonel? Do you chase girls? Play the horses? Drink? Or"—she looked admiring—"are you just a nice, big, boyish hunk of man?"

There was a choking sound from Corporal Jackson; the colonel glared and got her into his office. She eased herself onto a corner of the desk, and he looked at the coveralls again and caught himself thinking of a full-size woman, scale model.

"Now," he said, "about this landing. There's a report to be made when a civilian ship lands and ——"

"Sure, Pete. I mean, yes, sir!" The girl was up again, walking around the room. "Why, it's really simple! You see, it was Pop's airplane. Pop Holliston, my dad. He died. I'm Marcy Holliston," she added. "Most of the time I'm a stewardess for TransAir."

"Yes," Pete said weakly.

"Well, some say Pop wasn't much. He shot down half the German air force in World War One, but then he kind of got his nose in a bottle and never did much else. Anyway, a bit after World War One, he got lonesome for the old Spads and had one shipped over here."

"Yes. Now, about your landing ——"

"Well, my goodness, don't you want to hear about Pop? Don't you remember him?"

"Remember? Me?"

"And after all he talked about you! Why, I'd have thought you were a second Lindbergh! Every time he came home from one of those meetings, all I heard was 'Pete Baldwin, Pete Baldwin!'" She added happily, "And just think, here I am practically sitting in your lap!"

The colonel found himself groping. "There was an old codger who used to come to the Quiet Birdman meetings. He was always shooting down someone over Ypres. Maybe ——"

"That's him!" the girl cried joyfully. "Never missed a meeting!" She swung toward him and glared. "And don't you get the idea Pop was just any old bum, either! Pop was a gentleman! He just had a little weakness here and there, like anyone could."

"Yes," the colonel tried. "Now ——"

"Oh," she said, "the landing. Well, anyway, Pop died and I'd learned to fly old Betsy, and I rented her out to Ian McKean, and like I said, he wants to fly her through a house."

"Of course," the colonel said, breathing hard. "Certainly."

"He's a movie director. They're making a film about thirty miles from here, up where they grow grapes, like in France."

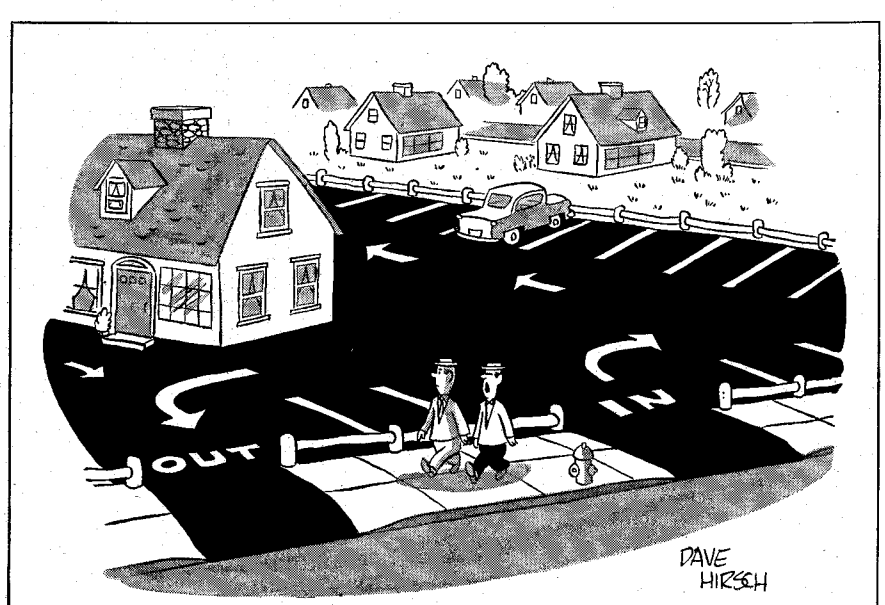
"Oh?"

"Well, part of it's about World War One. The hero shoots down a lot of Germans and gets killed; then he gets reincarnated, or something, and goes to an H-bomb base and gives you jet jockeys the word."

"Or something," the colonel managed.

"Anyway, I didn't mind them using old Betsy, because she's the only one left—not at fifty bucks a day, I didn't—but then I learned that in the last scene they were going to get some stunt pilot to crash her all to pieces, and pay me the amount of money we insured her for."

"I see."



"They entertain a lot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Somehow, in that silly contract, they can do it." She jumped up. "Why, Pop would climb right out of the grave!"

"So you went up and got the airplane?"

"Of course!" the girl cried. "I was going back to Los Angeles, and all of a sudden I was losing power. It's that miserable carburetor, I think. Pop always said they were ornery. So I landed." She added complacently, "Just like I told you."

The colonel looked at her and sighed. She sobered abruptly. "Listen, Pete. I've got to get that thing fixed and get out of here soon. Real soon. Now, if you could just have one of your boys take that carburetor off ——"

The colonel shook his head regretfully and forgot himself. "I'm sorry, honey."

The girl's eyes widened. "Why," she said, "you called me 'honey'!" She did a little dance step. "And in these coveralls too!"

The colonel blushed again. "In Texas everybody's 'honey,'" he said lamely. "Pardon me, Miss Holliston."

"I think I like it," Miss Holliston said. "But—you're sorry?"

"It's strictly against the rules. You see, if our men worked on that airplane the Air Force could be held responsible."

She cocked her head and considered. "Well, maybe you could lend a girl an old pair of wire cutters and a screwdriver?"

The colonel stood up. He had several ideas in mind, all of which seemed to involve himself. Then he noted her beauty again, and a powerful tremor swept over him. He ran for cover automatically. "We'll certainly lend you anything you need. My driver'll take you wherever necessary. Good-by, Miss Holliston."

She stood up, too, and looked disappointed. "I guess these coveralls are a drawback, after all. Good-by, colonel."

He returned to his paper work, but his concentration was poor. He worked for half an hour, then the phone rang. He listened, then strode out to the jeep.

"Back to that Spad," he ordered.

Corporal Jackson seemed reluctant. "Sir," he said finally, "you ain't gonna like this. Why, they got that thing in a hangar, and there's half the mechanics on the base fightin' to take off that carburetor. And the other half's standin' around holding wrenches and ——"

"I don't like it anyway," the colonel said gloomily. "That thing is going to spatter her all over the landscape."

"She don't look expendable, either," the corporal agreed sadly.

They stopped in front of a hangar. Miss Marcy Holliston was surrounded by men and she had a smear of grease on her cheek and she looked positively toothsome.

She said gaily, "Hi, colonel," and waved. "Now listen. I know I've got help, but I just can't help it. I ——"

"You didn't tell me you stole that airplane, Miss Holliston," the colonel said sternly.

She straightened up. "Well, for heavens' sake!" she yelped. "I told you I took it back, didn't I? You want them to fly it through a house?"

"The police called because it was reported stolen and then reported landing here."

"Ha!" the girl said bitterly. "That Ian McKean! And just a few days ago he was holding my hands and looking all starry-eyed!"

"He—was?"

She arched her eyebrows. "Why, didn't you think I'd have any boy friend?"

"Yes," the colonel said hastily. "I suppose he knew you took the airplane?"

"Of course not! Can I help it if those apes out there thought I was just taking it for a test (*Continued on Page 122*)

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(*Continued from Page 120*) hop? And I had a perfect hiding place all picked out too!" she wailed.

"Well," the colonel said uncomfortably, "the movie people are coming down here—several of them. They seemed kind of wrought up."

She bit her lip. She was pleading suddenly, and it made him feel as if he had kicked a small child. "Pete, I can't let them get it!"

He looked unhappy.

"Listen!" the girl pleaded. "You can stall them! We'll get that carburetor fixed somehow. Please!"

"Well," the colonel said doubtfully, "I'll try."

"Pete!" she said warmly. She practically danced. "Now scatter!"

The colonel scattered, and had a feeling that his flaps were down and his air speed falling off fast. He went back to his office and waited. It was but a short time before Mr. Ian McKean was announced; he let him wait a full half hour. Finally Mr. McKean burst in, together with a lawyer and a baldheaded little pilot, and they looked excited. Mr. McKean was a broad-shouldered young man with a sharp crease in his trousers; the colonel disliked him at once.

"I suppose," Mr. McKean said nastily, "this delay was unavoidable, colonel?" He glared. "Where is she? Miss Holliston, I mean?"

The colonel leaned back and frowned. "Miss Holliston?"

Mr. McKean waved arms; the colonel gathered, in no uncertain terms, that Magna Films was spending $5000 a day on location, and without one Spad airplane, production had come to a screaming halt. The lawyer waved a contract; the colonel spread his hands.

"Gentlemen, this is certainly not my affair." Then he found himself, for no accountable reason, thinking of Pop, and the words came easily, "Anyway, I—uh—think that airplane took off some time ago."

"She left?" Mr. McKean gasped.

"I think—it was just some minor trouble."

The lawyer looked shrewd. "Colonel, you have a control tower here. They should be able to give us a positive answer."

He jumped; there seemed to be no way of refusing. The tower, via the squawk box, promptly stated that the Spad had not departed the field.

The lawyer stood up and said, "Do you mind if we look, sir?"

"I—indeed not," the colonel said, reddening. "I'll accompany you myself. Of course, I could be mistaken."

They went on a tour of the flight line, then drove past each hangar. As they approached the last, the colonel sighed and prepared to look surprised. The jeep stopped; they peered in. He was properly surprised; the cavernous interior yawned before them. There were several jets, and a big transport, and a few men; no Spad. He blinked, mystified.

"The tower must have missed her departure," he said wonderingly.

The lawyer gave him a look which spoke eloquently of Air Force efficiency. Mr. McKean waved arms and sputtered futilely. They drove back to Headquarters in a tight silence, and he saw them off. Then he turned on Cpl. Beer Jackson and glared.

"Well, when did she leave? She might have let me know!"

The corporal looked pleased. "She ain't left, sir." He sighed. "Right now she's down at the Noncommissioned Officers Club with about a battalion of guys who don't seem to be on duty and ——"

The colonel's mouth opened, then snapped shut; he stepped into the jeep. "The N.C.O. Club!" he ordered grimly.

Miss Marcy Holliston was sitting at a table drinking soda pop, and she was completely surrounded by men. Her head was thrown back, and she was laughing, and she looked about eighteen.

"Colonel!" she cried. "Isn't it wonderful? The club, I mean! Why, these nice boys have made me a member and ——"

He sat down and suddenly felt foolish. "I—thought you might like to know they've gone," he said lamely.

"Huh?" Marcy said. "Oh, them."

The colonel frowned and stood up. "Miss Holliston, I wouldn't want to be nosy. Not for the world." His voice rose, "But I've spent considerable time trying to keep some very angry civilians from finding an airplane that isn't here. I even told lies, like your Pop. Would it be too much to ask where it is?"

"Old Betsy?" Marcy said happily. "Well, you see, colonel, we just purely couldn't get that carburetor fixed in time. So there was nothing else to do. We hid the airplane."

"Hid it?" the colonel said incredulously. "An airplane? Why, you couldn't!"

"Couldn't?" Marcy cried. "Couldn't? Why, it only took about half an hour to get the wings off. Of course," she added apologetically, "there might have been quite a few of us working."

"The—wings off?"

"We kind of put it in a box," Marcy said gleefully. "You know that big transport plane in the hangar? The Globemaster?"

"Yes. It's a Military Air Transport ship, in for repairs."

"Well, you look inside it! Why, these boys just took the wings off old Betsy and let down the ramp on that big ship and pushed the whole business inside! My, wouldn't I like to have seen Ian McKean's face!"

"No!" the colonel said faintly.

"The carburetor's in town," Marcy added airily. "All I have to do is come back tomorrow and put things back together." She looked at her watch and jumped to her feet. "Goodness, I'm having such a good time I keep forgetting. I have to go."

"I—yes," the colonel said dazedly. "Yes. I—guess so."

She shouted good-by to everyone and got surrounded again; then they walked outside. The sun was going down and the air was balmy. She looked at him sideways. "I was kind of hoping," she said, "you'd offer me a ride home. It's a nice drive."

The colonel pulled himself together. "I'd be glad to," he said, and added automatically, "I'm sure Corporal Jackson wouldn't mind."

Miss Marcy Holliston stopped. She turned and she seemed downright angry. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "What are you, Pete Baldwin—a wooden Indian? Can't you take me yourself? Pop never told me you had two left feet! Why, I could change in two shakes, and there are places with candlelight and dancing ——"

The colonel stopped too. He stared and forgot himself again. "Honey," he said groggily, "I—think I'd like to."

They drove to her home, and she talked of Pop and Spads and TransAir, and the colonel was entranced. After a while she came downstairs in something clinging and white, and he gasped; she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Later, dancing, her head came just up to his chest, and he floated in faint perfume that didn't smell at all like airplanes. Then they stopped in front of her house and she put her arms around him and kissed him. The colonel went into a wild, high-speed spin and co-operated fully. When he finally drew back he felt lightheaded, short of oxygen and completely upset.

Marcy looked awed. "That crack about a wooden Indian, colonel," she managed. "I mean, Pete. I take it back. I take it way back. You are not a wooden Indian at all."

"Yes, I am," Pete said. He thought a minute and added miserably, "And now I have to prove it."

"You have?"

"Listen," Pete said. "I have to be honest. I'm a confirmed bachelor. I don't go around kissing people."

"I see," Marcy said.

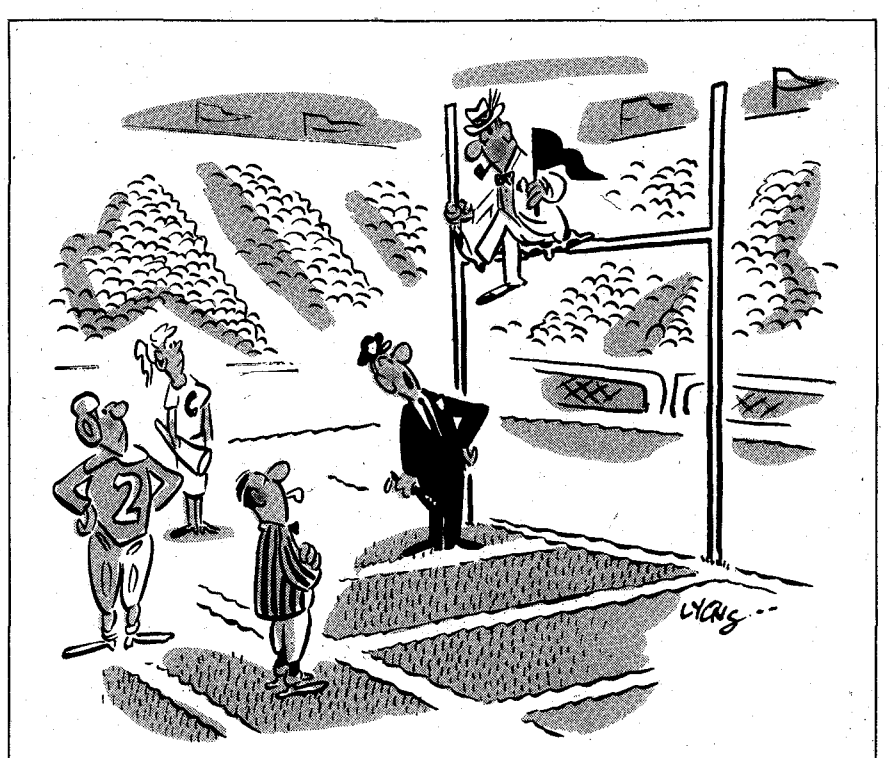
"I'm set in my ways."

"Yes."

"Besides, I'm in service, remember? For good. It means moving from one place with no plumbing where it's hot to another place with no plumbing where it's cold. There's no home."

"Yes."

"Well, you see why, then? I admit you do something to me. I feel funny. But it's impossible."



"Let's see your ticket stub."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I see what you mean," Marcy said.

"Then," he went on desperately, "there's these airplanes. The insurance companies don't like them."

Marcy stirred and sat up. "My goodness, colonel. Don't come all unglued. I understand."

"You do?"

"Of course," Marcy said. "I admit, you kind of make my motor go too. But, you see, I have TransAir, and there's usually plumbing and a lot of nice travel and—everything." She added virtuously, "I wouldn't change it for the world."

"You wouldn't?"

She sighed. "Why, the first thing you know, we'd be in a rut by some old fireplace, and there'd be little ones coming along and ——"

"Little ones!" the colonel choked. He sat up and looked relieved. "Well, anyway, we don't even know each other. We have no idea what we're really like."

"No," Marcy said.

"We'll be friends, from a distance for a while anyway." He added anxiously, "We won't do anything rash."

"No," Marcy said. She patted his cheek and got out and said lightly, "Good night, friend."

He drove off, and found himself confused and strangely unhappy. He went to bed and dreamed of something clinging and white, and awoke feeling like very bad company. Corporal Jackson was waiting to take him to work; the corporal coughed.

"Sir," he said, "you ain't gonna like this."

"Not like what?" the colonel said glumly.

"That Spad," the corporal said. "It sort of—uh—departed, colonel, sir. Right now I would say it was about at Wright Field, back in Ohio."

"It—huh?"

"One of those Air Transport crews came in last night," the corporal said sadly. "The work on the Globemaster was all done, and there was all that stuff for Research and Development at Wright, and the night shift figured the Spad was supposed to go, too, seeing it was all loaded. So they stuck it on the manifest and ——"

"No!" the colonel bleated. "Get me to the office!"

He walked in, and an orderly handed him a message datelined Wright Field. It read:

OFFICIALLY, YOU HAVE MISSHIPPED ONE SPAD AIRPLANE, CIRCA 1917. PLEASE ADVISE PROPER DESTINATION. SIGNED COL. F. WESTON LYONS, COMMANDING. UNOFFICIALLY AND TOP SECRET, BACK HERE WE'RE GETTING READY FOR POSSIBLE WORLD WAR III. WHAT WAR ARE YOU GUYS FIGHTING? SIGNED WESTY.

The colonel groaned. He had a strong feeling that shipping one Spad around the country was about to become an Officers Club classic, with himself as the butt. He cursed Spads, girls that hid them, and the Transport Service, and reminded himself bitterly that it was all the result of getting tangled up with a girl in the first place. The phone rang.

"Hi," Marcy said.

"Good morning," the colonel said cautiously.

"It was a lovely evening," Marcy said happily. "Listen, Pete, worry no more about old Betsy. Ian McKean has been on the phone like crazy, on account of five thousand dollars a day, and he's agreed not to fly her through the house if I'll bring her back to finish the other scenes. He's going to do the crash with models or something. So I told him I'd fly her back there right quick."

"No!" the colonel said hollowly. He took a long breath and explained.

There was silence, then a small explosion. "Well, (*Continued on Page 124*)

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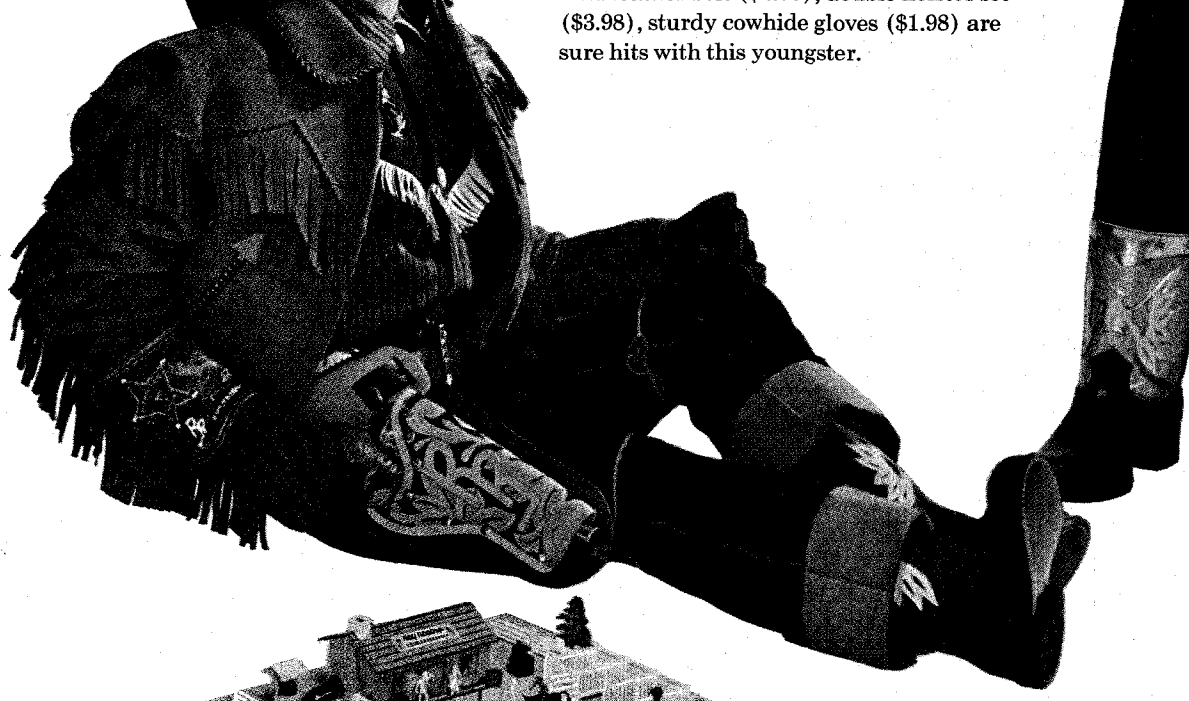

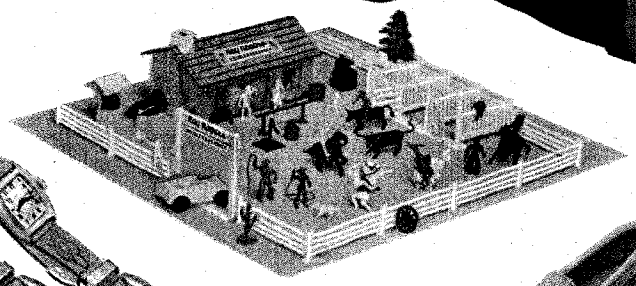

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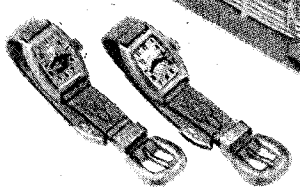

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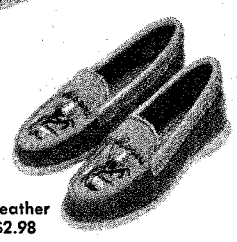

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(*Continued from Page 122*) of all the cotton-pickin' nerve!" Miss Marcy Holliston yelled. "Here I leave her there in a perfectly safe place, and you go pinch my airplane! Wright Field! A low-down, conniving trick I ——"

It was too much; the colonel's feet hit the floor. "Listen!" he yelled. "I did not pinch your airplane! If that isn't just like a woman! What in blazes would I want with that pile of pieces? And who put it there, anyway? I hope they fly it to Europe! I hope ——"

He held the phone away from his ear. "Pile of pieces, is it! Listen, you baboon, you get old Betsy back as fast as one of those buckets of yours will fly! You get on your horse and ——"

The colonel was turning purple. "Miss Holliston! May I remind you it was uninvited? You ——"

The phone went dead. The colonel glared, and dictated a message to Wright Field, curtly requesting the return of one Spad by first available transport. The answer came an hour later:

WILL RETURN SPAD, BUT ONLY BECAUSE, AFTER DUE CONSIDERATION, WE ARE NOT CONVINCED IT WILL STAND UP TO THE RUSSIAN TU-103. IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT. SIGNED WESTY.

The colonel glared again, and sent a brief message:

GO SOAK YOUR HEAD.

Then he rode around the field until he cooled down.

The phone rang all day. First it was Ian McKean, who shrieked threats at the entire United States Air Force. Then it was Marcy, and Ian McKean again. They took turns for two days, and drove the colonel nuts. On the fourth day, when the Spad arrived, Ian McKean was incoherent and Miss Marcy Holliston merely screaming. The colonel broke all rules and set half the personnel on the field to putting it together. Marcy supervised, and looked ravishing, and kept him at an icy distance.

Finally, when the work was complete she drew a line on the floor with one toe and said awkwardly, "Well, thanks, Pete. I know it was all a mistake. I'm sorry." She added, "I don't suppose you'd like to drive up there this afternoon and watch 'em make movies?"

He reminded himself harshly about girls, and said no. But when she took off, he discovered his hands were sweating; the engine sounded like the last gasp of a misspent life. He fidgeted the rest of the morning, and convinced himself that it was not Miss Marcy Holliston, but the fact that he had never seen a movie location. Then he drove the thirty miles in nothing flat.

The location was a field with a background of vineyards, and there were some rickety wooden buildings and the false front of an old château. There were dummy airplanes and camera trucks and sound trucks and World War I uniforms, and people everywhere, and it seemed utter confusion. Ian McKean was giving orders in a loud voice; the colonel saw Marcy standing beside him and walked over.

"Why, Pete!" she cried. "You came!" She added blithely, "Friend!"

"It's part of my education," the colonel said weakly.

Ian McKean did not seem glad to see him at all; he nodded coldly.

Marcy said, "They're about to make part of the crash scene," and explained. "Their pilot's going to fly old Betsy across the field, sort of low and wobbling, right at the château, and they'll make pictures of that. Then at the last second he'll fly on over the thing, and they'll cut the film there. Later, the special-effects boys will make the actual crash with models and splice it on. No breaking up old Betsy!"

Ian McKean gave her a look as if she were a small, willful child, but it managed to be possessive. Then he strode off and added to the confusion elsewhere.

The colonel stood around and waited. Nothing happened. Marcy got involved with a cameraman; he got restless and wandered off and peered into everything. After a while he came to the Spad, at the far end of the field, and eyed it distastefully. Then something caught his eye; he walked over.

Things, he noted in surprise, had been changed. He frowned, and inspected the airplane closely; the frown turned into a scowl. He thought for a moment; then noticed the bald-headed little pilot who had been in his office lounging in the shade.

The colonel sighed, made up his mind and moved in. "You flying this thing?"

"Yeah," the little man said. "Why?"

The colonel looked around, saw no one nearby, and took the little man's arm. He twisted it behind him and pushed him into one of the rickety buildings.

"I think," he said grimly, "I'll fly it. Now, if you'll relax, this won't hurt." He tried doors until he found a dressing room with a lock and pushed him inside and glared. "If you make a sound before I'm in the air, I'll come back and take you apart. Understand?"

The little man looked at him and choked, and believed. "It's—your party," he mumbled. "We don't get paid for fighting."

The colonel locked him in. He found helmet and goggles, and a pair of coveralls to hide his uniform. He was looking about apprehensively and wondering if he was completely off his rocker when the voice of Ian McKean blared through a loud-speaker. "All right! Everyone in position! Get that airplane into the air!"

He wedged himself into the cockpit in sort of a daze; a mechanic appeared and looked at him blankly.

"Change of plans," the colonel announced tersely. "I'm flying it."

The mechanic shrugged. "So who cares who gets killed?"

The colonel groped around the strange controls; the mechanic yelled "Contact!" The engine caught, and sounded like a barrel of scrap metal rolling downstairs. The colonel shuddered, taxied out and opened the throttle.

The Spad bucked; he went down the field in leaps and bounds, then climbed gingerly, and discovered at once that the airplane was unstable, unpredictable, tricky and downright dangerous. He thought wistfully of going off and getting the feel of things; then remembered the fuel supply and shuddered again. He breathed a short prayer and started the run on the old château.

The nose dropped and the speed built up. The guy wires whistled in the wind and the wings trembled. He aimed straight at the building and wobbled. There was a flash of sunlight on lenses beneath him; the building loomed. He held it until the last split second, and when he pulled up the wings actually buckled; his stomach flipped. He thought again of the fuel supply, and groaned, and landed in a hurry. He bounced badly and climbed out, sweating.

He was surrounded immediately, and Mr. Ian McKean was in the lead, looking apoplectic. Then his mouth dropped open. "You!" he choked. "It can't be! Where's Durham? How ——"

The colonel brushed himself off. "I think," he said coldly, "you got all the flying you were supposed to get, Mr. McKean. Only there was no 'accident.'"

Marcy elbowed her way through the crowd. "What gives?" she cried. "Why, it's you!" she finished blankly.

"Miss Holliston!" The colonel swung toward her. "I believe your airplane was going to be flown through that building! I—uh—took the stunt pilot's place!"

Ian McKean was fairly jumping. "Get that lawyer!" he yelled. "I'll have you run in! I'll have ——"

Marcy looked at the colonel in wonder. "No!" she gasped.

He waved awkwardly. "There's been a crash bar built into the cockpit to protect the pilot. There was only a cupful of fuel, so there wouldn't be any fire." He shuddered. "And the wing spars were sawed halfway through to make things come apart easier."

Ian McKean was flat white. "Marcy! We had to! It's got to crash! These model shots look faked! They ——"

Marcy backed off, a hundred pounds of pure dynamite. The slap was a dandy; finger marks appeared on the McKean face. "Telling me you wouldn't do it!" she sputtered. "Taking me out and—and ——" She ran over to the Spad and took a stance beside the cockpit and faced him. "Listen, you double-crossing oaf! From now on, nobody flies this airplane but me! Nobody! Understand?"

Mr. McKean had courage; he stood his ground. "Marcy!" he said hoarsely. "This picture is realism, and you want us to put in a fake crash! We'll pay double for the airplane!" He waved his arms and advanced. "We have a legal contract! So help me, if I have to tie you up myself ——"

There was an interruption at the edge of the crowd; someone was shoving his way through. It was Cpl. Beer Jackson. He saw the colonel and saluted; the colonel looked surprised. "Sir, there was a message for you from Wright Field. I thought it might be important."

He produced a crumpled sheet, and the colonel read it incredulously.

OFFICIALLY, IMPORTANT YOU HOLD SPAD AIRCRAFT, OR NOTIFY US ITS WHEREABOUTS. ENGINEER INSPECTING IT HERE DESCRIBED UNUSUAL EARLY FRENCH ENGINE MOUNT DESIGN TO HEAD OF STRUCTURAL STRESS RESEARCH, WHO THINKS IT HAS BEEN OVERLOOKED AND POSSIBLY ADAPTABLE TO PRESENT DAY AIRCRAFT. HE IS ANXIOUS TO STUDY. ADVISE. UNOFFICIALLY, MAYBE WE ARE FIGHTING THE WRONG WAR BACK HERE AFTER ALL. WE WILL GO SOAK OUR HEADS.

The colonel grinned and handed it to Marcy, who read it and let out a yell. "Yipe!" she chortled. "Old Betsy!" She turned on Ian McKean and waved the message. "Listen, oaf! I'm turning this airplane over to the United States Air Force, as of right now. They want it, understand? And you'd better not meddle!"

The colonel seemed to be grinning all over. He turned to Corporal Jackson. "Corporal, as of right now, you're guarding this airplane. No one is to so much as lay a finger on it. Is that clear?"

The corporal marched over to the airplane and looked truculent. "Yessir!" he said happily.

Ian McKean seemed beyond words. "You can't get away with it!" he squeaked. "I'll ——" He looked at Cpl. Beer Jackson and at the colonel for a long, agonizing moment.

They stared back; it was a very imposing view. Mr. McKean choked and turned away; he practically slunk.

The colonel took Marcy's arm, and they seemed to be walking toward the vineyards. She said happily, "Pete, you saved old Betsy!" and added, "Of course, I'll fly her to Wright Field for them. I'll ——"

The colonel stopped. "Listen," he said. "Beginning now, you aren't going to fly old Betsy at all. Ever. She's unstable, and unpredictable, and tricky, and downright dangerous, and you'll break your neck."

"Ha!" Marcy said. She stopped, too, and there were bright spots on her cheeks. "Who says I'm not? Just who are you to be giving me orders, colonel?"

"Well, look," the colonel said uncomfortably. "I—uh—sort of thought over what we were talking about the other night. About getting in a rut by a fireplace and things."

"You—did?"

"There's—uh—plumbing in some of the places the Air Force sends people," the colonel heard himself saying. "We really wouldn't be doing anything very rash. We ——"

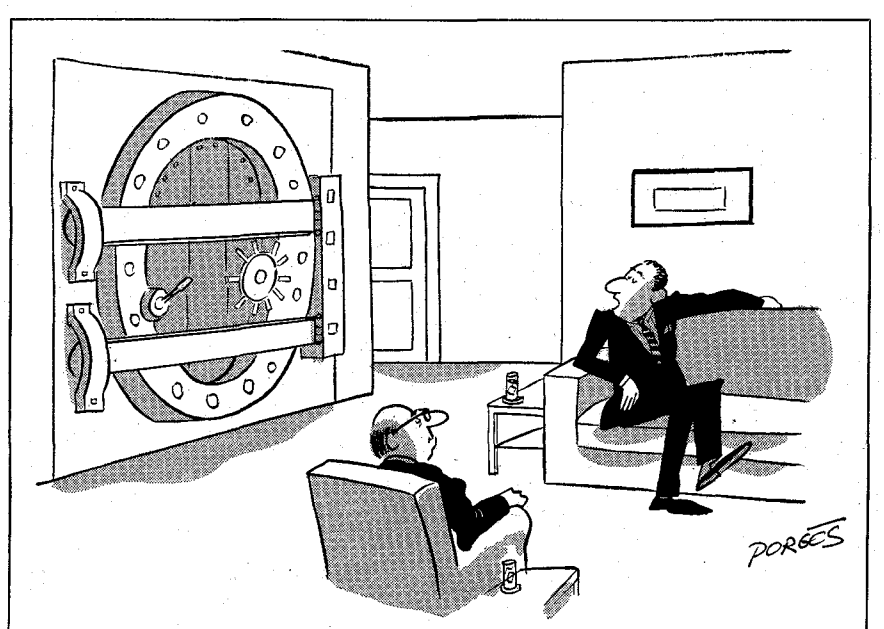
"Of course not!" Marcy cried. "I never did think so! But for a few minutes there, you had me telling lies almost as fast as Pop!" She added innocently, "Why, if I hadn't listened to him, I never would have had that emergency landing in the first place."

"You wouldn't—what?"

"The carburetor was lovely," Marcy said. "It was just that he gave you such a terrific build-up, I got curious."

"Someday," the colonel said, awed, "I'll find out what you're really like."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Marcy cried impatiently. "Can't you kiss me now and maybe get a clue?" THE END



"Looks like you've been doing all right for yourself."

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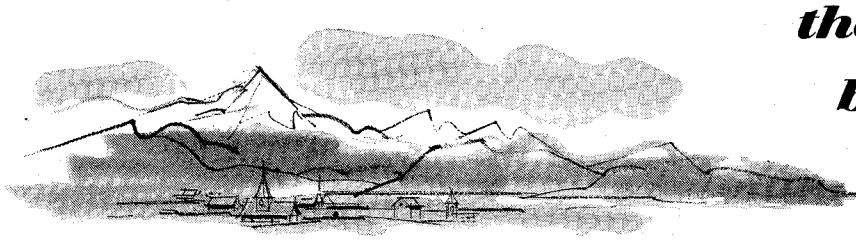

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Her Big Moment (Continued from Page 26)

But this was the year they awarded the Minerva, the bronze figurine of the Goddess of Wisdom, to the woman who had made the finest contribution to humanity in the decade after graduation. Of course, everyone knew who would get it. The judges could scarcely overlook Eleanor Burtram's list of civic and charitable activities for the past ten years. And, dear heaven, what a bore they had been!

Her mouth began to feel dry now, her head pounded ever so slightly. If only Nan and Joel hadn't been sobbing all over the place when she left, insisting she had promised to go on a picnic with them. Of course she had promised. She promised them tons of things on Clara's day off, to keep them quiet. Well, let Clara manage it.

Her head was getting worse. A quick look down the quiet road and she took her silver flask from the glove compartment. Just a quick one would get her through the reunion luncheon. As she drank from a paper cup, she wondered idly what had become of that little prig, Carol, who had caught her climbing in the dorm window at four A.M. before graduation.

Eleanor smiled to herself. How easy it had been. Carol had ambitions. An invitation for a weekend at Eleanor's home had done the trick. Carol, who did so want to live graciously.

The quiet diesel engine threaded its way through the maze of tracks and picked up speed outside Philadelphia. Carol Scott, Ph.D. in child psychology and author of those best sellers regarded as a must for mothers, looked out of her compartment window and recognized the familiar landmarks that led to Crayburn College.

For the third time, she checked over her appearance. The touch of subdued lipstick was just right for her thin mouth. The make-up base lightened her rather dark skin and brought out the blue black of her hair. Carefully, she replaced a hairpin in the chignon at the back of her head. She had been right not to get an Italian haircut. She looked far more distinguished with long hair. No one would ever know part of it was false.

She tilted her smart black sailor, her first from Mr. Thomas, and inspected her faultless nylon seams. Then she pulled irritably at the expensive but understated gray suit, Size 14. It had been worth it at that—the dieting—even though she was hungry and cross most of the time. No one but a fool appeared on the lecture platform looking like a tub of lard. It was simply a matter of self-control.

Dr. Carol Scott prided herself on control—control of her publisher husband, control of her perfectly appointed New York apartment, and certainly control of her six-year-old son, John. Unconsciously she chewed on her lipstick.

The letter from John's headmaster yesterday. Really, it was so stupid. Of course, John was young to be in boarding school. But according to her tests, he fitted perfectly into such an environment. Merely a matter of adjustment.

And how smoothly things had run since he had gone to school. She was free to lecture. Her agent had booked her solid all spring. And she had finished the first draft of another book, Mother and Child Relationship.

Darrell, her husband, had been difficult. But, then, Darrell was always wanting to move to the country. It was just one of those things she had to control. Just when she had what she wanted, she had no intention of becoming a suburban nobody or even a city nobody like her father.

She could still remember that drab apartment she had grown up in. Her father taught musty archaeology courses at Columbia University. He wrote monographs no one read except her mother. They lived a dull life, knowing nothing of good food, decent antiques or modern furniture. They entertained the department once a year at a Christmas-carol sing.

Dr. Carol Scott shuddered and with well-trained mental reflexes changed her mental image to a more pleasant one of her own quiet, well-equipped study, the modern-décor living room where discreet cocktail parties were held for prominent authors. And the gracious dining room where she gave those intimate little dinners between lecture tours. The Minerva award would look nice on the black-marble mantel. Of course, it would go to her. Her name was a household word in child care.

The porter came to get her impeccable matched luggage. She fought down her usual morning hunger pangs and wondered what had become of that gauche Opal Kettrische at Crayburn who could eat mountains of sweets without gaining an ounce. Probably weighed 160 by now.

Karen Kettrick let the script she was reading fall into the seat beside her as the DC-7 hurtled through the vast blue sky, nosing its way arrogantly above the cotton-white clouds.

She felt a strange stirring of excitement, the kind she had known long ago with her first screen test, her first picture. This would be her first return to Crayburn College in ten years. She wouldn't have missed it for all the rave notices in Hollywood.

There had been plenty of rave notices—the wolf-whistle kind at first; then, after she had gone to dramatic school, the reviews had spoken of her "depth of feeling and emotional projection." She had become more than another green-eyed redhead, 36-23-34.

Karen accepted a cup of coffee from the wide-eyed stewardess. Crayburn! How she hated that school! Sure, she had been there. Crayburn gave two scholarships a year to deserving females. Made the board feel generous. And the other students, each worth a fortune on the hoof, were supposed to feel tolerant and democratic.

She ran a well-manicured hand through her natural auburn hair as the bitter memories cemented that invisible chip on her shoulder. Somewhere far below the luxurious plane was the coal-mining town where she had lived. The company house which clung to the side of the hill like a wasp nest, and much the same color. Somewhere down there was the dime store where she had worked, the high school where she had studied. Studied because she learned early that her beauty would get her to Pittsburgh, but only brains would get her where she wanted to go.

Down there, too, was Crayburn College, where she had enrolled that September with her hard-won scholarship. She had not known her clothes were too garish, her walk too provocative, her speech too loud. Opal May—that had been her name then—Opal May Kettrische.

She had tried to be friendly, but there had been laughter behind her back. No one invited her home for holidays. No indulgent father tooled up in a big car for visits. No glamorous mother dropped by with a new formal en route to Bermuda. And no boys from the Ivy League asked her to house parties.

Four long years she had walked the lonely road, graduating with distinction in geology. She had liked the honest security of rocks. Then had come the oil-company job in California and Ted Welborn, petroleum engineer. It might have been just a normal boy-meets-girl thing, but a talent scout spotted her at a bus stop and the great American success story went on from there. Public wedding, public honeymoon, public life.

Now Karen Kettrick was at her peak, and she meant to flaunt her success right in the face of the Crayburn College alumnae. Of course, she would get the Minerva award. Who else had the world-wide reputation of Karen Kettrick? The figurine would go nicely with the Oscar she had won last year.

It should have been a perfect holiday. But Ted had spoiled it with that retire-and-let's-have-a-family routine. "You have all the money you'll need. Are you going on until you have to take character parts or keep whacking years off your age and play with leading men ten years your junior? Use your head, Karen. I've found a wonderful place in the valley. I own part of the company. I could even support twins!"

Karen tried not to remember the tight, hurt look on Ted's craggy brown face when she had told him curtly she would be in Italy for two months. She couldn't let down her public.

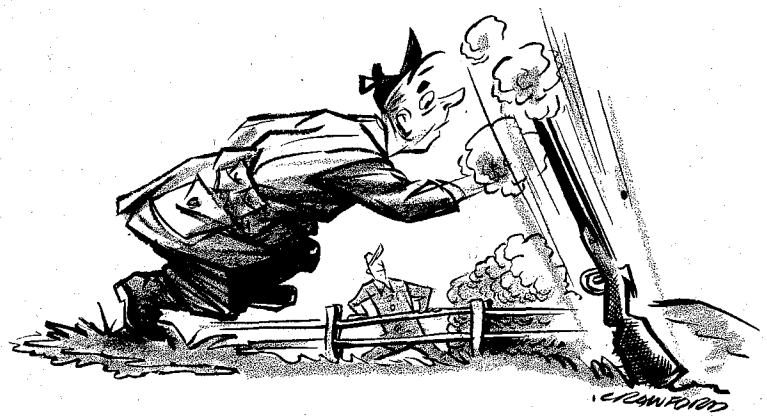
"I'm your husband, Karen. I'm moving to the place in the valley. I want a wife and mother for my children, not a public property."

She pushed the ultimatum into the back of her mind and fastened her seat belt as she saw the mousy little woman across the aisle stare at her in sudden recognition. She wondered what had become of that colorless character she used to room with at Crayburn—that other "leper" with a scholarship. Nancy something or other.

The local bus plodded slowly through the heavy traffic of Philadelphia and coughed with relief as the open country appeared. Nancy Wilson eagerly watched the miles roll by, her plain face a mirror of anticipation—her tenth reunion at Crayburn College!

It had been a long trip from Elmville, Ohio, but she hadn't minded. Even sleeping on the bus had been an adventure, her first vacation in ten years. She brushed the lint from her navy-blue suit, the one that had been let out and taken in so often. Carefully, she adjusted the crisp white-linen blouse, the nicest she had ever owned.

As the road grew more familiar, she stood up in her brand-new pumps and took down the precious hatbox, admiring all over again the pretty bit of navy frippery with its white flowers and nylon veil. She wore a hat so little, except to church, it did seem a luxury. But her husband had been firm. "Live it up, honey. This is your big moment!"



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Horatius, eagerly rabbit hunting, stumbled over a tree root. His shotgun flew out of his grasp. As it landed on its butt, it discharged its shot into his hand. Luckily, a game warden rushed over with a first-aid kit and bandaged the wounds. Horatius was about to thank him when he arrested Horatius for careless hunting.

"So many hunters shoot themselves or their fellows that state law provides that anyone who injures himself or another shall have his hunting license revoked," the warden stated at the trial. "Whether or not Horatius was really careless, the fact remains that he injured himself. Therefore he should lose his license."

"That law obviously was designed to keep careless people from using firearms," Horatius replied. "It was intended to apply only in instances of carelessness, not where a hunter was unlucky enough to stumble over a root barely sticking up out of the ground. So it shouldn't apply to me."

If you were the judge, would you revoke Horatius' license?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Horatius kept his license. The court ruled that as the purpose of the law was to prevent careless handling of firearms, it should apply only to obvious carelessness. It agreed with Horatius that the tree root was to blame for his injury.

Based upon a 1956 Pennsylvania decision.

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Well, she guessed it was. Imagine seeing all those girls she had lived with! Of course, she had never really known any of them very well, being on a scholarship, but to a farm girl, Crayburn had been wonderful, and for free. Her own alma mater. She wondered who would get the Minerva award. There were so many famous people in her class.

The bus rolled to a stop at the college station. Nancy Wilson pulled on her clean white gloves and picked up the same suitcase she had used ten years ago.

Tom Owens put down his brief case in the hall of Wister House, Crayburn College, and waited for Homer Puckney to get his camera gear reallocated.

The gay laughter and happy twittering of sixty women beat on his ears like an aviary at early dawn. "Do we have to go into that bear pit?"

Homer wearily put down his tripod. "Yeah, we go into that bear pit and dig out a dame that looks like Monroe, has class like Kelly, and has contributed to humanity."

"How can we get a spread for KNOW magazine out of that? Why not wait for the award winner tonight?"

"Might not be what we want. Straighten your sincere tie and go ask the receptionist for the cards these gals filled out."

Together, the fragmentary staff of KNOW magazine crouched on one of the *moderne* love seats and thumbed through the cards. Homer muttered to himself as he flipped one out of every ten onto Tom's brief case.

"Eleanor Burtram, Philadelphia Main Line—two brats. Nah, same old society routine. Dr. Carol Scott—one kid. Won't do. She'd sell her grandmother for publicity. M'm-m-m-m—Karen Kettrick. Oh, you beautiful doll!"

Tom Owens clutched the card. "You mean she went to school here! Let's go!"

Homer pulled him back. "Down, boy! The boss doesn't want cheesecake. He wants something simple, American. Something that gets him here." Homer thumped his chest through an unbelievable hand-painted tie.

He went on sorting cards. Suddenly he held one up, his jowls quivering with pleasure. "Here she is, Buster! Take a look! Husband owns a hardware store in small Ohio town. Average income, no servants, kids. Got it. Barge on into the dining room and locate this babe."

They started table-hopping in search of Nancy Wilson, class of 1946.

Homer snapped a few random shots as he went, knowing it made every woman feel noticed and important. Then he got Owens' signal from a nearby table. As he stepped into position and raised his flash camera, he saw just what he had expected.

Eleanor Burtram pretended to be utterly unaware of his presence, but she put down her fork and turned on a luminous smile. Dr. Carol Scott quickly lifted her head to eliminate the shadow of a double chin. Karen Kettrick, from force of habit, turned slightly to the right, her best profile shot.

Nancy Wilson went right on eating. How wonderful it was to eat without children climbing over her, bottles to be held, chins to wipe. She was savoring every minute of her holiday.

"Over here, Mrs. Wilson, please," Homer called softly. Nancy looked up and the flashlight popped.

Homer Puckney experienced one of those rare moments when he knew he had a pay bonus in his camera. He had taken an unposed picture of a rather plain young woman whose face was glowing with wonder, her eyes shining with surprised happiness.

As the luncheon ended, Owens singled out Nancy Wilson and guided her to a long sofa near the window where Homer had set up his camera. Eleanor Burtram usurped the seat next to Nancy. Naturally, KNOW magazine just wanted sidelights for the Minerva presentation. Not that Nancy could contribute anything to the Eleanor Burtram story, but one must humor the press.

Carol Scott quickly sat down on the other side of Nancy. The young reporter was taking a very original approach, asking Nancy Wilson about Doctor Scott, the author. Sort of a woman-in-the-street thing, she supposed.

Karen Kettrick draped herself over the back of the sofa, as she had for a hundred interviews. What could make a fresher Kettrick story than a former Kettrick roommate at Crayburn College? She really must lend Nancy a decent dress for the dinner tonight.

But the interview did not concern Eleanor Burtram, Carol Scott or Karen Kettrick. It was the story of Nancy Wilson and how she grew. Her childhood on a small farm in Ohio. The big family. The good times and hard times. The Sunday-school picnics and the Grange dances.

Nowadays a father is more likely to take after his son—especially when he's looking for the family car.

O. A. BATTISTA

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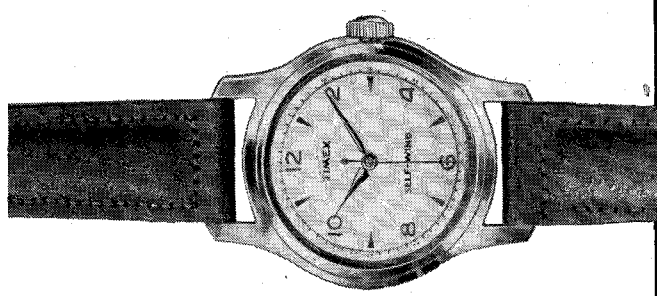

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Then the hard-won scholarship to Crayburn College. Graduation and the year of teaching. Meeting Eddie Wilson, buying the hardware store on time. Stretching the budget to make a down payment on the rambling old house at the edge of town.

Tom Owens wrote rapidly. "How many children do you have, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Just six. Jerry and Jack, the twins, are eight. Mary is six, Tom is four, Alice is three, and Fred is eighteen months."

Homer Puckney took a wonderful shot of three very stunned young women.

Eleanor Burtram recovered first. "But, darling, of course you have help. I organized a wonderful mothers'-helper course at our community center ——"

"No, I don't need any help. My mother and the in-laws give me a hand, and Eddie's so good with kids. The older ones take care of the younger ones too."

Dr. Carol Scott assumed her advice-from-the-platform air. "Of course, I'm sure with that many, the sibling relationship causes a number of deteriorating complexes. I always recommend that ——"

Nancy patted Carol's well-cared-for hand. "Oh, Carol, they all get along just fine. Sure they fight, but that's how they learn to share. They're all so busy taking care of dogs, ponies and rabbits that I don't think they have time to get complexes!"

Karen Kettrick turned on the smile famous from Broadway to Hong Kong. "Had I only known, Nancy dear, I would have visited you before I played the role of governess in my last picture, She Walks Alone."

Nancy looked stricken. "Karen, the twins had measles and I didn't get to see your picture!"

Tom Owens had it all down now—a story which had unfolded better than a well-packed parachute. "Any pictures of the kids, Mrs. Wilson?"

Nancy opened her plastic purse and brought out a strip of pictures. Everyone looked at the twins holding their little brother on an elderly pony, two pretty little girls romping with a waggish collie, and a bright-eyed baby clutching a fat white rabbit.

Flash bulbs went off as alumnae crowded around, admiring the pictures, chattering with surprise:

"How does she do it?"

"Six children!"

"How does she manage?"

Tom Owens tried to make himself heard above the hubbub, "Mrs. Wilson, what do you belong to back home?"

"Just my family, I guess."

Several women glanced covertly at Eleanor Burtram, who belonged to at least twenty organizations.

"One more question, Mrs. Wilson. In bringing up six children, what method do you use?"

"Love and cherish, mostly."

Young Mr. Owens didn't quite follow. "Who is the author, Mrs. Wilson?"

Nancy Wilson laughed as though Freddy had tried a somersault and didn't make it. "It isn't a book. I do just like my mother did with us. Just 'love and cherish.' I guess we all need to be loved and cherished, whether we're two or thirty-two!"

Dr. Carol Scott made a last try to control the situation. "I'll send you one of my books, Nancy. I'm sure you realize children have to have some guidance."

Nancy tried to look grateful, as Homer Puckney caught the laughter in her eyes with a quick picture. "Thank you, Carol, but with my batch of youngsters I don't read anything except nursery rhymes and the first-aid manual!"

Then the glamorous Karen Kettrick laughed. Not the discreet Hollywood version, but a real Opal May Kettrische laugh. She started to hum under her breath an old song her father used to sing, "I took my harp to the party, and nobody asked me to play!"

She pulled Nancy away from the crowd of admirers. "Come on. Let's go unpack."

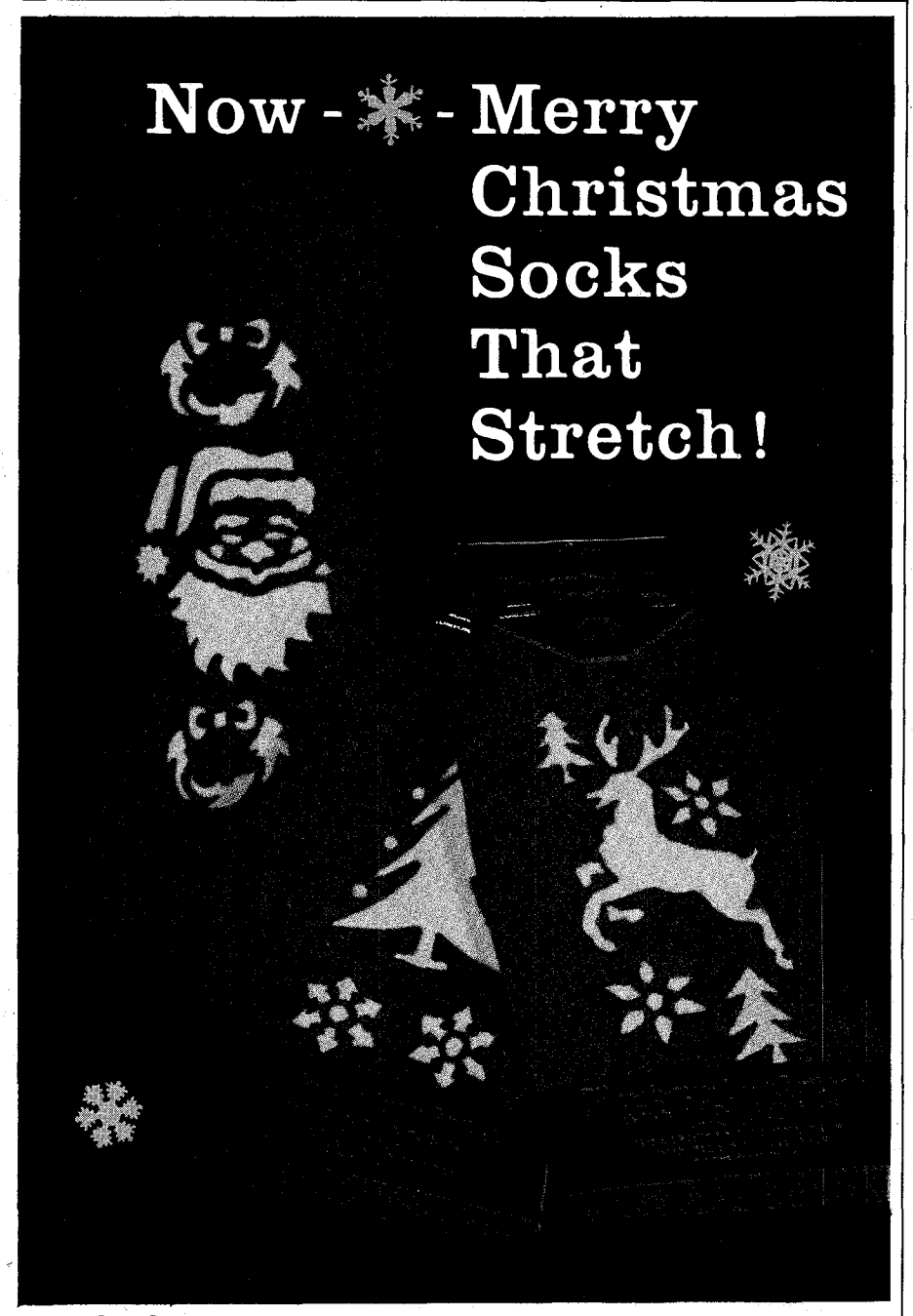
Eleanor Burtram was getting bored with the reunion. She was tired of watching the parade of mink stoles and good little suits. She was fed up with women advertising that their husbands had gone up fast. And she was weary of seeing others conceal their economic bitterness with the clichés, "Naturally, we prefer a small house. Display is so vulgar!"

Quickly, she got up and left. She drove her convertible to the town square, parked in front of a bar where it said "No Parking," and went in alone.

Dr. Carol Scott watched Eleanor leave, annoyed that she had not been invited to go along. She moved away from a group where the laughter was too loud, the voices too raucous. Really, what could they find to talk about after ten years?

She looked through the French doors at the rolling campus, where already small groups were fanning out over the green acres, arms locked, heads bent in endless conversation. She pulled at her girdle and wished she hadn't eaten the lemon pie for lunch.

Well, there was no point in wasting time. With no backward look, Carol Scott hailed a taxi in front of Wister Hall and paid her fare at the Browse and Read Nook in the village. She noticed that her latest book was not in the window. She



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It was a fair race, madam, and I won!"

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knew now what she could do with the long afternoon. A shop owner always liked to have an author autograph.

Karen Kettrick sat on the middle of the cluttered dormitory bed in her nylon slip, hands clasped around her famous legs, and watched Nancy Wilson hang up clothes.

"You haven't changed a bit, Nancy, even with six brats. You always did do the dirty work for me and for a lot of other people. Hanging up my clothes, sewing ripped seams for Eleanor Burtram, writing themes for Carol Scott."

Nancy smiled as she smoothed a Hollywood evening gown into place on a hanger. "But I liked it, Karen. I never minded. You were all so nice to me. I never dreamed you would come back, being such a big-time star. I just can't believe we're in the same room."

The phone jangled noisily under Karen's elbow. "Yes, I'll be right down. Anything you want. Set it up around the campus." She leaped off the bed and dived into a blue sheath dress with the deceptively simple look. "Publicity man just got in. I have to do the old-grad, dear-old-Crayburn routine in pictures yet." She ran a comb through her hair. "Want to wear that dress you just hung up for the dinner tonight? Look nice on you."

Nancy shook her head. "Thanks, Karen. It's a lovely dress, but Eddie picked out the one I brought. He'd be hurt if I didn't wear it."

Karen did a double take at the pale pink chiffon from the Elmville Style Shoppe and Nancy's face, which held no envy. "Sure, honey. Your Eddie must be a great guy. Don't let him down."

Karen Kettrick spent the afternoon posing gracefully against the Good Luck Boulder, the chapel steps and the Little Theater, in which she had never played.

Nancy Wilson slept two blessed hours with no children's cries or calamities to waken her. Then she dressed carefully in a fresh skirt and blouse, and went to see her old English professor.

"I suppose it doesn't seem right to you that I remember Keats and Wordsworth while I am washing dishes or waxing floors, but with six children I don't have much time to read. The remembrance of your lectures helps me get over the hard places sometimes."

The fragile old man insisted she have more tea. "I can't think of a better use for Keats or Wordsworth. Many girls come here, Nancy. But so few carry anything away for later use."

Dinner at the long tables ablaze with the traditional candlelight was more subdued than the luncheon. The tense coils of talk were almost unwound. After exchanging brags and complaints about husbands, children and houses. After recalling campus escapades which did not seem nearly so amusing now. After the name droppers had exhausted their repertoires and place droppers had reached the end of their tiresome travelogues, tongues were tired, voices stilled.

The speeches dragged on, laden with sentiment and the old school tie. A few of the perpetual "old grads" even worked up a few tears for the bright gone years. But most of the listeners had reached the turning point. Their minds leaped ahead to tomorrow. Where were their husbands? Would a roast do for dinner? Was junior's cold worse?

But with the last speaker interest revived. The president was talking now, her patrician hand clutching the coveted Minerva she was about to award. "—— for wisdom achieved during the past ten years from which has come the most valuable contribution to home, community and country, the Minerva this year is awarded to a wife, mother and alumna of Crayburn, Nancy Wilson."

Eleanor Burtram poured herself another drink before she went wearily to bed in the single dormitory room. How could Nancy Wilson have that radiant look! She had seemed almost pretty. And all that talk about putting the children to bed—the warm brown arms around her neck, the last-minute mischief, the sleepy rumpled heads. She had never put her own children to bed in her life.

She tossed restlessly and took a sleeping pill. Love and cherish—that's what Nancy had said. *I'll quit drinking*, she promised herself drowsily. *I'll take the children on picnics—ride, play with them.* She let out a long sigh, like a tired swimmer suddenly reaching a convenient life raft. Then she slept.

Carol Scott swallowed a headache tablet and looked at her angry face in the bathroom mirror. That tiresome train trip, the bookshop not stocking her books, and then the Wilson girl winning the Minerva.

She sat by the window and watched the campus lights wink out. What was there about Nancy Wilson's face? Serenity—that was it. Serenity all mothers should have. She drew back from such a corny phrase, but the cry of her own frightened child as she had put him on the train for boarding school scratched like chalk against the blackboard of her smooth mind. Perhaps he was too young for school. She'd stop off tomorrow on her way home and take him to lunch—really talk to him. Finally she, too, slept, face massaged, chin strap in place.

Mañana

By Blanche K. Freeman

As I grow old, I hope I'll grow
more mellow;
Less quick to criticize the other
fellow.

More generous, too; I'll know
the joy of giving;
Hand on my treasures, simplify
my living.

I'll burn my souvenirs of old
romances,
Tie up the loose ends of my
frayed finances.

I'll write my will; I'll regulate
my diet,
Cut out late hours and lead a
life more quiet.

Hunt up a home where lone
old ladies gather
In lavender and lace, discussing
woes and weather.

Sometime I'll have to face
these questions weighty,
But not today. No rush. I'm
only eighty.

(An interesting item about Miss Freeman's age may be found in Keeping Posted, page 138.)

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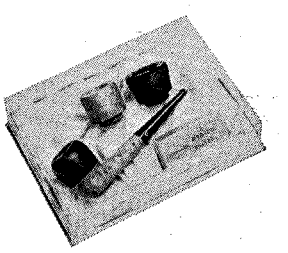

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Nancy Wilson took off her no-iron cotton robe and tumbled wearily into bed. How wonderful it had all been! People she had never known well in school asking her about formulas, discipline, eating problems. Pictures taken. Faculty congratulations. Just as though she were someone important. She looked at the Minerva on the bedside table. It was really hers. How the children would love it. How proud Eddie would be!

Karen Kettrick walked alone on the dark campus. No need for publicity releases: "Movie star wins Minerva." The alumnae had not been impressed by glamorous Karen Kettrick. They took to their hearts a plain woman with six children.

She had never thought much about Nancy until now, but suddenly she realized that her former roommate had a quiet maturity, a strength and poise never evident in those Crayburn-scholarship days. Nancy Wilson was a happy woman, complete and content. "I envy her," Karen marveled. "I envy a small-town girl from Ohio."

The air was cooler now. She wished for a sweater. She thought of the expensive cashmere Ted had given her for Christmas. It had been the wrong color. She remembered now she had never worn it and Ted had never commented. It was just a little thing, but there were big things too. A marriage strangled by publicity and too many contracts.

She passed the Good Luck Boulder and touched the rough surface where so many people had wished for so many things. Then she hurried across the dark campus to Wister Hall. As she opened the door to her room, she saw the moonlight glint on the Minerva figurine. What was it Nancy had said—"We all need to be loved and cherished, whether we are two or thirty-two."

She was glad Nancy was asleep, for suddenly the tears came, an unfamiliar sight on a famous face.

The morning sun lay bright and eager on the steps of Wister Hall as the little groups broke up with trailing good-bys, invitations everyone knew would never be accepted, and promises to write that would never be kept.

The old grads tried to keep from their eyes the knowledge that the years cannot be turned back, the happy days relived. Crayburn revisited. The reunion was over.

Eleanor Burtram turned her convertible off the macadam road onto the traffic-jammed freeway, already anticipating the perfect picnic. She could almost hear the happy cries of children wading in a brook.

But the sun grew hot, the traffic wearing. She had had only coffee for breakfast. She needed a pickup. The next town. Just some coffee. She stopped at a gas station. A foreign car shot across her path.

The young man with the dark crewcut bounded out of the low, rakish seat. "Eleanor! What are you doing up at this ghastly hour? You look like you've had it!"

He tossed a bill to the man at the gas pump. "Fill them both up. We'll be over at Pete's bar across the street." Eleanor smiled eagerly at her best friend's husband. With the first drink, she forgot about the picnic.

Carol Scott arranged herself neatly in her compartment and wondered if her son would be really glad to see her. All children loved surprises.

Then the conductor handed her a telegram. She scanned the contents. Would she fill in today as guest speaker in Philadelphia to a national preschool group? Triumphantly she scribbled a gracious acceptance and sent it off.

Quickly she started jotting down notes for that important opening paragraph. "The new concept of child care. The larger family. Really a preview of my new book. Title, Love and Cherish."

She had forgotten her son who was too young to be in boarding school.

Karen Kettrick put on her dark glasses and walked briskly through the Philadelphia air terminal. At the ticket office she canceled her flight to New York.

After that, she sent a wire to her husband: "Coming home to stay. Love and cherish. Karen."

Then she sat down to wait for her westbound plane.

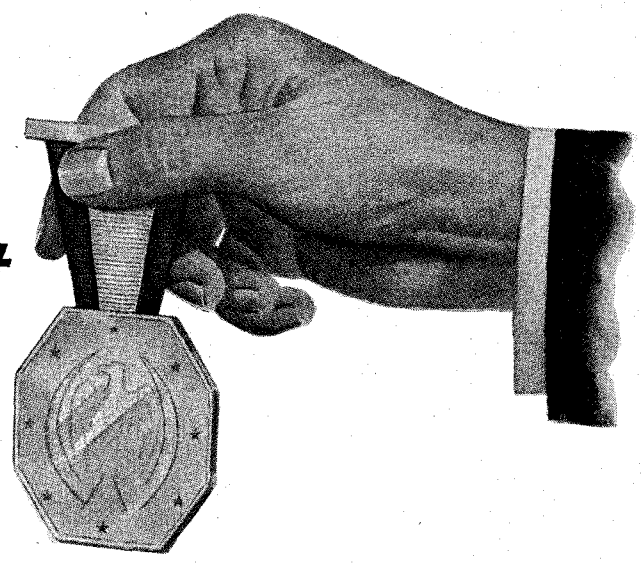
Nancy Wilson put her head against the shabby seat cover of the bus and let the fields and orchards rush by. What a wonderful two days it had been!

Strange how things rub off on you from others, she mused. *I feel prettier, just having looked at Eleanor Burtram. I must be more intelligent, having been with Carol Scott. And I know I've got star dust in my hair from sleeping in the same room with Karen Kettrick. If only I could have given something to them in return.*

Then her mind rushed joyously ahead to Eddie, the children, relatives, friends and neighbors who would meet the bus in Elmville. Carefully, like a brimming cup, she held her handbag, for in it lay the wonderful Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom.

THE END

How would you pin a medal on a fleet of dining cars?



For the first time in history a transcontinental railroad has been awarded a Special Citation for its entire operating fleet of 98 dining and lounge cars, by the Surgeon General's office of the U. S. Public Health Service.

This award wasn't accomplished by a single effort. It is the cumulative result of many years of constant vigilance in keeping with Union Pacific's high standards of service and sanitation.

The honor rightly belongs to the 1500 people in the Union Pacific Dining Car Department who, working together, have made possible this Special Citation—people who are keenly aware of their responsibility to public health.

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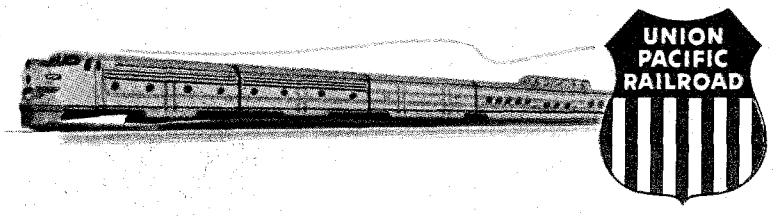
Union Pacific Railroad
Granted in recognition of the Company's
contribution to public health
as evidenced by the award of a
PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE CERTIFICATE OF SANITATION
to each operating dining car
during 1956
September 10, 1956

(L to R) L. H. Male and M. C. Hope, U. S. Public Health Service, presenting award to E. Hicks, Vice President, and J. Hansink, Manager, Dining Car Dept., Union Pacific Railroad.



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An Island of Their Own (Continued from Page 31)

therapy, there are the adventuresome few who finally succumb to the blandishments of their imaginations, cut stakes and strike out for the land of shorts, sand fleas, coral-ringed lagoons and planter's punches at five.

If the spiritual reach of these southbound pilgrims is short and their bank balance long, they will probably come to light in some tropical suburbia such as Nassau or the north shore of Jamaica, join the local whist and golf clubs, visit their stateside children once a year and happily live out their allotted span plus ten. The truly dedicated escapists, however, will have no truck with such dilettantism. They want an island of their own—or one they can share with a few other hardy fundamentalists—where they can live exactly as they please, without schedules, social distractions or touristing firemen—without anything, in fact, but the palm trees, the beaches, their own long thoughts and, perhaps, a child of nature to do up the house for one dollar a week.

There are plenty of primitive islands in the Caribbean. They are called the out-islands. An out-island is a piece of land of indeterminate size and shape, surrounded by blue and green water and invested with every inconvenience known to man. The out-island is invariably either flat as a parking lot or as rugged as an Alp. In dry weather the out-islander can bake bread on his porch; during what are called the wet spells he has to scrape the mold off his morning coffee. There is seldom any electricity on an out-island, drinking water is collected in a bucket under the rainspout, and the sewage system is right around the corner. If there are any local stores on an out-island, they usually stock their shelves with World War II surplus canned goods, and if the householder wants a new wick for his kerosene cookstove he has to have it sent by slow boat from Birmingham—U.S.A. or England. When the out-islander wants to get off his lonely paradise he has to wait till old Sam has a load of pigs or charcoal and a fair wind for the nearest outpost of civilization. The child of nature on the out-island, when she wants to work, usually opens negotiations by quoting you chapter and verse from your home state's minimum-wage law.

This brief introduction to the problems of getting away from it all, tropical-island fashion, is necessary for a proper understanding of the Phillipses' unique accomplishment. For, sad to relate, what that part of the world calls the "Yonkee mon" and the undeveloped tropical island are not always perfect complements; to find the tropic isle where you can live in shorts and a beard and still enjoy ice cubes and flush toilets, that is the problem. The Phillipses, by virtue of good luck, good judgment, hard work and an act of Congress seem to have hit upon this very combination, and the fact that they are sharing it with others has presented them with a brand-new, autumnal career.

It takes two to make a success of island living. There is, first, the island and then the settler—or, preferably, a happily mated pair of settlers. In this case, our refugees from work and winter enjoyed one initial advantage in that they had no misconceptions about tropical living. The Phillipses, indeed, had never even thought of a coral strand when their lives started the first glacial progress toward a tropic sea.

"Floride and I," recalls Walter, "started hunting for a retirement home about ten years ago. We spent our vacations looking around at various places in California and throughout the Southwest, but we never found just what we wanted—the right sort of a house and some land where I could fool around growing things. Then, about six years ago, a friend who had spent part of the winter in the Caribbean told us there was an island available just off St. Thomas, in the American Virgin Islands. We said, 'Why not?' to each other and wrote a letter of inquiry, and I started reading all the books I could find on the Virgins. Neither of us had the slightest idea of what we'd started."

The Phillipses' initial interest in California and the Southwest as a place to retire was natural, as both of them are Texas-born and Floride had gone to school in Santa Barbara. Walter is now fifty-six, Floride several years his junior. Both the Phillipses are urbane, friendly in a relaxed way, and soft-spoken—they're what you call quiet Texans. Floride Cheesborough, raised in Galveston, migrated to New York and spent twenty-seven years in the big city as a buyer for Lord & Taylor's Fifth Avenue store. Walter, a product of Sherman ("the Athens of Texas"), worked his way through college and the University of Texas Law School and then joined a St.

... ...

Remarkable Mutation

The follies of youth become,
O sage,
The vaunted experience of
age.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

Louis bank as an attorney in the bond department. After a year, Walter found he was more interested in banking business than he was in banking law, and transferred his activities to New York, where he became a bond buyer for the Bankers Trust Company. This was the start of a thirty-year stint on Wall Street as a broker with several investment houses, much of Phillips' time being spent with Blyth & Company.

The Phillipses met in New York—Walter had known Floride's brother in Texas—and were married in 1925. Because of the demands of their jobs—there were no children—the Phillipses became thoroughly urbanized during the next twenty-five years. This meant Manhattan apartments, with vacation forays to summer cottages on Long Island or in Connecticut. For a period, Walter went through the boat phase and had a small cruiser on Long Island Sound; in Connecticut he became an ardent gardener. Both hobbies were to pay out later in a future he never remotely contemplated. As part of his business activities Walter conducted occasional investigations into the investment possibilities of various resorts and hotels—another field of knowledge which was to come in handy. And Floride, of course, became an expert in where and how to buy textiles.

By the time the Phillipses were facing their fifties and the problem of how to get away from it all, they could look upon the future with the advantage of being sound in body, spirit and capital. Their financial level can be gauged by the fact that they were prepared to spend $100,000 on a permanent home for retirement. And they knew what they wanted, they thought—a pleasant house and a big lot wherever the sun makes a habit of shining. An island—a tropical island . . . that was something else again.

"I received an answer from St. Thomas," relates Walter. "A businessman of Charlotte Amalie, a Mr. Paiewonsky, owned this Hassel Island and he replied that the island was not for sale and that he didn't think I'd want it, anyway. Hassel Island lay in the harbor very close to the mainland, he explained, but it had no utilities such as light or a fresh-water system. It was, in other words, a primitive island. Mr. Paiewonsky suggested that I look at Water Island, which lay farther out in the harbor and had been improved by the military services. The Army owned Water Island, he added, but the municipality of St. Thomas had a lease on it and was looking for a promising tenant."

Never underestimate the siren song of an island. It was in March of 1951 that the Phillipses hustled down to St. Thomas, six and a half hours by air from New York. By this time Walter's researches had informed him that there are three main islands in the American Virgins—St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix—and that the climate of these outposts 1000 miles at sea is just about as good as it can get, with a mean average temperature of seventy-eight degrees and the trade winds providing a semiarid air-conditioning system throughout most of the year.

Charlotte Amalie is an attractive town which backs reluctantly up a steep mountainside that rises from a triangle of light-green bay. When the Phillipses climbed a short distance up the hill from the main, water-front street of the island capital they could see Water Island spread before them in the outer harbor. An olive-green island, it was, with seven rounded hills forming its spine. There were a dozen coves and bays and as many white, crescent-shaped beaches and, on the windward side, some high promontories against which the shoal water dashed in a white froth. Here and there amidst the carpet of green the Phillipses could make out the white shimmer of a building. One hill was crowned with a steel tower. Another sported what looked like a concrete blockhouse on stilts. Water Island, they learned, was about two miles long and averaged half a mile in width. It covered about 500 acres and, at one point, was less than half a mile from the mainland.

The Phillipses, both astounded and amused at what they could see from a distance, decided to give Water Island a closer inspection. A launch ferried them over from the submarine-base docks on the outskirts of Charlotte Amalie—a seven-minute ride across a protected channel. Feeling like a couple of sixteenth-century explorers, Walter and Floride landed on a concrete dock and walked up half a mile of winding, hard-surfaced road. Tamarinds, sea grapes, silk-cotton trees, papayas, orchids, cactus, wild sage, century plants, morning-glories, frangipani and blue trumpet vines carpeted the slopes on both sides of the road as it curved around a scimitar of white beach bordered by a stand of palms. The road climbed to a promontory on which there were a dozen rectangular, one-story, concrete-block buildings, skirted a semicircular bay and a fresh-water pond and then climbed slowly past more buildings to the high cliffs which formed the seaward end of the island. As Walter describes it:

"This was just half of the island. The other half, facing the harbor, is undeveloped and we didn't get a chance to explore that until much later. But that first day we counted thirty-three concrete buildings—most of them shells, but with their metal roofs in good shape. There were seven miles of road, half of them macadam and half gravel. Most of the buildings were tied in with a sewer system and with a fresh-water pipeline supplied by a rain-catchment area and a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-gallon underground reservoir. There was an electrical system, with three diesel-operated generators and a salt-water system for flushing the toilets. There were some lovely beaches. There was the tower, which turned out to be an old radar installation. There was even, so help me, an underground concrete fort on the end

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of the island—a dozen big rooms connected by corridors, thirty feet underground. You felt your way through what seemed like a mile of pitch-black corridors and came out on a gun emplacement on a bluff two hundred feet above the sea."

This small-boy wonderland was absolutely deserted—nothing moved but the small green lizards and the wheeling pelicans, and there wasn't a sound but the sighing of the trade wind and the murmur of the surf against the rocks. It was a ghost island with all modern conveniences and a fortress to boot.

For a couple seeking a quiet place to retire, Water Island looked like a big and beautiful joke. Being Texans, neither of the Phillipses was overwhelmed by the size of the place; it was the prospect of the housekeeping problems that flabbergasted them.

"We realized we'd have to maintain not only the buildings we used," recalls Floride, "but the roads and the docks and the electric-light plant and the water system and the pumping plant—that we'd be taking care of facilities for a small-sized community. And all this on an island at least a thousand miles from the nearest spare part. I couldn't see why we should even consider it."

But the Phillipses did pursue their inquiries. Back in Charlotte Amalie they learned a little more about the strange history of Water Island. Actually the fourth largest of the American Virgins, the island had gained its name from the fact that it had been one of the few places in that part of the Caribbean where sailing masters could find fresh water. Pirate vessels had used the island, which was just out of range of the Danish fort in Charlotte Amalie, as a base of operations for their forays against the inter-island shipping. By the time the United States acquired the Virgins from Denmark in 1917 the island had passed into the hands of a local family named Daniel, which used it as a grazing area for goats and cattle. When the harbor at St. Thomas became a minor naval base, the military acquired Water Island. The buildings, the fort, the searchlight and gun emplacements and the utilities all date from the beginning of World War II, when the island was turned into a defensive position to protect the harbor and the submarine docks, which face the channel separating the island from St. Thomas. Local gossip places the Army's construction bill on Water Island at $3,000,000.

When it became apparent, during the last war, that the Germans were unlikely to storm St. Thomas, the defensive positions were abandoned and the island was turned over to the Chemical Warfare Service. This branch used the island to carry on highly classified experiments with poison gas for several years. It was an ideal situation for such lethal work, for the northeast trades carried any mistakes out to sea and away from the populated areas of the main island. When Chemical Warfare, in turn, abandoned Water Island in 1950, the property was placed in the hands of the local St. Thomas Development Authority so that body could negotiate a long-term lease with a likely developer. The terms of such a lease were that the Army would retain ownership and give the developer a forty-year lease at a rental of $3000 a year. In return, the leaseholder had to agree to spend $200,000 on improvements to the island and, within five years, provide fifty rooms of hotel space—the general idea being that such a development would contribute to the Virgin Islands tourist trade and provide employment for local labor. This is where Walter and Floride came in.

To this day, neither of the Phillipses can satisfactorily account for the change of emotional direction which motivated them to give up their search for a retirement home and accept, instead, the responsibilities and involvements of a new and strange career. Walter thinks it was the challenge the island offered to their combined experiences in the business, financial and legal fields. Floride, whose conversion was more reluctant, feels that it was probably the beauty and the unique character of Water Island which finally won them over. Whatever their reasons for embarking on the venture, the Phillipses soon learned that they would never be able to complain about not being forewarned; their friends back home made it plain that they thought the Phillipses were crazy.

"We had one pair of allies, though," explains Walter. "Two publishers, New York brothers named Bill, had fallen for the island too. So we combined forces with the Bills and formed Water Island, Incorporated, and signed a forty-year lease on the island. This was just to get things going—we knew that lease wasn't a good working instrument because the Army insisted on a recapture clause, and you can't develop a property if it's liable to be yanked out from under you at any time. But we took possession, so to speak, early in 1952 and put a manager and a few men on the island to start cleaning up the place. Then the Bills and I began negotiations to get a better lease. Meanwhile, Floride and I kept on with our jobs in New York."

The negotiations lasted a nerve-racking year and a half and involved some thirty trips between Washington and New York. During this period the Bills and Walter Phillips convinced the Defense Department that it didn't need the island, had Congress pass and President Truman sign a bill transferring the property to the Department of the Interior, and went through all the negotiations once again with the Interior officials. As of January 1, 1953, Water Island, Inc., signed a forty-year lease with the Department of the Interior. The rental was $3000 a year plus a percentage of any profits, and the other provisions of the lease were generally comparable to those which had been demanded by the Army—but there was no recapture clause. Two months later the Phillipses bought out the Bills' $25,000 investment in the enterprise, when it developed that the two parties had different ideas for the refurbishing of the island.

"The Bills wanted to make it an elaborate development," relates Walter. "We wanted to keep it simple and improve the facilities on a sort of pay-as-you-go basis. Floride became secretary and treasurer of the Water Island Corporation and we launched a public stock issue. I sold most of the stock to friends. We now have about fifty stockholders and some two hundred and seventy thousand dollars' worth of preferred and common stock outstanding, with Floride and me owning about half of it. What's more, we expect, soon, to pay a dividend on the preferred."

The Phillipses now had to face the fact that they were in the tropical-island business in a big way. Though they didn't actually own Water Island, it was theirs for forty years, which represents quite a future for a middle-aged couple. The scheming and dreaming period was over; the stockbroker and the department-store executive now had to leave their jobs, close up their Manhattan apartment and find out how you transform a deserted island into a going resort community. As Walter tells the story:

"We arrived at the island early in the fall of 1953, shortly after work had been

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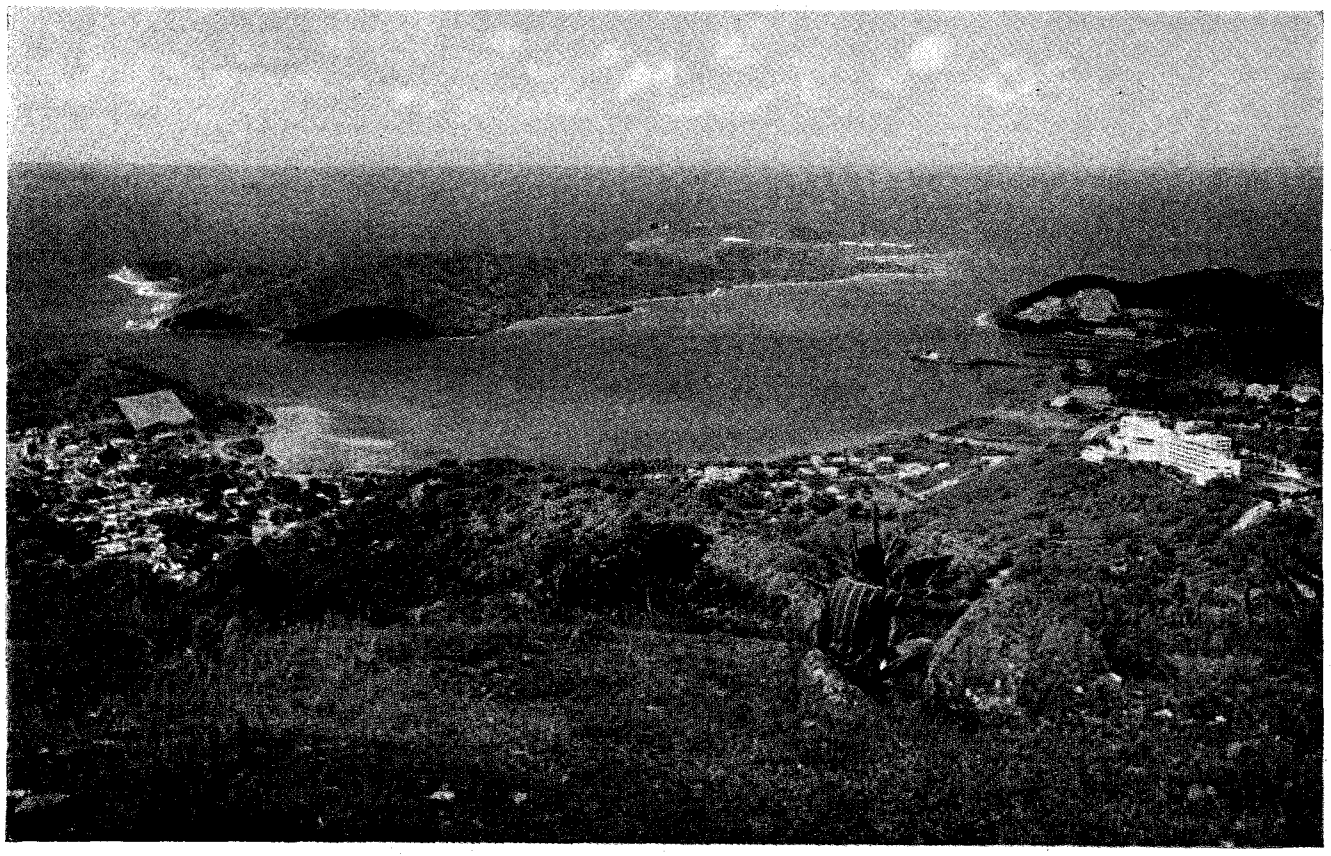
started on the remodeling of the first three buildings in what was to be our hotel area. We had a portable generator, lanterns, cots and a food supply—we looked like a safari headed into darkest Africa. The first thing I did was to get the fresh-water supply working. And there was the power supply, furnished first by the portable generator and later by three diesel generators. With the help of an electrician from town, we got them started, and after that I kept them going for two years—until we finally got a power line laid across the channel and could draw on the St. Thomas power station. I'd never even seen a diesel generator before, but with the help of the factory manuals, a lot of sweat and some skinned knuckles, I kept those generators humming along without a failure as long as we needed them."



Water Island, so called because it once was a favorite fresh-water source for Caribbean pirates, protects the entrance to the harbor of Charlotte Amalie. The square patch in the hillside at left is a rain-water catchment for the city.

With the reservoir's sweet rain water in the taps, the lights shining and the toilets gurgling happily, the Phillipses turned to the acquisition of the equipment they needed to run their hotel and island community. Freezers, refrigerators, the kitchen range and food-preparation equipment, furniture, trucks, cement mixer, a tractor, jeeps—for the graveled roads—hand tools, power tools, cement, windows, screening, paint—the list seemed endless. And all of it had to be ferried across the channel, with the heavier equipment being transported halfway around the island to the deep-water dock.

"Fortunately," relates Walter, "we found some discarded construction material on the island—reinforcing rods, pipe, valves and such stuff. Most of the other building material had to be brought in from Puerto Rico, fifty water miles away. Our mechanical equipment was shipped in from the States, where we bought directly from the factory. That's where Floride's purchasing experience came in handy. And meanwhile, of course, she was buying towels and sheets and drapes and china and silver—just figure out what you'd need to start even a small hotel from scratch."

The Phillipses' first aim, after they had settled themselves in one of the buildings and acquired a power cruiser to act as their ferry to the mainland, was to remodel, equip and furnish enough space to get their hotel operation started. The site they chose was a group of about a dozen buildings on a promontory dividing the bay with the island's main bathing beach and the deep-water harbor. The largest of the buildings—a single-story, concrete-block structure 175 feet long and 25 feet wide—was turned into a kitchen, dining room, offices, lounge and bar, with broad terraces overlooking St. Thomas, a distant reef, more distant islands and a horizon full of ocean.

Several nearby structures, similar in design, but smaller, were made into guests' accommodations by inserting concrete partitions and adding a bath and porch on one side of each unit, and a broad, walled terrace on the other. Each of these barracks-sized buildings provided eight large double rooms. As a final touch, each of the structures was painted inside and out in pastel colors and landscaped with tropical plants and flowers. Floride, meanwhile, decorated the interiors.

Most of the building construction on the island was done by masons and mechanics from St. Thomas, with Walter exercising a general supervision. Meanwhile the manager and a small crew of native labor also transformed a couple of the smaller buildings into a machine shop, a warehouse and quarters for the hotel staff. Walter, during this period, extended the water mains to several new locations, completed a spur of the sewage system, planted hundreds of lime, lemon, papaya, orange and grapefruit trees, and set out plantings of coconut palms and pineapple plants and banks of hibiscus, bougainvillaea and oleanders around the buildings.

The Phillipses were ready enough, by the last of December, 1953, to entertain a small group of friends and stockholders. The visitors were impressed.

"Everybody wore shorts on Christmas Day," recalls Floride. "Even those of us who don't usually wear them—just so that we could remind each other how much nicer it was on Water Isle than it was up north. Actually, of course, the temperature here doesn't vary more than ten degrees all year round. This party, if you can call it that, was sort of a dress rehearsal for our first paying guests, who were due on the first of the year. Walter had done a lot of promotion work on travel agents around New York that past summer and we had quite a few reservations. As a matter of fact, we opened for business on January first, 1954, with a full house of fifty guests. That's one way to learn how to run a resort hotel."

The Phillipses survived their initiation as professional hosts without too many psychic shocks. The ease with which Walter and Floride accomplished this transition was due both to their own backgrounds and to their resilient temperaments—they are always completely at ease with their guests and run their establishment with such a casual and relaxed air that it would be difficult for a stranger to tell them apart from the paying customers. Since their manager left, shortly after the hotel opened, the Phillipses have run Water Island with a kitchen manager, an office secretary and a staff of about thirty native St. Thomians.

The character of Water Island's attractions has also tended to ease the Phillipses' apprenticeship as hotelkeepers. Being a low-pressure resort, most of the winter-season guests are Northerners who simply want to enjoy the sun, the swimming and boating, exploring the island and shopping in the free port of Charlotte Amalie. The relative simplicity of the accommodations and the informality of life on the island have discouraged the fancy travelers of the mink-stole set, who often turn out to be problem guests. During the summer months Water Island has become the headquarters for a group of Puerto Rican yachtsmen, who bring over their boats and their large and ebullient families to escape the humidity of their home island.

"We find," relates Walter, "that most of our guests have a good time once they've had a few days to unwind. We've had our problems, of course. Among our

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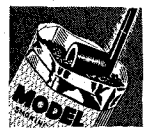

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first guests were a bride and groom. The young lady evidently thought the Virgin Islands were wide open. The minute she found there was no gambling casino here, she packed her bags and towed her husband back to Puerto Rico, where she could lose his money. We also had a television engineer who kept nagging us about why we didn't have a set in the lounge. I finally got a little exasperated and asked him if he couldn't live a few days without television. He threw up his hands and started to laugh. 'Lord, yes! Between you and me, I hate the stuff.'"

As might be expected, many of the Phillipses' management problems have been with their native staff. The Virgin Islander is a good-natured, lackadaisical and, on the whole, friendly soul who lives by the local motto: "Don't hoross yoreself, mon." And they don't harass themselves. If a glass spills, it rolled off the table by itself. If a dish breaks, it jumped out of somebody's hands.

As Walter puts it: "They sing and dance at their work, which is nice. But they will never admit that they're wrong, which makes teaching them anything difficult. If you have a daily chore for a man to do, you can tell him fifty successive days just how to do it; then, on the fifty-first day, he'll either forget it entirely or do it all wrong."

Shu-shu is the native word-of-mouth communication system by which both rumor and fact are spread far and wide in an incredibly short time. Native employees never quit a job—they simply fail to show up for work, and that's that. Usually *shu-shu* takes care of this situation; before the Phillipses know that they are losing a worker the *shu-shu* system will have other applicants calling up for the job.

Once their hotel was operating, the Phillipses turned to the second and, in some ways, the more challenging part of their project. This was the attraction of permanent settlers to the island.

"We needed the hotel," explains Floride, "so that the prospective settlers could have someplace to stay while they picked out their site and built their home. Our lease with the Government has a clause which protects these sublessees so that if anything happens to Walter or me or the corporation, their investment is protected. Naturally, what they bought from us was just a leasehold. As of now, this is good for thirty-seven years."

There are, to date, twenty leaseholders on the island. The average site comprises about an acre, and six of the leaseholders bought land on which there was a building—in a few cases, more than one—which they could remodel into a permanent home. Sites go for about $2500, with an additional charge of $500 to $2000 if there is a building involved. All sites are near a road and have electricity, water and sewerage, and the lease includes the privileges of the docks and ferry, the clubhouse, beaches and other facilities. In some cases the leaseholders are building their own homes, with the help of local labor, and in others the Water Island corporation undertakes the construction.

One of the first of Water Island's settlers was Norman Nash, a New York advertising executive who bought the concrete shell of what had been an officers' latrine and an acre of land on the island's southernmost promontory. Walter and a crew of local builders enlarged and remodeled the structure into a handsome split-level cottage containing two bedrooms, a living room, a bathroom and an all-electric kitchen, with a water cistern under the bedrooms. The seaward sides of the cottage are flanked by a covered terrace and veranda. Unfortunately, Nash died of a heart attack before he could enjoy this cliff-top haven 200 feet above the surf. His widow, who now lives there, can sit in her living room and admire the outline of St. Croix, forty miles to the south.

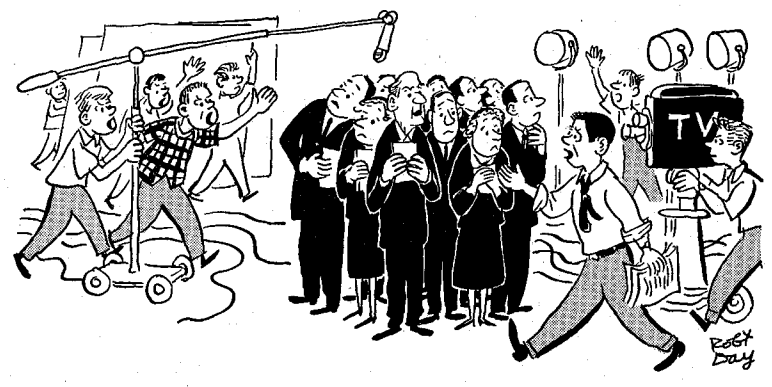
Another early Water Islander was a seventy-nine-year-old, retired metallurgical engineer and his wife. James Rabbitt joined the Phillips colony after spending forty years as consultant for the International Nickel Company in the Far East. The Rabbitts, an energetic couple who spend most of their time on the island in shorts, bought a point of land with three buildings. They have turned a former Bachelor Officers' Quarters into a handsome home and have transformed a second building into a kitchen and workshop. The third structure, originally a barracks, they plan to remodel into apartments.

Hard by the Rabbitts, on a rocky point overlooking the ferry dock, E. Halsey Brister, a Massachusetts abrasives executive, has just purchased what was once a searchlight shelter. This twenty-by-twenty-foot structure will be expanded into a four-room cottage by Walter's construction crew. Brister and his wife will spend their vacations on the island until they move in as permanent settlers upon his retirement. On Rainbow Point, the promontory on which the main group of buildings stands, Jack McFall, a former United States minister to Finland, has bought a concrete gun emplacement perched forty feet above the sea. The emplacement will form the terrace of the house projected for the site. A companion emplacement, about fifty feet away, has been bought by a DuPont chemist, Dr. Leigh Williams, for his retirement building program. A Connecticut architect named Coleman Moser has converted another former latrine into a colorful three-room vacation home. On the island's seaward tip, not far from the underground fort and its gun sites, a New York State couple named Blissett have transformed a searchlight shelter into a cottage, doing the work themselves, with the help of some native labor.

To date, no one has spoken for the gun sites on the bluff outside the underground fort; those householders are going to have a long tunnel as the entrance to their isolated aeries. Nor has anyone accepted the challenge of the three-story blockhouse on the concrete tower. One enthusiast coveted this most unusual of all tropical homes, but dropped the idea when he calculated the cost of getting his facilities up the tower and cutting windows through the reinforced-concrete walls.

With the colonists now either in residence or planning construction, the Phillipses feel that their growing community is about half its ultimate size. They would like to have about fifty householders on the island—some to be year-round residents and others using their sites as vacation homes. The part-time colonists can, if they wish, rent homes to transient visitors when the owners are not occupying them. The Phillipses furnish the transient tenants with a jeep for transportation, and maid service, and keep an eye on the property. An island commissary is available for all colonists.

"When we get fifty family homes on the island and build up the hotel facilities so that we can handle a hundred guests, we'll have enough," states Walter. "Anything more than that would mean that we'd have to put in roads and facilities and develop the other half of the island. I'm not thinking that far ahead. After all, the original idea behind this was to take it easy." THE END



The Perfect Squelch

When the church choir was invited to appear on a local television station, the young station manager emphasized that the singers should be there a full hour ahead of time. On arriving, the choir found themselves ignored. Several very youthful-looking young men rushed around on obviously important business without so much as a glance at them. On approaching one of the youngsters, the elderly choir director was told brusquely to wait. For fifty minutes of sophomoric bedlam, the choir members ducked and dodged while orders were shouted and cameras and sets were moved like chessmen.

Finally the station manager, a domineering juvenile with a crew cut, turned to the choir director and said briskly, "Sorry about all this. We're terribly undermanned."

"Yes," the choir director said, "and overboyed too."

Richard J. Sickles

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"Two bottles of milk, a loaf of bread, pound of butter . . ."

Success Almost Killed Us

(Continued from Page 36)

up in the middle of the night to sell a Swedish casserole or a can of Mexican fried worms? How would you like to triple your sales over a period of three years and end up owing the bank more than ever?

All of those things and a great many more have happened to us from time to time. But in the long run, I believe, the really interesting thing about our kind of life is our customers. You never know in this business when an imposing, mink-draped character will browse around for an hour, ask countless questions, permit you to spend thirty minutes digging up a catalogue on pewter that she can have for her very own, and then depart with a remark that "this will be very helpful to my friend who is going to Holland and has promised to buy me just the pieces of pewter I want." You never know when some rather mousy little woman will browse around for an hour, ask countless questions and then order $285 worth of irresistible items taken out to her car.

At one time the prize among our merchandise was a Chinese plate of beautiful and rare design. Upon its face was an allegorical painting in blue, done by some skilled Oriental artist hundreds of years ago. Somehow this one blue plate had survived the years. It was, we agreed, a rare art object and we decided that, since no one was ever likely to see another just like it, it was a good value at $125.

The price was no obstacle to a lady "expert" who seemed fascinated as we explained the uniqueness of the artwork. At last, she nodded her head. "Yes," she said, "I'll take one. Do you have them in yellow to match my dining-room wallpaper?"

At other times, customers are likely to be swept away by the competitive spirit. Some bargain hunters are always watching to see what other people are buying or preparing to buy. During one rush season we hired an extra sales girl, whose mother had a *grande dame* manner, a sense of humor and a knowledge of the habits of bargain hunters. She came in one day when the shop was crowded, picked up a writing case and addressed her daughter as if she had never seen her before, "Tell me, my dear, how much is this?" Advised that it was $2.50, she said in a loud voice, "Why, that's wonderful! I saw the same thing in New York yesterday for four-fifty!" I saw two women start for her. But one of them was fleet afoot and was able to snatch the case out of her hand and demand that she be allowed to buy it because she had seen it first.

Although our shop has gradually grown into a reasonably large business enterprise, we have tried to keep things informal and neighborly—and we are pleased that there are occasional bursts of hilarity. Not long ago, the customers in the shop were thrown into turmoil by an eager woman who had just returned from Europe without remembering to bring back gifts for a dozen relatives who were arriving that evening to give her a welcome-home party. She explained her trouble in such an excited manner that all forgot their own problems and began searching for something that might have been purchased in Portugal or Monaco or Sweden. Two hours and forty dollars later, she departed with enough articles to fill the bill, and the other customers, slightly exhausted but pleased, got back to their own errands.

Our shop—the Guilford Greene Gallery—which was once the post office, was built in 1772. In 200-year-old scorn of logic, its solid upper floors—innocent of joists and simply pegged at the ends—give the sensation of walking on a hammock. Within its rakish walls there is no level or even straight line to jolt the faith of a customer who is confident of finding the unusual.

The shop had been started in 1946, when Kit's first husband, Kenneth Greene, a painter, thought to turn it into a community center for showing and selling paintings. After his death in 1948, Kit added antiques, and many persons brought in handicrafts to be sold on consignment. Christmas cards came next and then hand-done reproductions, handmade spice cabinets and hand-blown glass as well as other new-made things with an old feeling.

After Kit and I were married in 1950, I rapidly began acquiring a new viewpoint

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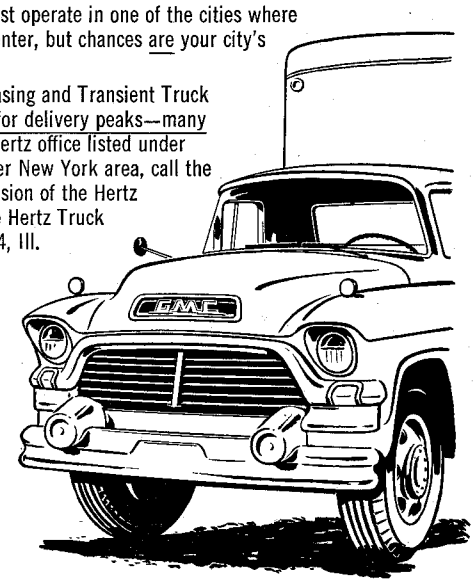

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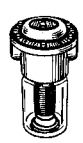

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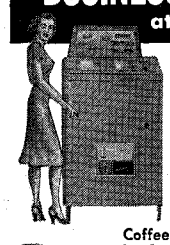

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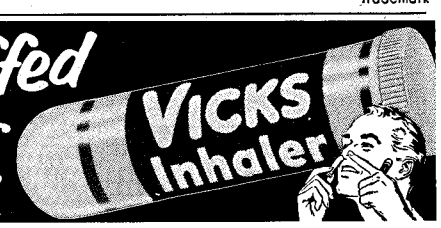

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about what goes into running a gift shop. Take salesmen, just as one example. Many of them seemed to stop in to talk about their troubles rather than to make a sale. Perhaps the most unusual was Sandy, a rotund dyspeptic, who arrived one blustery afternoon when business was good and we were worrying about running low on merchandise for the impending Christmas trade. He plumped down two big cases and slumped into an armchair—we keep only one around so customers won't do much slumping—with a sigh of anguish. "My indigestion is killing me," he said, taking a bottle from his pocket and tossing two pills into his mouth. We pawed through his cases while he rested. Later, he brought in six more cases from his car. It was beginning to snow and he decided to stay overnight in the village. We worked late, writing down orders, but we kept worrying over whether we could get delivery in time for the Christmas trade.

The next morning Sandy came back, brought in a couple more cases, sank into the easy chair and took some more pills. He sighed, burped and said he had decided to quit his job. "You can keep whatever you want out of the cases," he added, to our delight, "and pay for them at a discount as samples." When he left, three of his ten cases were empty. We never saw him again.

Kit discovered that it was the unusual items for sale that spread talk about the gallery and brought in new customers. We always have French walnut oil on hand and we have trouble keeping a stock of canned snails with their shells. Sometimes I think that what the gallery really sells most of is the fun customers have in unusual things, in knowing that they can find something off the beaten track.

Since most of our merchandise is out in the open—customers often pitch in to help move stock if somebody buys a pine harvest table out from under a display of Swedish-glass butter dishes and tins of *pâté* and truffles—we are frequently asked whether we lose much to shoplifters. The answer is no, but at the same time we have certain ingenious safeguards. For example, all of us working at the gallery are on a first-name basis. But if one of us notices something peculiar or has his suspicions aroused he becomes very formal in addressing other staff members—that is, he calls me "Mr. Washburn" instead of just "Bob." And such formality is a signal for all of us to be on the lookout.

Various items, of course, have been stolen. The most popular article for shoplifters that I recall is folding binoculars, of which we lost quite a few until Kit came up with a gimmick. She displayed them only on a rather crowded table which had a cloth on it. On the same table she put one of those old-fashioned trolleys by which grandmother used to hang her spectacles on her guimpe. The trolley was firmly pinned to the cloth and also attached to the binoculars. It was all quite in character and customers who lifted up the binoculars were charmed by the nostalgic touch. We haven't lost a pair since.

From the beginning, I felt that in order to plan our buying properly we had to keep track of how business was going month by month. This was a radical new idea at the gallery, and I suspect it is not customary in many such small shops. In 1949, for example, Kit had felt things were going pretty well when gross sales amounted to around $12,500, but she was distressingly surprised when, at the end of the year, she found herself $2000 in debt.

To get on an orderly basis, I produced a graph showing the gallery was running about 20 per cent ahead of the previous year's business. Kit was tickled pink by that chart.

"How lovely," she exclaimed. "I always wondered how people knew when they were making money."

Unhappily, despite my handsome chart, we weren't making money. There were a lot of buying customers. This brought us a kind of intoxication of success. To buy for fifty cents and sell for a dollar is heady stuff for those to whom "overhead" is only a word without a dollar sign. We handled a lot of money, and gross sales in 1950 were up almost 50 per cent to $18,000. But my graphs and the gallery books grimly showed at the end of the year that we owed more than ever—about $4000. We would sell out shipment after shipment of merchandise and then find we didn't have enough cash to reorder.

What was happening was that our increasing business meant an increasing overhead. The cost of salaries for extra help and of advertising had grown. The inventory was much larger than in the past because we found we had to have more merchandise on hand to satisfy our larger trade. Even our living costs had gone up because my two children and I had boosted the family to a minimum of nine and at times, counting relatives, there were ten or a dozen at table. And most of them were growing children. We found that for the first six months of the year, when business was slack, our living costs were greater than income from the shop, but a good summer season would bring us even with the board. So our objective was to build up a big trade in the last half of the year and try to strengthen some weak months—January, for example—by special sales, promotion and other means.

To bolster our finances, we tried to make things that could be sold in the shop. For a while, Kit's son, Jimmy, made many different articles, such as hand-painted beer mugs, tiles with a colored map of Guilford, belts of wooden blocks and leather counters strung on rawhide. He cut continuous designs into a big old rubber washing-machine roller for imprinting textiles. Such merchandise sold well enough, but it failed to achieve the purpose we had in mind—creation of an extra interest in the gallery because unusual articles were made there. As it turned out, customers were more critical of handmade merchandise and believed they should pay less for it. Eventually, we learned that it wouldn't work. Anything that you do apart from running a shop inevitably becomes an entirely new business with its own overhead and its own problems.

For example, I made six sketches of old Guilford houses to be reproduced on a line of notepaper. The notepaper sold well—and still does—but by the time we counted in the cost of printing, the making of a die to cut boxes for packaging and other expenses, it took three years of sales to get back our original investment.

I should not omit one of the other projects that we launched to try to build up sales—a catalogue. We had heard some fabulous stories about mail-order successes in our line of business and decided that we should try it. In the past, I had been a newspaperman and a press agent, and I felt that getting out a catalogue would be a simple job. Kit and I decided on 150 items to go in the catalogue and I agreed to make sketches of them. I set up my drawing board upstairs. I laid out a page. I ran downstairs to consult with Kit or to pick up an article from stock to be sketched. I waited on a couple of customers who wandered in, and finally got back upstairs. I started to sketch just as George, the cocker spaniel, decided to run across the room, bouncing merrily on the swaying floor boards. My pen wavered wildly. I waited for George to sit down. I thought of a good catch phrase and ran downstairs to try it out on Kit. She was busy with a customer and I waited. When she had approved my idea, I went back upstairs and picked up my pen. George, the cocker —— Oh, well, it went on that way for days. I finally put a bell on George's collar, so I would be forewarned of his movements and could stop drawing until he—and the floor—quieted down. Anyway, the catalogue was finished later than we had planned. Some copies were not even delivered until after the holidays, and we ended up the year in gloom, with a lot of stock that sat on the shelves until the vacation trade began arriving the following summer.

"We're next!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the long run, however, the catalogue was a success. Even with all the delays, it created new interest in the gallery. Old customers liked it and new customers came in to look—and to buy. The next year we made sure that the catalogue was out on time. Business in September and October had gone up, but after the catalogue appeared we climbed still higher in November. When December started out with a rush, we began to worry about the possibility of bad weather during the pre-Christmas rush. But the days were perfect and, instead, we ended up worrying about how to keep up with our business. Where we had been $4000 in debt after living expenses in 1950, we found at the end of 1951 that we were only $3000 in the red on sales of $22,500. The character of the shop was gradually changing as we stocked higher-priced articles and continued to increase our inventory, and in 1952 we were almost as well off as we had been in 1949. The shop's gross sales mounted to $33,000 and we ended up only $2000 short of paying our living expenses.

We finally achieved the break-even point in 1953, when gross sales rose to around $39,000, a little more than three times the sales in 1949. Our expenses, of course, had increased and at rush times we had half a dozen persons besides ourselves working in the gallery. But the cost of our advertising was not much more than in 1950. The mortgage payments, which had once been a big slice of income, were now a comparatively small slice of the gross. And, most important of all, our inventory was no longer being increased. Our gross for 1954 mounted to $52,000, and in 1955 to more than $60,000—still with almost no further increase in inventory.

People often ask us why we don't start new shops in Texas or Florida or elsewhere. Not for us. Anyway, we doubt that it would work. To run our kind of shop you have to enjoy people and take pleasure in pleasing them. Buying just what you think will sell, regardless of your own taste, leads to an impersonal shop and little customer response. We think that merchandise should be picked and its arrangement planned to express a personality—in this case, Kit's personality. Unless you have fun yourself, you can't expect your customers to have much fun.

And, in this business, you can always find something to laugh at if you try. Only a few months ago we were on a trip in England, hunting for sources where we could count on buying characteristically English merchandise for the gallery. On the wall of The Bell, at Ramsbury, in the wonderful English countryside, I saw some excellent reproductions of old English hunting prints. They were just the kind of thing we were looking for on this trip so far from home, and I eagerly examined them to see where they could be purchased. In very small type in the bottom margin, I read: "New York Print Society, N. Y., U. S. A."

The barmaid at The Bell never did understand why Kit and I got such a good laugh out of those pictures.

THE END

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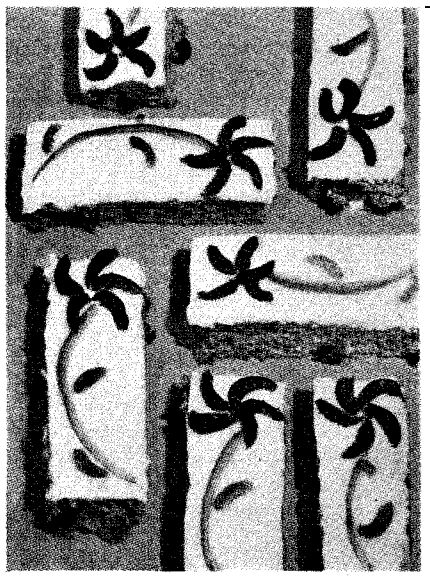
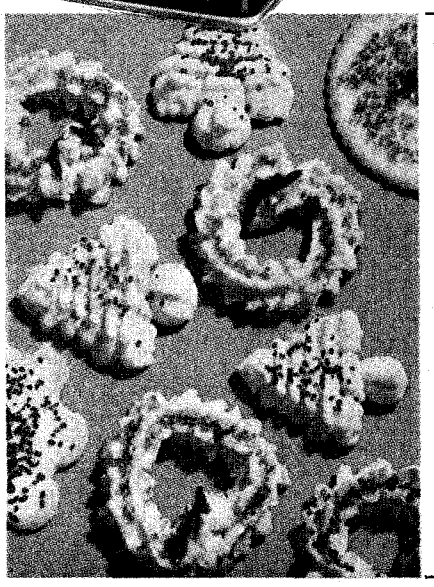


SAUCY BARS
Keep Deliciously Moist

Mix — ½ c shortening, 1 c sugar, 1 c applesauce.
Sift and Add — 2 c sifted flour, 1 tsp. soda, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. Watkins Cloves, 1 tsp. each Watkins Cinnamon, Nutmeg.
Stir in — 1 c seedless raisins, ½ c cut-up nuts, 1 tsp. Watkins Vanilla.

Mix well. Spread batter in greased 13x9x2″ pan. Bake 35-45 min. in 350° oven. Frost with thin coating of confectioners' sugar icing while warm. Cut into 1½x3″ bars. Makes 2 doz. bars.



SUGAR COOKIES

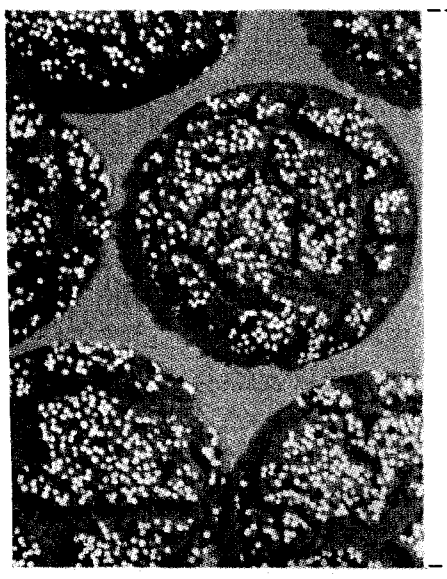
Cream — 1 c shortening, ½ c sugar, 1 egg.
Stir in — 3 tsp. Watkins Vanilla.
Sift & Add — 3 c sifted flour, ½ tsp. Watkins Baking Powder.

Chill dough. Roll very thin, cut into desired shapes or force thru cookie press. Decorate before or after baking. Bake about 5 min. in 425° oven. Makes 5 doz. cookies.

* * * * * * * * *

FREEZE BAKE AS NEEDED

Wrap cookie doughs in foil or plastic for freezer. Doughs will keep up to 6 months. Bake several kinds at one time . . . returning balance of doughs to freezer.



CHEWY DUNKING SNAPS
So Easy To Make

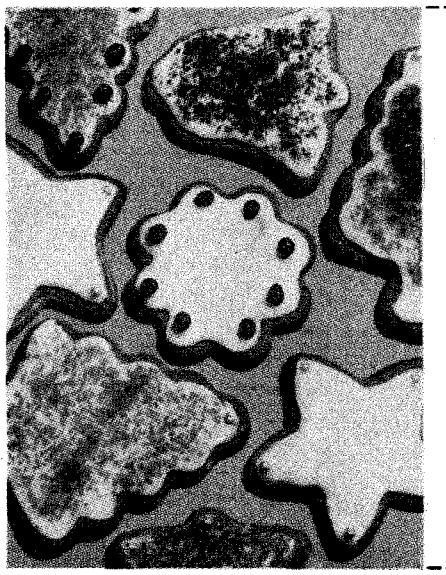
Mix — ¾ c shortening, 1 c sugar, 1 egg, ⅓ c molasses.
Sift and Add — 2⅓ c sifted flour, 2 tsp. soda, 1 tsp. each Watkins Ginger, Cinnamon, ½ tsp. Watkins Cloves, ¼ tsp. salt.

Mix well. Shape into 1″ balls; dip tops in sugar (decorating candies if desired). Bake on ungreased baking sheet in 375° oven 12-15 min. Makes 5 doz. cookies.

* * * * * * * * *

TO STORE COOKIES

CRISP—Store in loosely covered containers.
SOFT—Store in tightly covered containers.



MOTHER'S MOLASSES COOKIES

Mix — 1 c shortening, 1 c brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2 c molasses.
Sift Then Add Alternately — 6½ c sifted flour, 1 tsp. salt, 4 tsp. soda, 2 tsp. each Watkins Ginger, Cinnamon, ½ tsp. Watkins Cloves.
with 1 c sour milk or buttermilk.

Chill dough about 8 hours. Roll out small portions of dough on lightly floured board. Cut with floured cutter. Bake on greased baking sheet 8-10 min. in 375° oven. When cool, frost with confectioners' sugar icing and decorate. Makes 10 doz. cookies.

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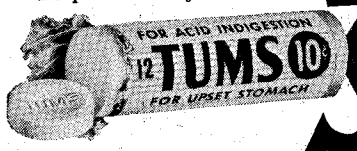
• TUMS are ideal because they neutralize only the *excess* stomach acid . . . safely, instantly. And TUMS relief really *lasts*—lets you sleep like a baby!



TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY
STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL, 3-ROLL PACK 25¢

they S-T-R-E-T-C-H to Your Size!

Foot Huggers
by Wigwam

Snug, comfortable! They're e-l-a-s-t-i-s-i-z-e-d to fit perfectly . . . always! Ask for Wigwam "Foot Huggers" at leading sporting goods and department stores.

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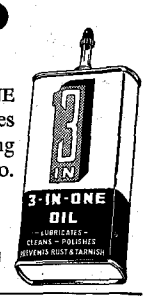
Stiff lock?

The key to a stiff lock is 3-IN-ONE Oil. Quickly penetrates, lubricates and prevents rust—without leaving gummy deposits as other oils do.



"3-IN-ONE" OIL

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Decorate, personalize, make your own CHRISTMAS CARDS and GIFTS . . . any surface, any material!
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Slightly Higher West Coast
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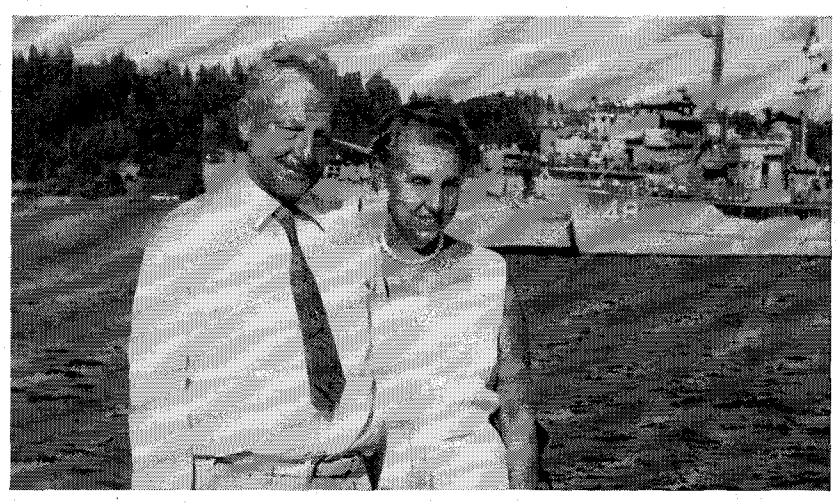
Keeping Posted

Strange Interlude for Mr. Elvidge



They had a lively time in Guam: Ex-Governor and Mrs. Ford Elvidge.

Ford Q. Elvidge, who, on page 49, relates his tribulations while serving as governor of Guam, wraps up his biography and his political philosophy so: "Born in Oakland, California, in 1892, I learned to read very early in life and ever since have been a Republican. I am a nonpartisan party man—that is, a Republican first, last and all the time." Thus when this Seattle, Washington, lawyer found that nearly everybody on Guam was a Democrat and everything was patterned after the New Deal, there was never a dull moment. According to E. T. Calvo, Guam congressman, "He eventually had his sharp Republican corners smoothed down quite a bit."

Elvidge and his wife found life on Guam very good—"The Guamanians are kind, sincere and lovable; many fine off-island people are there; and the military personnel are so co-operative." In Seattle, during World War II, Mrs. Elvidge, an artist, had endeared herself to hospitalized servicemen by sketching their portraits and sending them to mothers, wives or sweethearts; and she pursued the same cheering work on Guam. When Ford Elvidge retired from his law practice to go to the distant island, friends told him he ought to have his head examined; now, back in his law office, he is puzzled because people tell him he should have his head examined for leaving the charming place.

Sassafras Tea, Anyone?

Jean Mosley served tea for one.

Years ago Jean Bell Mosley paused while digging sassafras roots on a rocky hillside and asked herself if there wasn't some better way to earn money. Her latest story, page 32, contains sassafras and answers her question. The day she got her check, she made sassafras tea and told her small son, "It's good for you. It'll thin your blood." The boy roared, "Thin my blood! With me pitching in the Little League today!" He drank water and pitched a shut-out, and his mother was so emaciated by the tea that she didn't beef at the umpire once.

Manpower Versus Womanpower

In a resort hotel, it is sad if lady customers vastly outnumber men. Or isn't it? Guess the question should be: what's your gender? Anyway, considering what happened last summer after the Post wrote up a pleasant hostelry called Eastover, near Lenox, Massachusetts, one wonders, as ski-time nears, how the genders are getting along there now.

Last June 30, in a piece titled WORKING GIRLS ON A FROLIC, Associate Editor Ashley Halsey, Junior, reported that Eastover, which provides joy to young folks on a modest budget, had a distressing shortage of male guests, sometimes as many as three girls battling it out for each guy. The guys weren't complaining at all. A male could be obese, partly hairless, arrayed in misfit and miscolored raiment—he could peer uncertainly through trifocal lenses with a come-hither look, and what he was regarding would come right hither. If a friend didn't mow her down first.

Came the Post—and thereupon from all points of the compass came men. At mid-August the score was 200 men to 190 opposites, whereas the preceding August it had been more like 150 to 300. This new order was a more workable distribution of humanity, and everybody had a paradise of a time. Maybe the ten leftover men were depressed, but right-thinking guests considered conditions improved.

Eastover's owners, Mr. and Mrs. George Bisacca—who incidentally have just installed a snow-making machine—now report lively winter bookings, and they figure that the males will run slightly ahead of the other kind. But are they forgetting a new trend that was setting in as the summer season waned? The girls were numerically catching up with the boys again. Women can sense an unusual concentration of men at great distances.

How to Grow Old in a Beautiful Way

Ten years ago Blanche K. Freeman wrote a poem saying that when she grew old she would try to convert her eager interest in life into a quiet mellowness "and lead a life more quiet." But she added that there was no hurry about this—wait until she did get old. After all, she was only eighty. So, although she had published considerable verse, she put the poem away. Recently a friend found the poem, sent it to the Post, and it is a cheerful feature on page 129. Also recently, a grand surprise ninetieth birthday party, complete with newspaper reporters and flashing bulbs, was given for Miss Freeman in her Riverside, California, home, and the life of the party was you know who. She's waiting until she gets old to mellow down.

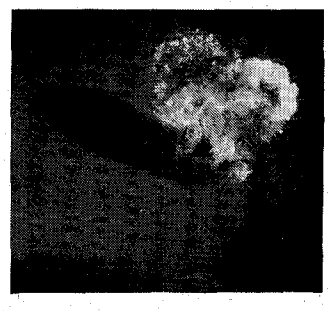
Not too many elderly people are thus able to grow old buoyantly, and in Miss Freeman's case there is something especially remarkable. When she was eight years old, in Knightstown, Indiana, she taught a former slave girl to read, and the experience convinced her that she must become a schoolteacher. But doctors, warning her that her eyes were not strong, said she must choose some other profession or risk blindness.

Miss Freeman taught for forty-nine years, held school principalships, and pioneered in modern teaching methods.

Blanche Freeman is always busy.

When her dimming sight failed at seventy, she retired. She promptly stepped up her avocational interests; she is a musician, a fruit grower, a lively participant in community affairs. At seventy-six she knew she would not regain her sight, so she learned typing. Replying to some questions, she recently wrote, "I am typing this myself to show that patience and determination can win over odds." No one would guess from her long, neatly typed letter that she cannot see.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"Terror in the Twilight"



Two decades ago the awful holocaust of the airship Hindenburg occurred. Here is an unforgettable story, reconstructed from the reports of the survivors.

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